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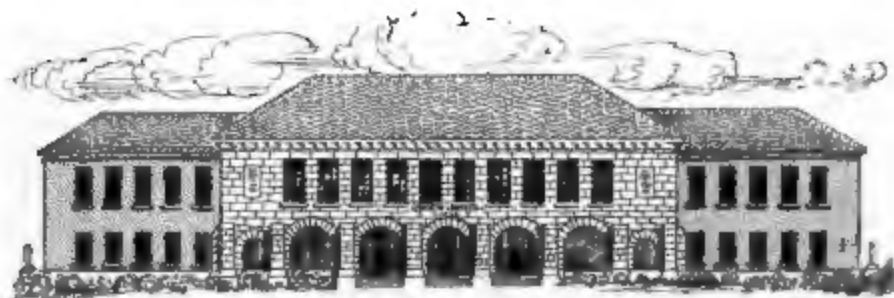
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AND

A CRITICAL PHONIC ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS;

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF NORMAL AND HIGH SCHOOLS, AND
THE HIGHEST CLASSES IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY RICHARD EDWARDS, LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

CHICAGO:

GEO. & C. W. SHERWOOD.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON: MASON BROTHERS.

1868.

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P R E F A C E.

THE feeling is very general that the pupils of our schools ought to be taught to read understandingly and effectively; and this feeling we consider reasonable and just.

But it is the almost universal conviction that this very desirable result is seldom attained by the methods that have been most commonly employed in the schools.

This book has been prepared with the single design of furnishing the pupils of our high schools, and of the highest classes in the common schools in the country, and in the grammar schools in our cities, with such help as will enable them to attain this result. It does not aim to present a compendium of English literature, nor to disclose the facts and principles of any other science or art. Its sole purpose is to teach young persons to appreciate and to read good English. ✓

Reading is not only the key to all knowledge; it is also, when properly taught, a direct means of the most thorough mental discipline, bringing the mind, as it does, into contact with the noblest thoughts uttered in the language.

It is assumed by the compiler that the thought and emotion contained in every selection read in school should be thoroughly mastered by the pupils:

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HOW THE BOOK SHOULD BE USED.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

1. Let the principles and directions given in the Introduction be thoroughly learned. They occupy less space than is often assigned to such introductory matter, and the learning of them will not be a difficult task.

2. These principles and directions should be practically applied to each of the reading exercises.

3. Every pupil should also be thoroughly drilled in the phonic analysis, according to directions given in that article.

4. We hope teachers will fully understand that the matters just spoken of in 1, 2 and 3, are meant for actual use, and are not inserted to fill up the book, or to give it a respectable appearance.

5. Logically, these matters should be mastered before the reading is begun, but practically it will be best to have them learned in connection with exercises in reading,—every lesson to consist in part of principles, and in part of practice in reading.

HOW TO USE THE ANALYTICAL QUESTIONS.

1. Let the class take for a lesson, say, for reading, the first stanza of the Gray Old Man of the Mountain, together with the general questions on the piece, and the special questions on the first stanza. Only very able and well disciplined pupils can do so much at one lesson. For most, the

lesson should not exceed one half of the amount here indicated, and for some not more than one fourth.

2. Let this course be pursued,—the teacher dividing the analysis into lessons of suitable length,—until the entire selection has been thoroughly learned and reviewed.

3. While doing what is here indicated, let a constant application be made of the knowledge acquired in the phonic drill. This knowledge can be retained only by constant use.

4. The teacher may, at his discretion, either pass next to another selection analyzed in the book, or he may take up for analysis and reading a piece similar in character to the one already read. The pupils should prepare such written questions as they can by way of analysis,—the teacher carefully examining them, and supplying additional ones wherever necessary to develop the thought.

5. The pieces analyzed in the book should be studied before other *similar* ones are attempted.

6. As much of the original thinking as possible should come upon the pupil, and he should, finally, make full and complete analyses for himself.

7. The appendix should be carefully examined when a lesson has been assigned, and all the notes bearing upon the piece carefully learned. Many other points will require explanation beside those set forth in the notes.

8. Every good teacher will possess one or the other (it would be best to have both) of our unabridged American dictionaries, and will strive to be on intimate terms with its pages. The notation of the recent edition of Webster is adopted in this book, but there will be no inconvenience in using Worcester in connection with it.

9. The teacher must be prepared to illustrate by his own reading the proper rendering of every sentence the pupils are called upon to pronounce. It is impossible to teach

young people, or any one else, to read well, except by setting a good example before them.

10. LET THE TEACHER SEE TO IT THAT, AT EVERY STEP, HE IS THOROUGHLY MASTER OF THE LESSON IN ALL ITS BEARINGS,—THAT HE NOT ONLY KNOWS IT FOR HIMSELF, BUT IS PREPARED TO LEAD HIS PUPILS INTO A CLEAR AND COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING OF IT.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

PHONIC ANALYSIS.

No one will deny that a ready and exact enunciation is a pre-requisite to good reading. Persuaded that such promptness and accuracy can be best attained by a thorough drill on what are called the vocal elements, the following Lessons—for some time tested in the Illinois State Normal University—are presented for use in other schools.

Every intelligent and unprejudiced mind will welcome any means by which loose and pernicious habits of enunciation may be cast off, and correct ones formed in their stead. This is not an easy task. The pupil of fifteen or eighteen years of age, who has been accustomed to say *givŭn* for *giv'n*, *kitch'n* for *kitchĕn*, and *smort* for *smart*, will not be likely, by a single effort, to set his speech right. By well directed and persevering effort he can do it: with proper guidance and encouragement he *will* do it.

Most who thus mar the English are unconscious of their defects. They have either never observed a different style of pronunciation—possibly have heard no other—or they have accounted whatever differences they have noticed in others as peculiarities, worthy only of a smile or a jest. If the ear, because of dullness, has failed to report the actual diversity, it must be quickened; if the judgment and taste are false, they are to be corrected: in both cases, the organs, untrained to the just utterance of the language, are to be exercised on elements, combinations, syllables, words, and

collocations of words, until they become loyal to well-spoken English.

Nor is it to those alone whose enunciation or pronunciation is excessively bad, that this drill is of use. To the thousands who speak and read with passable accuracy, the study and drill upon vocal elements is not less useful. These are often ready to seize upon the leading principles, as well as the grosser facts, pertaining to the science of Orthoëpy, and they find ample compensation for their labor, in the generalizations suggested by a few weeks' practice in phonetic analysis.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. *This drill, to be of real use, must be thorough.* THE TEACHER MUST MASTER IT FIRST. Let him, at least, be sure of this,—that, before calling upon a pupil to utter a given element, he is prepared to utter it himself.

2. The teacher may need to exercise some care and patience, before each pupil is prevailed on to abandon the habit of saying “em” for the first sound in the word *make*, and “kay” for the last sound. The aim has been to make the “Lessons” explicit on this point.

3. ALLOW NO FEEBLE WORK. In recitation, the pupil should stand erect, have the lungs well supplied with air, and utter each element forcibly. Repetition is all-important; but repetition with inaccuracy is almost an unmixed evil. Before, as well as after, analyzing a word, the pupil should pronounce it with all the clearness and precision he can command. If it be a polysyllable, still more repetition is recommended; thus,—“*melody*; m ĕ l mel | ō melō | d ĭ dī | melody.”

4. The manner of beginning with a class, and especially where the exercise is a novelty, must be left to the judgment of the teacher. A concert exercise may be judicious, as tending to remove the feeling of awkwardness and to beget confidence. After a lesson or two, however, there should be

already established in every pupil's mind a feeling of personal accountability for the work assigned; and concert drill should thereafter occupy none of the time needful to the teacher in determining the degree of thoroughness with which each pupil has prepared his lesson.

5. *Phonic writing* is a valuable aid to both teacher and pupil. When a vocal element is recognized by the ear, there are striking advantages in having a character by which uniformly to represent it: First, the pupil's progress is accelerated by his being compelled to submit each doubtful sound of every word assigned, to a discriminating study, in order properly to represent it on the paper to be passed in for the teacher's inspection; and, secondly, a class may be set to write a lesson "by sound," whether at school or at their homes, thus enabling the teacher to get more work done, and, by means of the thoroughness of this mode of examination, to acquaint himself with the care and proficiency of each member of his class.

6. To use the characters proposed involves a mastery of nearly the entire Pronouncing Key of Webster's Dictionary—in itself a very valuable acquisition. We use Webster's rather than Pitman's or any other strictly phonetic notation, because we suppose that fewer teachers will be repelled by whatever of novelty and uncouthness it may present to the common eye; and Webster's rather than Worcester's, because we have reason to think that more teachers are already somewhat familiar with the former than with the latter.

7. No good teacher will omit to give explicit directions in regard to the paper which is to be passed in to him. The following points are certainly worthy of attention: 1. The form and size of the paper. 2. The place for the pupil's name. 3. The arrangement of words—whether in horizontal line, or in column. 4. Neatness.

8. While marking the errors found in a written class-exercise, the teacher will do well to make a list of such as are most frequent or most important, in order that to these he may call the attention of the entire class. After reasonable time has been allowed, every pupil will be called on to state how each word that he finds marked by the teacher should have been written.

PHONIC CHART.

LONG VOWELS.

ē, as in *eve*.
 ĕ, as in *earth*.
 ā, as in *aim*.
 â, as in *air*.
 ä, as in *arm*.
 ô, as in *or*.
 ō, as in *oak*.
 oo, as in *ooze*.

DIPHTHONGS.

ī, as in *ice*.
 oi, as in *oil*.
 ou, as in *out*.
 ū, as in *tune*.

SONANTS.

b, as in *bin*.
 d, as in *did*.
 j, as in *jig*.
 g, as in *go*.
 v, as in *veer*.
 th, as in *this*.
 z, as in *zone*.
 zh, as in *azure*.
 l, as in *lo*.
 m, as in *mow*.
 n, as in *no*.
 r, as in *rim*.
 ŋ, as in *sing*.

LIQUIDS.

SHORT VOWELS.

ĭ, as in *ill*.
 ŭ, as in *up*.
 ě, as in *ell*.
 ă, as in *add*.
 ă, as in *ask*.
 ǫ, as in *odd*.

u, as in *pull*.

VOWEL-CONSONANTS.

y, as in *yet*.
 w, as in *win*.

NON-SONANTS.

p, as in *pin*.
 t, as in *till*.
 ch, as in *chin*.
 k, as in *kill*.
 f, as in *fear*.
 th, as in *thin*.
 s, as in *so*.
 sh, as in *shine*.

h, as in *he*.
 hw, as in *when*.

REMARKS UPON THE CHART.—The foregoing Chart is not strictly phonetic. *T*, *c*, *s*, *h*, and *z* have each at least two offices. The imperfection thus existing is fairly shown by giving, as we ought to do in phonetic writing, to each of the letters, *t* and *h*, in the word *nevertheless*, its appropriate value, *nev-ert-he-less*; or how shall it be known whether *b-r-e-a-t-h-e-d* is to be pronounced *breathed* or *breat-hed*. This evident ambiguity may be removed by separating every word not a monosyllable into its syllabic elements. To avoid this labor, as well as the writing of digraphs (double forms), single characters may be substituted.

This suggestion is acted upon in Lesson X., where *q* is placed for *ch*. Substitutes for *th*, *th*, *sh*, and *zh* can readily be devised, thus lessening the time and space required for the phonetic writing.

Though the compound elements *oi* and *ou* are not correctly represented by the component parts of these digraphs, yet, as it is found that no ambiguity can arise from the use of these forms, when once the power of each is known, they have been suffered to stand.

ERRATUM.—The principal statement made in the fourth paragraph of Lesson XXI. is not without exceptions, chiefly derivatives from words ending in *r* or *re*; thus, pouring, paring, parent, deploring, etc., have *r* preceded by a long vowel.

PHONIC ANALYSIS.

LESSON I.

AN ELEMENTARY SOUND is produced, from its beginning to its close, without any change in the position of the organs of speech.

In pronouncing the word *feet*, we produce three elementary sounds,—sounds that cannot be divided. The first, which we call “the sound of *f*,” is formed by continuous blowing while the lower lip is placed lightly against the edges of the upper front teeth; the second, which is called “long *e*,” is produced by singing, while the tongue, slightly advanced, and curved so as to be highest in the middle, is raised nearly to the roof of the mouth; and the “sound of *t*” is formed by first pressing the end of the tongue against the inner gums of the upper front teeth, compressing the breath above it, and then suddenly allowing the forced breath to escape in a slight gust.

Pronounce each of the following words, and then utter separately whichever of these three sounds it contains: cat, me, cuff, laugh, sheaf, sphere, tea, eat, reefed.

Which of the three, if any, do you hear when you pronounce of? bed? beak? team? tot? thee? thank? elk? enough?

What four ways do you observe of representing the sound of *f*, in sheaf, cuff, laugh, sphere? Name three other words to illustrate each of these four ways. In what two ways is the sound of *t* represented in *eat* and *reefed*?

LESSON II.

Pronounce mete, mead, meed, bier, seize, pique, key, pæan. In each of these words is heard the sound of long *e*; yet no two of the modes of representing it are alike. This sound is

usually represented in the keys to English spelling-books and dictionaries by *ē*. [The short horizontal mark over the *e* is called a *macron*.] We will use *ē* whenever we wish to represent this sound; and these eight words will, in our mode of representing, be written thus: *mēt*, *mēd*, *mēd*, *būr*, *sēz*, *pēk*, *kē*, *pēan*. When we write one character for each sound, and for a given sound always the same character, the mode of indicating is called *phonetic*, *phonographic*, *phōnic*, or *phonotypic*—all from the Greek *phone*, meaning sound.

Pronounce the following: *bēk*, *mēl*, *rēm*, *wērd*, *sēm*, *stēl*, *grēt*, *sfēr*, *bēlēv*. What silent letter is here omitted in writing each of the first four words? In what two ways is the fifth spelled? The sixth?

DIRECTION.—When asked to represent a word containing a sound which at that stage of these instructions has not been mentioned, or in respect to writing which no directions have been given, use, in indicating that sound, the letter (or letters) representing it in the given word as printed, being careful to omit every silent letter.

Represent, by well-formed written characters, all the sounds in *breeze*, *leer*, *sphere*, *bier*, *ream*, *geese*, *least*, *sweet*, *meat*, *glebe*.

LESSON III.

If, while the lip and teeth are placed as described, in Lesson I., for forming the sound of *f*, a tone, or singing sound, be given, the sound of *v* is formed. Try it. *F* and *v*, then, represent two sounds between which there is a resemblance; these are called *cognate* sounds (twin-born sounds).

T and *d* are also called cognate. If, while the tongue is in place to form *t*, you make a singing sound (allowing no ringing within the nose), you produce the sound of *d*. Describe very carefully the difference you observe between speaking the word *teem* and the word *deem*. Raise the chin, and, while uttering the sound of *d*, let the thumb and fingers of one hand press firmly against the upper part of the throat, just beneath the roots of the tongue. Maintaining the same position, sound *t*; you merely *impel* the breath; to utter *d*, the breath is made to give forth a semi-musical sound. Such a sound is called *resonant*, *sonant*, *intoned*, or *vocal*; and the breath is said to be *vocalized*. Elements

wanting in resonance, as *t* and *f*, are called *non-sonant*, *aspirate*, *toneless*, or *atonic*.

In the word *date* are three sounds. The second of these is made with a more open tube than *ē*, the tongue being kept farther from the roof of the mouth. This sound is called "long *a*." Represent it by *ā*. Pronounce *aim*, *ā*; *bake*, *ā*.

Utter distinctly each sound in *evade*, *feet*, *fade*, *date*. [This is an exercise in Oral Phonic Analysis.] Pronounce each word clearly both before and after analyzing it.

Represent *tame*, *bale*, *deal*, *sleep*, *vain*, *steal*, *lief*, *trade*, *plate*, *heal*. [This is an exercise in Written Phonic Analysis.]

LESSON IV.

The sound of *p* is formed by compressing the lips, forcing the breath against them, then suddenly bursting them apart, and emitting the breath. The sounds of *b* and *p* are cognate. Practice with *bale* and *pale* as you did with *deem* and *teem*. While attempting to form the sound of *b*, no resonance should be allowed in the nose.

Pronounce *ah*. This is, perhaps, the very finest sound in the language. Learn to form it with exactness and fullness,—the tongue in its natural position, and the opening of the mouth enlarged from side to side. Do not fear to say *ah*, *star*; *ah*, *calm*; *ah*, *father*; *ah*, *half*. This is "Italian *a*." Represent it by *ä*.

A sound almost as fine and full as *ä*, is heard in the words *awe*, *nor*, *gall*, *morn*;—the tongue in the same position as for *ä*, but the opening of the mouth narrower from side to side. Call this "broad *o*," and represent it by *ô*. Pronounce six words containing the sound *ä*; six containing *ô*. Distinguish with perfect clearness between *farm* and *form*; also between *morn* and *mourn*.

Sound *ē*, *ā*, *ä*, *ô*, *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, *f*, *v*.

Analyze *be*, *paid*, *tape*, *beef*, *bought*, *taught*.

Represent *ball* [write but one *l*: you hear but one], *barn* [single *r* is never silent], *mark*, *stall*, *palm*, *flaw*, *snarl*, *half*, *peat*, *braid*.

LESSON V.

When each character used in writing English words is uniformly employed to indicate the same sound, we have no

use for *c*, *q*, and *x*. Study the following forms, and prepare to tell what three values *c* may represent; what one, *q*; what two, *x*: *kat*, *sirkle*, *sakrifize*, *kuill*, *foks*, *egzakt*. *C*, when followed by *h*, as in *chin*, and when followed by *e* or *i*, as in the syllables *cion*, *cean*, appears to have still other uses; yet, even in these cases, it has no sound exclusively its own. *X*, as an initial, has also the sound of *z*, as in *Xerxes*, *xebec*, *xyster*.

Represent "long *o*," as in *zone*, by *ō*, and "long *oo*," as in *moon*, *prove*, by *o.* In sounding *o.*, contract the opening of the mouth as much as possible, and thrust the lips forward and upward: *do not depress the upper lip*.

Pronounce *moose*, *o.*; *school*, *o.*; *o.*, *prove*, *moon*, *soon*, *root*, *room*, *broom*, *hoop*. Sound *ē*, *o.*, *ā*, *ô*, *ä*, *ō*.

Analyze *deep*, *boot*, *vote*, *food*, *paid*, *bead*.

Represent *awl*, *tomb*, *talk*, *root*, *mourn*, *morn*, *haul*, *tour*, *balm*, *pork*.

LESSON VI.

The sounds of *s* and *z* are cognate—the former breathed, the latter sonant. *S* is very often written, where the sound of *z* is to be given. A good reader will show a difference between *trice* and *tries*, *price* and *pries*, *cease* and *seas*, *juice* and *Jews*. The proper sound of *s* is a hiss, and (unless there is an intention to make the utterance harsh and disagreeable) this element should be made both light and brief, especially at the end of a word.

Sound promptly and forcibly *ē*, *ō*, *ä*, *ô*, *o.*, *ā*, *ō*, *ä*, *o.*, *ē*, *s*, *z*, *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, *f*, *v*.

Pronounce each word containing an *s*, in Lesson III., p. 78, and tell whether the *s* is sonant or non-sonant. The words *rush* and *Bishop* may be omitted.

Represent *behoof*, *spoon*, *know*, *bark*, *stone*, *paws* [in writing *z*, make it *on the line*, like a printed Italic *z*], *pause*, *ace*, *maize*, *psalms*, *bestow*, *seas*, *cease*, *half*.

LESSON VII.

The elementary sounds of the language are usually divided into two grand classes, *vowels* and *consonants*. A vowel is made through a more open position of the organs than that through which a consonant is produced. Its quality is therefore purer. A vowel, as its name implies, is a perfect *vocal*;

while even the most musical of the consonants, such as are intoned, are only *sub-vocal*.

Sound each of the following elements, and tell whether it is a vowel or a consonant, and why: b, v, ē, f, o, ä, z, d, ô.

Which two of the foregoing vowels are produced with a less open position of the organs than the other two? [The partial closing of the tube may be caused by the tongue as well as by the lips.] Which two, then, are less strictly vowel in their character?

If you have fixed correctly upon the two imperfect vowels, and have learned to form them well, you may be pleased to notice the effect of pronouncing the word *on* after each. Do it, in each case, with one impulse of voice; that is, pass from the imperfect vowel to the word *on* without the least pause: what do you observe? With one impulse, utter the two vowels oā: what do you hear? In like manner examine ēo.

We have called four of the six vowels already given, long; but ä and ô are as long as the others. In uttering a syllable containing any one of the six, the vowel is not likely to be dwelt upon too long, especially if under the accent. Pronounce complete', fa'tal, Hindoo', for'ward, grandee', mar'tial, Malay', mamma', daugh'ter, mo'ment, roam'er, home'less.

Represent farce, force, drove, taste, bolt, bees, flows, leased, braced, phase, laugh, routine, lose, loose, born, borne, ought, east, sauce, steak.

LESSON VIII.

Pronounce *at, et, it, ot, ut*. Now do it slowly and without looking at the syllables. Do this again, omitting the consonant. Practice until you can do it perfectly. You have now formed five *short* vowels, or, more properly, *explosive* vowels. These are commonly marked in dictionaries thus, ä, ě, ĭ, ō, ŭ. We will omit the curve, or *breve*: let a (unmarked), in our notation, represent the vowel in *at*; e, that in *ell*; i, that in *it*; o, that in *on*; u, that in *up*. Remember that a, e, i, o, or u, left unmarked in our written exercises, represents an abrupt vowel.

Analyze dust, top, sub, pit, vat, dost (u), fated, said, debt, sod, dot.

Represent fetlock, arrow [one r], market, railroad, flood, horse, enough, artist, omit, form, arid, acid, bailiff, sophist, trophy (i), prophet, laughed, emblems, porous, love.

LESSON IX.

How many sounds in the word *thin*? By what is the first represented? Name three other words beginning with the same sound? This element is formed by breathing forcibly, while the tip of the tongue is placed against the upper teeth. Do you hear the same sound in the word *this*? What is the difference? Represent the sonant by *th*; the non-sonant by *th*.

The abrupt sound of *oo* in *good*, frequently represented also by *u*, as in *full*, *pulpit*, we will represent by *u*. This sound must not be mistaken for *o*. Observe the difference: mood, *o*; foot, *u*. Use "long *oo*" in food, roof, hoop, truth, brute; but "short *oo*" in book, full, pullet, hook.

Utter abruptly *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*. Now, with smooth tones, utter such of the following as are long; the short, as before: *ā*, *ē*, *ī*, *ō*, *ô*, *a*, *u*, *ä*, *ä*, *ô*, *e*, *ä*, *u*, *e*.

Analyze this, that, both, food, thieves, soothe, sooth, puss, buzz, bathe, put, took.

Write the foregoing list, also thenceforth, breathe, truth, beneath (*th*), with, playful, war-whoop, fulfill.

LESSON X.

Study the first element in the word *jar*; in *gem*. You find the initial sound the same in the two words. Is it sonant? Represent it by *j*. Do you have the tongue in the same position in beginning to speak the words *jay* and *day*? Try them. [Place the tongue as for speaking one of the words, and then, at the instant of beginning to speak, utter the other.]

If, in uttering the word *jar*, you simply *breathe* the first element, you pronounce *char*. The sound of *ch* is as simple as that of *j*, and is its cognate. Denote this by *ç*. In uttering the sonant *j*, the resonance should be clear and unmistakable.

Pronounce *jar*, *char*; *chin*, *gin*; *large*, *larch*; *Jane*, *chain*; *rich*, *ridge*; *etch*, *edge*.

Observe how you form the first sound in *gate*. Is it resonant? If you breathe this element in speaking the word *gate*, you say *Kate*.

Pronounce *lag*, *lack*; *call*, *gall*; *cot*, *got*; *brig*, *brick*.

Write charm, liege, ledge, porches, jarred, scorched, engulfed, resonant, bilged, arched, charged, giddy (i), stoical, north, sorrows, badge, lathes, acorn, orthoëpy, ached.

LESSON XI.

A vowel sound more frequently met with, perhaps, than any other, is heard before *r* in *her*, *fir*, *murmur*, *word*, *myrrh*. In how many different ways do you here find this sound represented? Some writers have thought that *r* of itself denotes this sound; but if you will place the tongue in position to say *rose*, and then, without moving it, attempt to give the initial element in *earth*, you will perceive that a more open position of the organs is required for commencing the latter word. In the formation of the consonant sound denoted by *r*, the sonorous breath is driven over the vibrating tip of the tongue, which is raised to the roof of the mouth; but the first sound in *earth* issues through an open tube. Represent this long vowel by *ẽ*. The mark over the *e* is called a *til-de*: we will call this vowel "tilde *e*." It has sometimes been called *the neutral vowel*, as having "no strongly marked distinctive character."

Practice sounding *ẽ*, *r*, *th*. That you may be sure to do it well, recall what has just been said of the position of the tongue in sounding *r*.

Pronounce and Analyze, with much care, bird, further, birth, turbid, therefore, church, Turk.

Write the foregoing list; also *myrrh*, journey, fertile, current (not *ẽ*), rehearse, mermaid, Herbert, curled, cracker, zenith, nadir, northern, southern.

LESSON XII.

You would write *player* *plāēr*, and *pray-er*, one who prays, *prāēr*; but *prayer*, a petition, has a different sound of *a*. Call this "long flat *a*," and let *â* represent it. This sound enters no word except when immediately followed by *r*, as in *air*, *heir*, *hair*, *ere*, *e'er*, *care*, *where*, *there*, *their*. Although not very much like *ā*, it is, by some speakers, made to give way to it. We ought to distinguish between *layer* and *lair*, *stare* and *stayer*, *flayer* and *flare*.

Though no English word contains the digraph *zh*, yet, the sound of the *z* in *glazier*, and of the *s* in *leisure*, is known

as "the sound of *zh*." Its cognate is "the sound of *sh*," as in *share, sure*. Represent this aspirate by *sh*, the sonant by *zh*.

Analyze beget, fourths, scarce, soothed, patter, proceeds, goods, prepare, sharer, perplexed, disturbed, shadowy, devised, chairs, pitchers, excursion [not *zhun*], thirty, forty, parent, merciful.

Write the foregoing list.

LESSON XIII.

RULE.—*A*, unaccented and ending a word, or constituting an unaccented syllable at the beginning of a word, has the sound of *ah*, but briefer.

Thus, *America* should be pronounced Ah-mer-i-kah,—the first sound and the last, very brief, and, because not accented, both spoken lightly.

Apply the foregoing rule in pronouncing the last syllable of each of the following words: Hannah, Anna, Cuba, Mendota, Pana. Avoid saying āmazed for a(h)mazed, āwry for a(h)wry, and āgain for a(h)gain.

Call this sound "short Italian *a*," and denote it thus, *â*.

The words āôrtâ and āērial, having the initial "unaccented *a*" immediately followed by a vowel, are exceptions to the Rule.

Notice that Asa, Ada, āōrist, &c., have the initial *a* accented: the Rule does not pertain to initial *a* under accent.

Utter, from memory, the following eight non-sonants, in the order here given, and, after each, its sonant, as taught in the foregoing lessons:

p, t, th, k, f, sh, s, g.

Analyze deserve, Martha, pensive, quaked, Noah, Augusta, specie, eightieth, mendicant (*i*, not *ī*), modification, erysipelas.

Write the foregoing list: also, screened, carriage (*i*), initial, special, equation, explosion, algebra, gauntlet, gutta percha.

LESSON XIV.

The "short Italian *a*," is frequently found in monosyllables and in accented syllables, as well as in the positions named in Lesson XIII. Speak *ah* explosively (as in Hannah), and with the falling slide, before each of the following

words, and give the same sound to the vowel within the word: ah, task; ah, fast; ah, grass; ah, last; ah, aghast (the same sound twice); ah, bath; ah, command; ah, staff. Review this practice often and attentively, until the correct utterance becomes easy.

The subjoined list contains the most common words in which "the short Italian *a*" is used with stress.

Advance, advantage, after, alas, amass, ant, ask, asp, bask, basket, blanch, blast, bombast, branch, brass, cask, casket, cast, caste, chaff, chance, chant, clasp, class, contrast, craft, dance, draft, draught, enhance, fast, flask, gasp, ghastly, glance, glass, graft, grass, lance, lass, last, mass, mast, pass, past, pastor, pastime, plaster, prance, quaff, raft, rafter, repast, shaft, slant, staff, task, trance, vast, waft.

The following list of proper names, which might be indefinitely extended, is inserted for convenience in drill. Let it be used until "final unaccented *a*" (or *ah*) is no longer heard as short *e*, long *a*, or short *i*. Say A-sà, not A-se; Mendōtā, not Mendōti; and I-ō-wà, not I-ō-wā.

Asa, Ira, Joshua, Micah, Noah, Ada, Amanda, Amelia, Augusta, Celia, Clara, Cora, Deborah, Eliza, Emma, Flora, Hannah, Julia, Huldah, Laura, Martha, Melissa, Nerissa, Rhoda, Sophia, America, Africa, Iowa, Indiana, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Alabama, Louisiana [Say Lo' i, not Lo ē'; then, zi-ān-ā. Now, with strongest accent on "ān," say Lo'-i-zi-ān'-ā], Georgia, Mendota, Pana, Arabia, Centralia, Canada.

Write grandly, aerial, aloof, polka, steady, acorn, sacred, knows, snare, partly, becomes, artisan, arnica, acid, Africa, Peoria, Alps, Norway, morrow, affair.

LESSON XV.

With one impulse pronounce ē ô l; also, ē ô k. Compare these with *yawl*, *yoke*. With one impulse pronounce ȝ e t; ȝ o z. Compare these with *wet*, *was*. Which represents a more open sound, ȝ or the *w* in *wet*? ē or the *y* in *yoke*?

W and *y*, when initial in a syllable, have been called *vowel-consonants*, and, by some, *semi-vowels*. Why?

Which form of the indefinite article is used before the nouns, yard, youth, watch, way? To which class, then, the vowel or the consonant, must *w* and *y* be regarded as more strictly belonging?

Of what vowel does the vowel-consonant *w* appear to be a modification? of what one the vowel-consonant *y*?

Review Lesson VII.

Analyze word, yard, worship, yacht (*yot*), poniard, [*I* following an accented syllable, and itself followed by a vowel, often represents the vowel-consonant *y*; sometimes it is recommended to keep the open vowel sound, as in the word Virginia], between, quail, coquette, quadrille [In a few words from the French, *u* is silent after *q*], zoölogy.

Write the foregoing list; also, atheistic, physicists, ignoramuses (*ā*), acquaintance, auxiliary (*gz*), extension, dogma, chance, square, familiar.

LESSON XVI.

Pronounce *sing*. Omit the *s*, and say *ing*. Now omit *i*, and sound only *ng*. Do this several times. Give the three sounds separately, *s i ng*. The digraph *ng* denotes a simple sound. Represent this by *n*.

Sin, sing: which of these words by the addition of *k* (*sin-k, sing-k*) forms to the ear the word *sink*? Pronounce *plan*; then, without changing the last sound, add the sound *k*. If you do not change the *n*, you do not speak the word *plank*. Describe the difference in sound between the word *fin* and the first syllable of *finger*? What is the last syllable of *finger*? of *singer*? Is the sound denoted by *ng* in *sing* composed of the sounds *n* and *g*? Show this. In writing, and in analyzing, the following exercises, determine whether *n* has its own proper sound or that known as "the sound of *ng*."

The sonants *l, m, n, r* and *ŋ* are called liquids, on account of the freedom which they display in uniting, both among themselves and with other consonants; they have no cognates.

Analyze and Write singer, linger, lynx, English (two *i*'s), blanket, conquer, yonder, watching, plumb, mongrel (*u*), congress, half, wreath, anger, farewell, paltry, mother, donkey, quiescent, language.

LESSON XVII.

Compare the initial breathings in the words *hen, when*. The latter breathing, represented in all cases by *wh*, is usually regarded as compound; viz., as composed of *h* followed by *w*. Try this. From breathing the initial element

of the word *hen*, pass promptly and pronounce the word *wen*. Do you thus give the true opening of the word *when*? In like manner compare h-wiç with *which*, and h-wâr with *where*.

Wh seems to be the sign of an element breathed throughout, the lips being in position for giving the sonant *w*, which, however, is not vocalized. Represent this aspirate, or breathing, by *hw* (or, if preferred, by a written *v* attached to the stem of a written *h*).

Call this element "the modified aspirate;" call the breathing denoted by *h*, "the unmodified aspirate."

Pronounce the following words. Five of them begin with the unmodified aspirate, *h*. Which are they? Whoop, where, which, who, what, whose, whom, whether, whole, while.

Analyze and Write the preceding ten words; also wharf, scarf, thwart, distinguish, original, distinct, tongue, liquid, experiment, opinion.

LESSON XVIII.

We have now studied 40 elements. There remain four compound vowels, as heard in *isle*, *type*; *oil*, *boy*; *out*, *cow*; *tune*, *few*.

The first, called "long *i*," composed of *ä* and *ē*, denote by *ī*,
 " second (without name) " " *ô* and *i*, " " *oi*.
 " third " " " *ä* and *o* " " *ou*,
 " fourth, called "long *u*," " " *i* and *o* " " *ū*.

It is curious to notice that in the fourth, the second element is accented; in each of the others, the first.

See "Remarks on the Chart," preceding Lesson I.

Four Cautions.

1. Neither element of any one of these compounds should be made as distinct as when not combined with another vowel; nor should either be made so full as greatly to preponderate over the other.

2. The first diphthong is sometimes very improperly given in place of the second; thus *īl* for *oil*.

3. Studiously avoid using *â* as the first element in the third diphthong. This vulgar pronunciation gives *kâo* for *kou*.

4. The practice of omitting the first element of the fourth diphthong should be shunned. Say constit^ution, not consti-tootion; prod^uce, not prodoos.

Pronounce the first syllable of the word *music*. Now omit its first element, and sound only ū. [The name and the sound are not quite the same.] Does the *u* in *music* sound precisely like that in *unit*? What is the difference? Like which of the two is the *u* in *manual*? When "long *u*" stands as the first letter of a syllable, *y* is heard before it; in the midst of a syllable, it should not be. Unit, yū; mute, ū, (not *yu*, not *myūt*).

"Long *u*" is never immediately preceded in the same word by the sound of *r*, *sh*, or *zh*. When such might seem to be the case, the ū drops its first element and is heard as ȳ. Hence true, fruit, cherubic, &c., are pronounced trȳ, frȳt, ȳerȳbik. If the *u* is not under accent, ū may be heard rather than ȳ, as in treasure, garrulous, cherubim.

LESSON XIX.

Each simple long vowel except ō has its kindred, or cognate, short vowel. Below, under each of seven of the long vowels is printed the cognate explosive vowel. Pronounce the first upper, then the one beneath, and so on. A remarkable likeness will be observed.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ē | ẽ | ā | â | ä | ô | ō | ȳ |
| i | u | e | a | â | o | | ū |

The vowels of the second line are formed with a more open mouth than the corresponding long vowels; but their distinguishing quality is explosiveness. From both these causes the short vowels are more difficult of utterance. *Bean* is more easily pronounced than *bin*, *trade* than *tread*; and an indolent person or an invalid is not unlikely to say hând for hand, ẽp for up, and ôn for on.

Analyze each of the following lists, and tell what error is likely to occur in uttering the accented vowel:

1. Can, land, hand, pallid, stand, back, bag, famine, haggard.
2. Torrent, flock, on, fond, torrid, fondling, onset, monarch.
3. Pin, thin, think, pit, ambition, instance.
4. Tub, but, nut, must, pluck, cuff, snuff, corruption.
5. Met, fence, pen, health, remedy, connection, bet.

6. Fast, cast, last, lass, pass, grass, shaft. [Shun â, a, and ä].

Each one should observe his own tendencies in speech. Many, perhaps most, young people need to guard watchfully and perseveringly against an indolent utterance. This indolent or feeble enunciation is chiefly perceptible on short vowels, and on the eight sonants, b, d, j, g, v, th, z, and zh.

Analyze and Write void, thou, shawl, musing, shining, wringer, clashing, prudent, useful, wherever, which, where'er, cerulean, useful, usury (zhü), sugar, sumac, mercury, merry, council.

LESSON XX.

In some instances, the error referred to in the previous lesson consists in *repeating* the vowel, rather than in substituting the long cognate,—thus, ha-and (or ha-und) for hand, me-et (or me-ut) for met. Whichever the error, the corrective is this,—a quick, decisive pronunciation. No pains should be spared to acquire this, not only in recitation, but as a habit of speech.

Orthoëpists do not recognize any correspondent for ō. We must pronounce *hole* and *whole* precisely alike. Say rō road; bō, boat.

Close observation upon ō will convince the student that it is not strictly an element; the close, or “vanish,” is, quite distinctly, o or u,—ō-o. And though it is not well to give prominence to this “vanish,” it is not allowed to omit it altogether, except, perhaps, in a few instances when ō is unaccented, as in *geology*.

Long *a* has likewise a vanish (in ē or i), the omission of which, if indeed possible, is certainly a less frequent error than its too great prominence.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|----|---|----|
| p | t | ç | k | f | th | s | sh |
| b | d | j | g | v | th | z | zh |

Which of the foregoing represent non-sonants?

The first four consonants in each line have been called *abrupts*; the remaining four, *continuant*s. Why should these names be thought appropriate?

In some languages, as the German, the difference between a sonant and its cognate is not so clearly marked as in the

English. Thus, if you pronounce *toʔk*, you give very nearly the consonant sounds used by a German when he attempts to say *dog*. Whoever fails to make unmistakably clear, in his speech, the difference between a sonant and its cognate cannot be a good speaker of the English language.

Memorize (in order) the sixteen sounds indicated above ; also the list of simple vowels given in Lesson XIX.

Analyze and Write apparel, tomorrow, terrify, lasting, passive, passing [the accented vowels in the last two words differ], flurry, music, German, continued, curfew, precisely, sounds, mischief, modulate, fulsome, seamstress, zealous, noisome, pincers.

LESSON XXI.

Pronounce *bar*, *her*, *fir*, *for*, *cur*. Monosyllables ending in *r* (or *rr*) preceded by a single vowel are so regular in their vowel sounds that readers early learn the power of each vowel thus placed ; *a* (unless preceded by *w* or *qu*) has the sound of *ä*, *o* is *ô*, and each of the others, *ē*. This regularity aids the student essentially in the pronunciation of a word which he meets for the first time.

When to such a monosyllable a consonant is added, the vowel, if it is *a*, *e*, *i*, or *u*, is not changed in sound ; if *o*, it may change to *ō*, as in *port*, *torn*, *worn*, or to *ē*, as in *work*, *word*.

If to the first-mentioned forms *e* be added, the changes are more noteworthy. Then *a* become *â*,—*bar*, *bare* ; *e*, *ē*—*her*, *here* ; *i*, *ī*,—*fir*, *fire* ; *o*, *ō*,—*for*, *fore* ; and *u*, *ū*,—*cur*, *cure*. Observe that each vowel except *a* [long *a* is never followed in the same syllable by *r*] now takes its “name sound,”—*here*, *ē* ; *fire*, *ī* ; *fore*, *ō* ; *cure*, *ū*.

If any one of the combinations *ar*, *er*, *ir*, or, *or*, occurs elsewhere than at the close of a word, and is immediately followed by a syllable beginning with a vowel, the vowel preceding the *r* has its proper short sound ; thus, *ar-id*, *ster-ile*, *mir-a-cle*, *or-ange*. When not so followed, the vowel before *r* has the same power as before *r* in a monosyllable.

Ur is rarely followed by a syllable opening with a vowel, except when the *r* is doubled ; in which case *u* likewise becomes short.

Rr not terminal (in sound) is uniformly followed in primitive words by a vowel ; hence, in such words. it is

always preceded by a short vowel; thus, marry, herring, Pyrrhus, morrow, horror, furrow, mirror. Even in derivatives, the effect of the following vowel is sometimes felt. For example, though from *abhor* we have *abhôrd*, we also have *abhorens*; from *concur*, *konkurent*; and from *conspire*, *konspirasi*.

The following list embraces words often mispronounced, from a non-observance of the principle laid down in the fourth paragraph of this lesson. Re-state the principle; also note that in words where the *r* is initial in a syllable, the preceding vowel if accented is long, as in mu-ral, pe-riod.

Arab, arable, arenaceous, Areopagus, arithmetical, aristocrat, apparel, herald, barometric, Carib, carat, caravan, parachute, paradox, parallel, prevaricate, harass, paramount, hilarity, farinaceous, Saracen, larynx, rarefy, rarity, character, guarantee, caparison, carol, maritime, disparity, disparage, peroration, peril, perigee, perish, peradventure, cerebral, therapeutics, verify, very, peregrination, oryctology, derivation, sterile, ceremony, derelict, derogate, querulous, ferule, heron, kerosene, seraph, heroine, imperative, sheriff, cherub, erudition, heresy, virile, pyrotechnic, miracle, iridescent, delirium, empiricist, tyrannous, lyrical, pyramid, florid, foreign, orange, coral, florin, Doric, forage, forest, quarantine, horologe, orator, origin, orifice, oriflamme, chorister.

Write and Analyze the first twenty words in the foregoing list.

LESSON XXII.

Which syllable can you utter more easily, latçd or laçt, helpt or helpd, bagd or bagt? It is found that two non-sonants or two sonants may be more easily spoken with a single impulse than a combination embracing one of each class.

ASSIMILATION is the act of bringing or changing into a likeness; in Pronunciation, it consists in sounding a sonant for its cognate non-sonant written in the word, or the reverse, for the purpose of making it coalesce with an adjacent sound. Thus *t* is sounded for printed *d* in *oped*, and *z* for *s* in *odes*. Notice that, as written, the two consonants in *oped* are of unlike classes; so, also, in *odes*: in speaking, they are brought to a likeness, assimilated.

Show what assimilation takes place in pronouncing the words in each of the following lists:

1. Latched, lapped, cracked, laughed, passed, lashed.
2. Eliab's, David's, dove's, crag's.
3. Clods, eggs, tubs, wives.
4. Ebbs, treads, begs, loves.

Form a preterit, or past tense, in *ed*, as in list (1), but let the non-sonant preceding the termination be *t*. *Ed* now becomes a syllable. Why does not *d* assimilate with *t*? Try it.

Form four possessives, in the singular, whose nominatives end in four different non-sonants. What assimilation here?

Form four plurals, ending respectively in *ps*, *fs*, *ts*, and *ks*. Why does the terminal *s* retain its sound?

Blackguard is pronounced blag-ård, and *cupboard*, kub-ord. Why?

Write and Analyze the second twenty words in the list at the close of Lesson XXI.

LESSON XXIII.

The following seven words, bath, cloth, lath, mouth, oath, path, wreath, change the non-sonant *th* of the singular to sonant *th* in the plural, the added *s*, of course, becoming sonant. Pronounce the seven plurals. No other nouns show this irregularity; the plural of *truth* ends with two non-sonants.

The terminal consonants *dth* and *dths* do not assimilate. Give to *d* its full sonant power in width, breadth, hundredth, hundredths, thousandth, thousandths.

Why are *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, and *ŋ* called liquids? Are they sonant or non-sonant? Consider the words *milk*, *harp*, *pant*, *tempt* (*p* silent), *length*, *drink*, and state whether any one of the liquids compels the following consonant to assimilate. What of assimilation in *prow*, *flay*, *shrine*, *smart*,—in which the liquid follows a non-sonant? Is it the same with *chasm*, *spasm*, *prism*, *microcosm*? What other combination than *sm* can you find, in which the former of two consonants assimilates to the latter?

Write and Analyze the last ten words in Lesson XXI.; also while, uniform, truths, plural, smoked, bathes, sheaths, sheathes, dodged, draped.

LESSON XXIV.

In the formation of the consonants, the tube or passage of the voice is closed at three different stations; at the lips, at the anterior part of the hard palate (or roof), and at its posterior part. Consonants formed at the first station are called labials; those formed at the second station, dentals or linguo-dentals; and those at the third, gutturals or palatals.

Utter the list of consonants in Lesson XIX., and tell at which station each is formed. To which station will you assign v? y? hw? l? r?

In pronouncing the sounds b, d, and g, the pupil was cautioned against allowing a resonance in the nasal cavity. When this is allowed while the lips are in contact as for forming b, m is sounded and not b. M is properly called nasal; it is also labial. Each other station also furnishes a nasal. The second, closed as for d, gives n; and the third, closed as for g, gives ŋ. In what respect does m differ from b? n from d? ŋ from g?

With *one closure* of the first station we can form the combination, mb; with one of the second, nd; and with one of the third, ng. In pronouncing cabman, amber, candy, goodness, younger, the stations are not opened between b and m, n and d, n and g; but the former consonant is left *without being articulated*,—that is, it is not disjoined from the succeeding consonant element. So of double consonants: though in *chilly* we give less time to the ll than in *coolly*, in *felly* (a fellow) less than in *felly* (fiercely), and less to the nn in *pen-non* than in *penknife*, yet even in the latter we do not articulate two l's or two n's. We dwell upon the former consonant for a moment, and then, without opening the station, give a new impulse, thus forming the latter perfectly.

It is well in representing *penknife*, *coolly*, &c., phonetically, to write the consonant twice, distinguishing the utterance from that of the duplicate consonants in *banner*, *folly*, &c., which are strictly simple in power.

Few persons need be cautioned lest they form the habit of over-exactness in enunciation. It would be a violation of good usage, however, fully to enunciate the closing element of the adjective in uttering the phrase *small larch*, or the k in the phrases *dark green* and *black cobbler*.

Pronounce the following expressions with due regard to smoothness on the one hand, and freedom from ambiguity on the other : this sail ; his tears ; his precepts are recorded ; last still night ; lasts till night ; from more than nine ; all left this city ; God's commands.

Write and Analyze stagger, phlegmatic, unnatural, accent, soulless, missile, misspell, mission, breadths, hundredths, allotted, appetite, acquiesce, currency, wheyey, rapine (not ē), sacrilege, sacrilegious, ordinance, ordnance.

LESSON XXV.

There are certain syllables, mostly terminal, which contain no vowel sound. These usually, perhaps always, contain the letter *l* or *n* ; thus, table, given, mantle, deacon,—pronounced tã-bl, giv-n (not giv-en), man-tl, dē-kn.

Pronounce bl, dl, fl, gl, kl, pl, sl, tl, vl, zl.

Pronounce with the vowel, bel, del, fel, gel, kel, pel, sel, tel, vel, zel. Now, alternately with and without, bl, bel, dl, del, fl, fel, gl, gel, kl, kel, pl, pel, sl, sel, tl, tel, vl, vel, zl, zel. Do this until you can readily omit or insert the vowel at will.

Most words ending in *el* have the *e* sounded. Indeed, the following list contains all the common words ending in *el* in which the *e* is silent. Memorize the list, carefully avoiding the utterance of either short *e* or short *u* before the *l*. Remember that in all other words ending in *el*, the *e* is sounded.

E before *l* is silent in chattel, drivel, easel, grovel, hazel, mantel, navel, ravel, shekel, shovel, shrivel, snivel, swingel (*g*), swivel, teazel, weazel, and their derivatives.

Pronounce vl, vil, zn, zin.

I before terminal *n* is commonly sounded ; but it is suppressed in the words devil, evil, weevil, basin, cousin, raisin.

O is sounded (as short *u*) in Briton, cordon, diapason (*z*), ebon, horizon, piston, ribbon, sexton, tendon, wanton ; also (as *o*) in pentagon, hexagon, heptagon, octagon, &c. When terminal *on* is preceded by *c* or *k*, as in deacon, bacon, beckon, the *o* is suppressed.

Write and Analyze sword, sward, slough, stanchions, sovereignty, audacious, audacity, rapacious, civil,

matin, doughty, compromise, indict, tunnel, presentiment, courte-sy, quarrelsome, exordium (sonant *x*.)

LESSON XXVI.

Pronounce *vn*, *ven*, *tn*, *ten*, *dn*, *den*, *shn*, *shen*, *ln*, *len*, *pn*, *pen*, *fn*, *fen*. The termination *en*, unlike *el*, usually drops the *e*. *E* before final *n* is sounded in *aspen*, *chicken*, *hyphen*, *gluten* (*ū*), *kitchen*, *lichen* (*ik*), *linden*, *marten*, *mitten*, *rowen*, *sudden*, and in any word not a participle, in which terminal *en* is preceded by *l*, *m*, *n*, or *r*,—as *pollen*, *women*, *woolen*, *omen*, *cognomen*, *linen*, *siren*.

All participles in *en* (except, possibly, *bounden*) all verbs of this ending in which the *en* means "to make," and all adjectives in which the terminal *en* signifies "made of," suppress the *e*; thus, *given*, *gladden*, *wooden*. The adjective *yewen*, made of *yew*, is a necessary exception, as, to make the *e* silent would reduce the word to a monosyllable. Find three words to illustrate each of these three classes.

Write and Analyze spirit, tortoise, Palestine, Niagara, isolate, widen, patent, pretty (not *e*), amenably, soften, barrel, legible, linguist, Xenophon, suffice, sacrifice, discern, tournament (*ě*), joust, pommel (not *o*).

LESSON XXVII.

C, *s*, and *t* are often equivalent to the sound of *sh*, and are then said to be aspirated, as in *dimension*, *censure*, *ocean*, *negotiation*. This takes place only when the consonant is immediately followed by *ē*, *i*, or *ū*—vowels intimately related to the vowel-consonant *y*. [If the pupil would know why the element *y* should have this effect, let him attempt to pronounce in quick succession *præ-yus*, *kō-ěrs-yun*, *lēz-yur*, *ē-vāz-yun*.]

Of the three elements *s*, *y*, and *sh*, which is formed with an intermediate position of the tongue?

S is also said to be aspirated when it has the sound of *zh*. This occurs in the termination *sion* when preceded by a vowel, as in *collision*, *evasion*; also in many words in which terminal *sure* or *sier* is preceded by an accented vowel, as in *treasure*, *leisure*, *osier*, and in *ambrosia*, *elysium*, *scission* and their derivatives.

The changing of *t* or *ti* to *ç*, thus, *kwes-chun* for *kwest-yun*, is authorized, as is also the substitution of *j* for *d* or *di*, as in *sōljēr* for *sōld-yer*. In oral drill, however, it is well to aim at a pronunciation not less rigorous and labored than that employed in dignified discourse. Our leading orthoëpists, while countenancing the pronunciation indicated in the second column below, more heartily approve that of the first.

Say *kwest-yun* rather than *kwes-çun*.

| | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|---------------------|
| <i>sōld-yer</i> | “ | “ | <i>sōl-jēr</i> . |
| <i>fēr-nit-yur</i> | “ | “ | <i>fēr-ni-çur</i> . |
| <i>krist-yan</i> | “ | “ | <i>kris-çan</i> . |

For *kuv-ē-çus* and *tē-jus* there is no defense: say *kuv-et-us*, *tēd-yus*.

Pronounce *without* the aspirate, calceated, caseous, osseous, roseate, enthusiast, odious; *with* the aspirate, issue, conscientious, nausea, pronunciation, denunciation, enunciation, facial (in two syllables), oceanic, tissue, visual; also prescious (*prē-shi-us*), prescience (*pre-shi-ens*).

Write and Analyze covetous, tedious, tremendous, satiate, sumac, sugar, officiate, partiality, plenteous, onerous, beauteous, licorice, osseous, noxious, mensuration, issue, mechanician, manufactory, usury, figure.

LESSON XXVIII.

In *sceptic* and *scirrhus*, *c* has the sound *k*. In *discern*, *sice* (*six*), *suffice*, and *sacrifice*, it has the force of *z*. In all other English words, when followed by *e*, *t*, or *y*, and not aspirated, it has the sound *s*, as in *reciprocity*, and is called “*c* soft.”

G, when followed by *e*, *i*, or *y*, has the sound *j*, and is said to be soft. Fortunately for the learner, the exceptions to this rule, though many, are chiefly words which he hears every day,—such as *geese*, *longer*, *gift*, *foggy*; the following exceptions may be less familiar: *gelding*, *gewgaw*, *conger*, *gibber*, *gibberish*, *gibbous*, *gimbals*, *gyron*.

When *h* intervenes between *e*, *i*, or *y* and a preceding *g*, the *g* is hard, as in *ghee*, *burgher*, *gherkin*.

Blamable is from *blâme*, the final *e* of the primitive being dropped; so, too, in *reversible*, *receivable*. Why not from *change*, *manage*, *peace*, and *trace*, write *changable*, *peacable*, &c.?

Ch has three values in English, as exemplified in the three lists below :

1. Child, chaff, chalk, chap, char, check, cherry, chest, chicken, church, churl, charm [from the Anglo Saxon]; chain, chair, chalice, challenge, chamber, champion, chance, chancel, chancery [from the French, but modified].

2. Chaise, chagrin, challis (*s* silent), chamois (*s* silent), champagne, charade, chenille, chevalier, chicanery, chute [from the French, and still retaining the French sound of *ch*].

3. Character, chameleon, chalybeate, chaos, parochial, archetype, bronchitis, chirography, magna charta, choral, chronicle, chyle [from the Greek or Latin].

Write and Analyze dost, tertiary, apothegm, apothegmatic, February, cosmetic, elongate, humor, humble, hospital, herb, hostage.

PRINCIPLES

AND

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

1. Reading is the adequate expression in vocal utterances of the thoughts and emotions of a written or printed composition.

2. These thoughts and emotions are exceedingly various, and hence there will be great variety in the tones of voice expressing them.

3. Some thoughts are vigorous, energetic, betokening that the mind is thoroughly aroused and ready to put forth its powers forcibly. Others are indicative of a cool and deliberate state of mind, in which it is prepared to deal with everyday matters of fact. Again, the mind may be borne down by sorrow, animated with joy, distracted with fear, or softened with pity, and each of these states may be adequately expressed by the tones of the human voice.

4. Tones may differ from each other in several ways, as in pitch, in volume, in rapidity of utterance, and in force; and it is by a judicious adjustment of these differences that the voice is made expressive.

5. It is convenient to consider about three degrees each, of Force, Speed, Pitch, and Volume of Voice.

Force may be moderate, soft, or loud.

Speed may be moderate, slow, or fast.

Pitch may be medium, low, or high.

Volume may be moderate, slight, or full.

6. When the mind is in an unexcited state, it expresses itself with moderate force. When borne down by sorrow, or

filled with pity or affection, it uses soft tones. When aroused to resistance or indignation or defiance or denunciation or joy, it speaks in loud tones.

7. The same state of mind that requires moderate force requires also moderate speed. Joy, animated cheerfulness, sport, &c., require fast utterance. If the thoughts are solemn, sad, dignified, or noble, the utterance is slow.

8. The same state of mind that requires moderate force and speed, usually requires medium pitch. Solemnity, sadness, despair, require a low pitch. Joy, lively description, fear, hilarity, are expressed in high tones.

9. Moderate volume is usually required where moderate force, speed, and pitch are demanded. All grand and noble thoughts require full round tones. Trifling utterances need but slight volume of voice.

10. Another difference in tones is usually called Quality. In respect to this, tones may be pure or impure. Impure tones are accompanied, more or less, by unvocalized breath. In pure tones, all the breath emitted is vocalized. Aspirate sounds, as of f, p, s, occur in all compositions, and, so far as they go, always interfere with purity of tone. But the amount of these is never sufficient to destroy the entire effect in a sentence that requires to be uttered in pure tone. Pure tones are used to express elevated and pure thoughts. Impure tones are used in the expression of fear, disgust, hatred, and other evil and unpleasant feelings.

11. Force must not be confounded with volume. A full volume of voice may be heard at only short distances, when a voice of less volume and more force would be heard at much greater distances. Volume is quantity; force is intensity.

EXAMPLES.

An example of full volume is found in the twelfth paragraph, page 220,—“‘Therefore,’ said he, &c.”

Of great force, tenth stanza, page 176,—“Fly! &c.”

Of unexcited expression, first paragraph, page 74; or any piece of simple narrative or description.

Of the expression of sorrow, sixth stanza, page 143,—“It never thrilled with anguish more, &c.”

Of pity, ninth paragraph, page 101, and eleventh stanza, page 157.

Of affection, second stanza, page 113, and Exercise LVII.

Of indignation, sixth paragraph, page 128.

Of defiance, sixteenth and seventeenth stanzas, page 216.

Of denunciation, Exercise LXXXVII, page 323.

Of joy, we have an example in the eighth stanza, page 201,
—“Hurrah, they run!—the field is won!”

Of animated cheerfulness, in the fifth stanza, page 86.

Of dignified and noble thoughts, in the Exercise on page 147.

Of solemnity, in Exercise LXXIX, page 304.

Of fear, in the thirteenth stanza, page 176, also the seventeenth, page 177.

Examples requiring pure tone are found in the Exercises on pages 120, 141, 112, and many others; for impure tone, take the examples of fear, given above.

STRESS AND EMPHASIS.

[*Under Force we may consider Stress and Emphasis.*]

STRESS.

1. Stress is the application of force to a particular part of an accented syllable. It differs from emphasis and accent, in that it distinguishes the different parts of a single syllable, while emphasis discriminates between the words of a sentence, and accent between the syllables of a word.

2. Anger, defiance, command, call for an explosive utterance of words. The accented syllable is abruptly spoken, the full force coming upon the very *beginning* of it. Dr. Rush and Prof. Russell call this the *radical* stress, or the force given to the *radical*, or opening, part of a syllable. For examples take the two last lines of poetry on page 186.

3. All noble thoughts,—patriotism, reverence, affection, &c., require a flowing and smooth utterance, with a force gradually increasing to the *middle* of the accented syllable, and then gradually diminishing. Force thus applied is called the *median* stress, because it comes upon the median or middle part of the syllable. The following pages furnish beautiful illustrations of the *median* stress. Among them may be

mentioned the poem on page 120. Also the article on page 147.

4. Contempt, scorn, impatience, revenge, &c., require the force to be thrown upon the very last of the accented syllable. It begins gently, swells on towards the close, and ends with a sudden burst or jerk. This is called the *vanishing stress*, because the force is applied to the *vanishing*, or closing, part of the syllable. An example occurs on page 99 of the book, fourth paragraph: "Confound your baskets and balls, &c."

5. In irony, sarcasm, and generally when the circumflex is used, we may hear both the radical and vanishing stress upon the same syllable. That is, both the very beginning and the very close of the syllable are uttered with marked force. This mode of utterance is called the *compound stress*.

6. In calling to persons at a distance or in military command the same high degree of force is continued through the syllable. This is called the *thorough stress*, because the force is applied *through* the entire length of the syllable. One of the best examples of this is Satan's address to his hosts, in *Paradise Lost*: "Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!"

7. Feeble old age, or excessive grief, joy, tenderness, or admiration, expresses itself in a tremulous succession of swells. This kind of stress is called the *tremor*.

EMPHASIS.

1. In reading, some words,—those expressing new or important thoughts,—are spoken louder, and are more prolonged than other words. Sometimes this is on account of the absolute importance of the thought, considered by itself; and sometimes on account of some relation that subsists between it and another thought. Examples of the first: "I assure you that the charge is *false*." "The great object of life is to form a *true character*." Here the words "false" and "true character" express thoughts in themselves important, and ought, on that account, to be read with more force than the other parts of the sentences. Examples of the second: "Why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy *brother's* eye, but considerest not the *beam* that is in thine *own* eye?" Were it not for the relation of "mote" to "beam" and of "brother" to "own," none of these words would require any unusual degree of force. This mode of distinguishing words by loudness and length of sound is called *Emphasis*.

2. Emphatic words may require any inflection, according to the sentiment of the piece, and the meaning of the word.

3. It often happens that the important thought is contained in a *group* of words; and, when such is the fact, the group, and not any single word, should be made emphatic. To confine the emphasis to a single word in such cases, gives a bald and angular character to the reading. Successive words are frequently emphatic, each by itself. Examples: "The *bank* may *break*, the *factory* *burn*." "Thou art standing *on thy legs*, *above ground*, mummy."

4. Many examples might be adduced to show that a misplacement of emphasis may entirely change the meaning of a sentence. Careful attention to it is therefore of the utmost importance.

"You must," said he,

"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."

"With you!" the hapless husband cried!

"With you, and quit my Susan's side!

Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!"

If the word "am" is made emphatic with the falling inflection, the implication is, that it is less hard for young persons to die than for others. On the contrary, if the word "young" is emphasized, as it should be, the reverse is implied.

PAUSES.

[*Under the head of Speed we may consider Pauses.*]

1. Nothing is more efficient in giving expression to reading than a judicious use of the pause.

2. Group the words carefully, in respect to their meaning. This is a very important matter in narrative, didactic, or descriptive prose, as well as in poetry and in more rhetorical prose. To do this well, one must have a thorough mastery of the meaning of what is read. The eye must go in advance of the voice, and thus measure beforehand the sentences that are to be read.

3. Many pauses are required besides the grammatical ones, and the length of the pause made by the voice at a comma or a period is very different under different circumstances. It is the function of the grammatical pauses to aid the reader in ascertaining the meaning of what is read.

4. In ordinary, matter-of-fact productions, pauses are of moderate length.

In grave, sad, or pathetic pieces, the pauses are long.

In joyous, cheerful, stirring, or animated pieces, the pauses are short.

5. It is impossible to give rules that will guide the reader as to the details of every case. The shades of thought and feeling are so infinitely various, and the length of pauses depends upon so many conditions, that the best advice to give the reader is, that he study carefully the meaning of what he reads, and watch the effect, on himself and on others, of pauses of different lengths.

6. After emphatic words, pauses are longer than after other words. Indeed, emphasis depends as much upon the pause as upon force. Of this fact we often lose sight.

7. Great care is required in reading poetry to make the pauses at the ends of the lines, of the proper length. On the one hand, the pupil must avoid a slavish sacrifice of the sense to the mere rhythm, which is shown by a strongly marked pause at the end of each line; and on the other hand, the poetry must not be read as if it were prose, but the lines must always be marked by some degree of pause,—long and distinct where the sense demands it,—slight and delicate where it does not.

8. Skillful changes in pitch can be made very effective in the grouping of words and clauses, and in indicating the subordination of one clause to another, or the contrary. Attention to this makes the reading clear and expressive. The third stanza, page 142, should be divided into groups distinguished by a difference of pitch. For the first group take the first four lines. At the beginning of the fifth line, let the pitch become a very little lower; this will, as it were, detach the following from the preceding lines. A similar change may be made on the ninth line, same stanza.

INFLECTIONS.

[*Under Pitch we may consider Inflections.*]

STATE OF MIND IN WHICH THE READER MAY BE.

I. He may feel sure of the truth of some proposition, and wish to declare it.

This declaration, though positive in character, may be either positive or negative in form.

But, in either case, the voice falls in uttering the proposition.

Examples: "Washington was a pàtriot." "Men are not always wìse."

Positive command, demand, entreaty, and exhortation come under the same head. Examples: "John, shut the dòor." "I insìst that this shall be dònè." "Hèlp me, Cassius, or I sìnk." "Be sòber, and hòpe to the ènd."

II. The reader may be in a doubtful or inquiring state of mind, and his speech may be an expression of such doubt or inquiry. This requires the rising inflection, or slide, and may take many forms.

1. Direct inquiry: as, "Are you síck, Hubert?"

2. The expression of incredulity in regard to some statement made by another: as, "Twénty bears! I think there were only ten."

3. The repetition of another's words that are not understood: as, "If you be out, I can mend you." "Ménd me, thou saucy féllow?"

4. All parts of a statement p̄ceding the positive point, that is the point in it at which the mind reaches the essence of the positive declaration: as,

"One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His Honor, proudly freeé, severely mérry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a jòke upon his secretary."

The positive statement here culminates in the word "joke." "Secretary" had been previously spoken of. Joke is now first introduced.

5. The expression of a condition that may or may not be fulfilled, as: "If I tálk to him he will awake my mèrcy."

III. It will often require great care to determine whether the clause we are considering is essentially positive or negative. In doubtful cases, let the question be asked, *whether the clause adds to, or takes away from, the force or extent of the main proposition*. If the former, it is positive; if the latter, it is negative.

IV. Negative sentences require the rising inflection when the denial does not apply to the main verb, but to some adjunct; as,

“ Not as the cónqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, cáme.”

It is not intended here to deny that they *came*, but only that they came in *that particular way*,—*as the conqueror comes*. Such an inflection implies that the denial made would become an affirmation under different circumstances. If we substitute “humble worshipers” for “conqueror” in the above, the proposition, in order to be true, must become affirmative. They *did* come as humble worshipers. “It is not a hórsé” implies that it is something else.

V. The slide upon interrogative sentences is frequently changed by a repetition of the sentence for the sake of emphasis. Example: “John, are you going to tówn?” John does not hear, and the question is repeated: “Jòhn are you going to tòwn?” “James, what do you sèe?” James himself repeats the inquiry, “What do I sée?” “What doth the pòor man’s son inhèrit?” is asked at the beginning of the fourth stanza of *The Heritage*, page 91. The same, repeated in the subsequent stanzas, becomes, “What does the póor man’s son inhérit?”

VI. In questions that may be answered by “yes” or “no”, the mind is evidently in an inquiring state, as shown in II. (1); but in other questions, usually called indirect, the *assertion in the main verb is taken for granted*, and some *condition* only is in doubt. “Whence come wàrs?” Here it is taken for granted that *wars come*, and the only question is as to their origin,—one of the conditions of their coming. Hence the main element in such questions is positive, and the voice falls upon them.

VII. Direct questions are often used to express a strong affirmation, and when so used, are often spoken with the falling inflection. In a series of such questions, all after the

first have the falling inflection. For an example, take the seventh paragraph, page 381.

VIII. The terms of an address in colloquial language should have the rising inflection, because it is merely introductory, and expresses no positive assertion or command. Formal addresses, however, as in gravely addressing the presiding officer of a deliberative assembly,—which is equivalent to announcing an intention to speak,—require the falling inflection. Examples: “Jóhn, shall we go to schóol?” “Friends and fellow-citizens: the hour has còme.”

IX. Irony, mockery, words used with a double meaning, pity, &c., require the circumflex, or wave, which is a combination of both inflections. The circumflex is called the rising or falling, according to its terminal element. The circumflex beginning with the rising and ending with the falling inflection is called the falling circumflex, and the opposite is called the rising, as “I ’ve câught you then at lăst.”

“And though heavy to wěigh as a score of fat shêep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleēp.”

“If you said sǒ, then I said sô.”

“They tell ũs to be moderate, but thěy revel in profûsion.”

“And this man is nŏw become a gôd.”

X. Clauses making concessions, and adversative clauses, are negative in character, because their purpose is to take away from the extent or force of the statement to which they are attached. They usually require, therefore, the rising inflection. “Cicero was ambitious, but he loved his country.” In this example, the statement, “Cicero was ambitious,” is a concession and takes away from the general effect of the sentence, the object of which is to speak well of Cicero. This statement has, therefore, a negative character, and takes the rising inflection. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said of the young men of London who were in his army, “They are foppish and frivolous, but the puppies fight well.” The last clause, which is adversative, requires the rising inflection. The Duke had, on the whole, a low opinion of these Londoners, but their courage diminished his dislike.

XI. In speaking, we utter all words not requiring the falling inflection with a very slight rise at the end. This is the case even in what we call the monotone. In reading or speaking there is no absolute monotone; only in singing is such monotone possible. Let this be carefully tested. This

slight rise constitutes what is called the suspensive slide. It is often required on clauses that leave a thought incomplete.

XII. Inflections vary greatly in intensity, or in the number of degrees of the musical scale through which the voice passes in giving them. Much care is necessary in graduating the intensity of the inflection to the requirement of the thought.

XIII. It will be noticed that the inflection in any clause comes upon the emphatic word of that clause. Let this principle be fully tested.

XIV. A correct use of inflections is exceedingly important. An unskillful application of them often effectually conceals the meaning. "He does not hălf perform his wôrķ," means that he performs it well. "He does not hălf perform his wôrķ," means that he does it very imperfectly. "Edward would run the greatest risks to please his făvorite." Here the circumflex implies that he would do very little to please others. The following is frequently quoted: "A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a drunkard, is in danger of losing his health and character." The falling circumflex on "drunkard" gives the correct meaning. The opposite declares that only by *being* a drunkard can one preserve his health and character. "The dog would have died if they had not cut off his head." The rising circumflex on "died" makes good sense here. The opposite makes cutting off his head necessary to saving his life.

In endeavoring to escape monotony, many readers fall into the habit of excessive inflection,—that is of frequent and sharp turns of the voice. Too much of this makes the reading harsh and angular.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE, WITH EXPLANATION OF THEIR
RELATIONS IN THE COMPOSITIONS TO WHICH THEY
BELONG.

In 1775, an assembly of delegates convened at Richmond, Virginia, to consider the state of the country. The measures of the British government had been tyrannical. The country was determined to resist these measures. But there were some men in the assembly who so much desired to maintain peace, that they were willing to submit to the unjust exactions of the British ministry. Patrick Henry, the eloquent champion of liberty, answers their cowardly suggestions as follows.

The extract requires great force, radical stress, medium pitch, full volume, moderate speed, pure quality, and moderate pauses :

Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned ; we have remonstrated ; we have supplicated ; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted ; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult ; our supplications have been disregarded ; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne !

Marmion, in Walter Scott's novel of that name, is an English nobleman of bad character, who is employed as a messenger to the Scottish King, just before the battle of Flodden, in 1513. King James IV., of Scotland, orders the Earl of Douglas, a high-spirited, brave, and impetuous nobleman of his own court, to receive Marmion as a guest during his stay in Scotland. The latter, on leaving, offers his hand to his host, which Douglas, knowing the character of the guest whom he has unwillingly entertained, indignantly refuses to accept, when the following dialogue takes place. The selection is like the above in kind, but higher in degree,—the force is more intense, the stress more decidedly radical, the pitch higher, and the speed, in parts, more rapid. In those parts of the dialogue instinct with hate, the quality becomes impure. Angus was another title of Douglas. Pauses mostly short. Douglas is an historical character ; Marmion is fictitious :

“ My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone ;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp ! ”
Burned Marmion's swarthy check like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire ;

And, "This to me!" he said;
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, groom! What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"

The following spirited and indignant response to a Southern member of Congress who had spoken contemptuously of Northern laborers, charging them with being seditious, is an excellent example of great force. It is much like the extract from Patrick Henry. Moderate pauses:

The gentleman, Sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers? Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page.

Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, Sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the names of those hallowed spots, but the blood, and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers. Go, Sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The poet Halleck, in his poem upon Marco Bozzaris, wishing to show that the death of his hero, which was on the battlefield while fighting for his country's freedom, was a happy one, enumerates, by way of contrast, the various conditions in which death would be terrible. The extract requires moderate force, slow speed, long pauses, low pitch, median stress, and, except the last four lines, pure tone:

Come to the bridal chamber,—Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song and dance and wine,—
And thou art terrible! the tear,—
The groan,—the knell,—the pall,—the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine!

From this enumeration he passes to set forth the positive glory of his hero, when the pitch becomes higher, the speed more rapid, the tone purer, and the stress is rounded out into the full median:

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

In Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, Cassius, in a private interview with Brutus, endeavors to prepare the mind of the latter for the assassination of Cæsar, without distinctly proposing it. He strives to show that Cæsar, though now master of Rome and of the world, was deficient in those qualities so highly valued by the Romans,—physical courage and endurance, and the serene stoicism that never gave way under the most intense suffering or in the face of the most appalling danger. The extract requires a high degree of force, though not the highest, and contains examples of vanishing and compound stress; with impure tone, where contempt and kindred feelings are expressed. Pay special attention to emphases and inflections, and consult the principles laid down under these heads:

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life: but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For, once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" — Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its luster. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone!

The battle of Bunker Hill, in the early part of the Revolutionary War, was an event of the utmost importance. It

tried the courage of the Americans. The recently armed farmers and mechanics were, for the first time, brought face to face with hostile British veterans. Well might they have faltered in circumstances so critical. The British marched upon their slender fortification, with all the implements and advantages of a well furnished and well disciplined army. It was a trying ordeal! Just at this awful moment General Warren addressed the troops, and the poet supposes the following to have been his appeal. The stanzas require great force; thorough stress at the beginning, and median in the last stanza; comparatively high pitch; pure tones, especially in the last stanza, but impure in the last lines of the first stanza, and through the second; moderate speed; and strongly marked inflections and emphases:

Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel!
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
 And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,

As where heaven its dew's shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

The Ode to the Passions, by William Collins, an English poet of the last century, gives a variety of illustrations in vocal expression. First is the introduction, requiring pure quality, median stress, medium pitch, moderate speed, and a degree of force higher than moderate. Let special care be given to inflections and emphases:

I.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

II.

Fear requires for its expression very impure quality, almost a whisper, radical stress, and intense force. The impurity of the tones, however, will not allow of much loudness, in the usual sense of that word:

First FEAR, his hand its skill to try, -
Amid the chords bewildered laid ;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

III.

Anger requires the most abrupt radical stress, with impure quality, rapid utterance, high pitch, short pauses, and the loudest force :

Next ANGER rushed ; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

IV.

Despair requires very low pitch, slow speed, long pauses, quality less impure than in fear :

With woeful measures wan DESPAIR—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

V.

In hope the pitch becomes high, the quality perfectly pure and clear, the speed rapid, the pauses short, and the voice dances along the lines. Remember the principles in reference to inflections and emphasis :

But thou, O HOPE ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called on ECHO still through all the song ;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And HOPE, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

VI.

Revenge employs the abrupt vanishing stress, a somewhat impure quality, strongly marked emphases and inflections, with intense force, and rapid utterance. Pity demands soft tones with high pitch :

And longer had she sung ; but, with a frown,
 REVENGE impatient rose :
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected PITY at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
 head.

VII.

Love is expressed in soft tones, high pitch, pure quality, smooth median stress ; hate, by an abrupt vanishing stress, impure quality, intense force :

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fixed ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
 And now it courted LOVE, now raving called on HATE.

VIII.

The next stanza requires soft tones, smooth median stress, vowel sounds prolonged, pure quality :

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired,
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole :
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

IX.

Cheerfulness is characterized by an expression not unlike that used in hope, except that the speed seems a little more rapid :

But, oh ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
Brown EXERCISE rejoiced to hear,
And SPORT leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

X.

Joy requires the intensifying of the characteristics of cheerfulness. Also a lengthening of the emphatic vowels :

Last came JOY's ecstatic trial :

He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing :
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
LOVE framed with MIRTH a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound :

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

XI.

Repeat here the directions for the first stanza, and apply them to the eleventh and twelfth stanzas :

O MUSIC ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of PLEASURE, WISDOM'S aid,
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?

XII.

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page ;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
E'en all, at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh ! bid our vain endeavors cease ;
Revive the just designs of Greece ;
Return in all thy simple state ;
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

In order that one may adequately express what he is reading, the vocal organs must be trained. These organs, like all the other organs of the body, require exercise to impart to them the highest efficiency. Every class should, therefore, have a daily exercise in vocal gymnastics. For the strengthening of the voice, the exercises on the preceding pages are admirably adapted. But in order to be efficient they must be engaged in earnestly, vigorously, and persistently. The voice must be tasked to its utmost, for a short time, every day. Only thus can its power be increased. During this exercise, the lungs should be kept filled with pure air. Indeed, a part of the exercise should consist in vigorous

breathing. Sound is made of air or breath, and there should be a large supply of the material kept constantly on hand.

But undue and sudden violence should be carefully avoided, and those exercises requiring the highest force should be practiced only a little while at a time. The vocal organs are often permanently injured by too severe a strain upon their power, caused either by entering too suddenly upon violent exercise, or continuing it too long. Great vocal power can not be suddenly acquired.

THE USE OF BOOKS FOR REFERENCE.

Among the things in which every pupil in our schools ought to be instructed is the use of books of reference. Of these, the unabridged dictionary is the first in rank. Every child should become acquainted with the notation of Webster and Worcester, and be able to consult either of them intelligently.

Pupils need also to acquire a power over books,—the ability to select from them whatever is requisite to the purpose in hand. Independence of thought is promoted by the habit of consulting books as the information they contain is wanted. To read a treatise on any topic, even if it is understood, is only to follow out another's thought; but to gather up the facts contained in books, and to put them into new relations, is to think for one's self.

This Reader, if properly used, will require much practice in consulting books on history, language, and science. Of course, such work, like all other, should be done thoroughly and understandingly. At first, the teacher should indicate the topics on which the pupil is to inform himself in this way. But the latter ought soon to acquire the power of determining for himself the points that need to be cleared up, and of selecting the material for that purpose.

In the notes appended to this book will be found much valuable information, very much more than is usually acquired in connection with reading lessons. But thorough teachers will wish to give their pupils a more extended knowledge of men and things than is there presented. For the use of such the following books are recommended. Many others might be justly named, but the few here given are of sterling character and quite sufficient for the wants of most schools.

Webster's Dictionary, new illustrated edition.

Worcester's Dictionary.

Anthon's Classical Dictionary.

New American Cyclopædia, with annual volumes.

Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World.

Sparks's American Biography.

Bancroft's and Hildreth's Histories of the United States.

Hume's and May's Histories of England.*

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Greeley's American Conflict.

Duyckinck's History of the Rebellion.

Cleveland's Compendium of English Literature.

“ “ “ “ “ of the Nine-

teenth Century.

Cleveland's Compendium of American Literature.

Barnard's American Journal of Education.

Harper's Monthly, from the beginning, also contains much useful information on practical matters.

* Abridged editions of Gibbon and Hume have been prepared, under the names of "The Student's Gibbon," and "The Student's Hume." For ordinary schools these would be more convenient than the full histories; and they are much cheaper.

EDWARDS'S SIXTH READER.

I.—THE GRAY OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

HARRY HIBBARD.

At the Franconia Notch, in the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, there is a group of rocks at the top of one of the precipices, so placed that, when viewed from a certain point, they present the appearance of a human face in profile. All the surrounding scenery is romantic and impressive. The face has a grave and thoughtful aspect. Every year the scene is visited by multitudes of curious travelers.

1. Where a tall post beside the road displays
Its lettered arm, pointing the traveler's eye
Through the small opening 'mid the green birch trees,
Toward yonder mountain summit towering high,
There pause. What doth thy anxious gaze espy?
A crag abrupt hung from the mountain's brow!
Look closer! scan that bare, sharp cliff on high!
Aha! the wondrous shape bursts on thee now!
A perfect human face, — neck, chin, mouth, nose, and brow!

2. And full and plain those features are displayed,
Thus profiled forth against the clear, blue sky;
As though some sculptor's chisel here had made
This fragment of colossal imagery,
The compass of his plastic art to try.
From the curved neck up to the shaggy hair
That shoots on pine trees from the head on high,
All, all is perfect; no illusions there
To cheat the expecting eye with fancied forms of air!

3. Most wondrous vision ! the broad earth hath not,
Through all her bounds, an object like to thee,
That traveler e'er recorded ; nor a spot
More fit to stir the poet's phantasy.
Gray Old Man of the Mountain, awfully
There from thy wreath of clouds thou dost uprear
Those features grand, the same eternally !
Lone dweller 'mid the hills ! with gaze austere
Thou lookest down, methinks, on all below thee here !

4. And curious travelers have descried the trace
Of the sage Franklin's physiognomy
In that most grave and philosophic face.
If it be true, Old Man, that we do see
Sage Franklin's countenance, thou, indeed, must be
A learned philosopher most wise and staid,
From all that thou hast had a chance to see,
Since earth began. Here thou, too, oft hast played
With lightnings, glancing round thy rugged head.

ANALYSIS OF THE GRAY OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Is this prose or poetry ? What is the difference between these ? . [Two kinds of difference, — a difference in thought, and a difference in form. A composition full of poetry in thought, may have the *form* of *prose*.] Thoughts of what kind are poetical ? prosaic ? [To show the difference in form, let the teacher read, correctly and naturally, a few lines of blank verse, and a few lines of prose, and let the pupil, *not the teacher*, observe and point out the difference. One will be measured off to the ear, the other will not.] Poems may be comic, serious, lively, joyous, sad, heroic, pathetic, descriptive, didactic, sublime, &c. Which and how many of these characteristics belong to this piece ? Has it any other traits ? Is any piece of poetry just alike in all its parts in this respect ? How great are the differences in this piece ? Is this a highly imaginative selection ? Is the scene described

a real or a supposed one? What would one need to do as a preparation for writing such a piece as this? Would it be sufficient to sit and think? As a preparation for reading it? [This piece is, in the main, minutely descriptive and not imaginative. Careful observation would, therefore, be the chief requisite as a preparation for writing it. It appeals to the eye, and consequently the teacher must be sure that the pupil, with the mind's eye, sees the scene as a reality. As he stands in his place, he must form for himself a picture, and be able to point out, with his finger, the place upon the picture, of each object mentioned; and also to describe each with its surroundings. Without this there can be no success in the reading of such a selection.] In what part of what country is the above scene situated? Point out the exact locality on the map. Through what towns and by what means of conveyance would you reach the place, from where you live? With what tone of voice should such a piece be read? What degree of loudness? What pitch? What rate of speed? [This is chiefly lively description. The tone of a dignified narrative is not sufficiently animated for it. The degree of loudness is moderate. The pitch should be a little higher than the medium, and the speed a little more rapid.]

First Stanza.

What kind of a "post" is here spoken of? Of what is it made? [The object of these questions is not to get at the exact and real size, &c., so much as to lead the pupil to form a picture. It is not necessary that the actual length, &c., be given as answers. What is required is, that the pupil should have a picture, and should tell, in answer to questions, what he himself sees in his mind's eye. Almost any consistently formed picture is better than none.] How tall is it,—about how many feet? Where are you standing as you see it? Are you on foot, in a carriage, or in a railway car? On which hand is it? Point to it as you have located it in your imaginary landscape. How far from you is it? How near do the wheels come to it as you pass? What is meant by the expression, "displays its lettered arm"? What is this arm? Why called an arm? What letters are on it? To what does it point? Does it point horizontally, downward, or upward? [Examine the fourth line.] What makes the "opening" in the trees? How large an opening is it? Is it near

the ground? Is it on the same side of the road with the post? Point to it. What time of the year is this? What part of the birch tree is green? What kind of birch trees are these? Color of bark? How large are they? How many feet high? Inches in circumference at the root? What is a "mountain summit"? How far off is this one? Point to it in your picture. What is meant by "towering high"? Where are you directed to "pause"? Why should you pause? What is it to "espy"? What is meant by "gaze," in the fifth line? Why "anxious"? At what are you looking? What is a "crag"? Why "abrupt"? What is the "mountain's brow"? What is meant by the crag's being "hung" from it? Why are you directed to "look closer"? What is it to "scan"? How does a "cliff" differ from a "crag"? Why is this said to be "bare"? Why "sharp"? [Do not forget its position.] Meaning of "aha"? What "shape" is meant? Why "wondrous"? What is meant by its "bursting"? What is called a "perfect human face"? In what respect is it a perfect human face? Is it so in respect to color? Does the human face appear to the observer at *any* position whence he may happen to see the rock?

Give the etymology and meaning of post, display, lettered, mountain, summit, anxious, crag, abrupt, cliff, perfect. [In giving etymologies several steps are to be taken. First, separate the word into its parts; next give the radical meaning of each part; next the radical meaning of the whole; next the actual or received meaning of the word; next show how the radical meaning gave place to the received meaning. For an example, take the word *affluence*. Its parts are *af*, *flu*, *ence*. *Af*=*ad* means to, *flu* means flow, *ence* means the state or condition of. The meaning of the whole word then is *the state of-flowing-to*. But the usual or received meaning is abundance of wealth or property. It is clear that the usual meaning came from the other, because the man of wealth is so situated that money is all the while in *the state of-flowing-to* him. All these steps must be taken, or the exercise is of little worth. In schools the last step is often omitted, because it requires a little thinking.] Are there many or few words of foreign origin in this stanza? How is the entire piece in this respect?

Where is the first positive declaration or direction in the first stanza? Which is it, a declaration or direction? [The first positive clause is, "There pause,"—a direction. All the preceding clauses and phrases are, therefore, conditional. We express positive declarations, and utter positive directions, with the falling inflection of the voice. Let the pupil utter the expressions, "The grass grows,"—a positive declaration; "Be diligent and faithful,"—a positive direction. Let him notice carefully whether his voice slides upward or downward at the words "grows" and "faithful." Let the teacher assist him, by himself pronouncing the sentences. Take also this, "If the weather is fair I will go." Let the pupil notice the direction in which the voice slides on the word "fair." The expression, "If the weather is fair," is conditional. Conditional expressions have the rising inflection or slide.] What inflection then upon the word arm? eye? trees? high? pause? ["What doth thy anxious gaze espy" is an expression usually called an indirect question. All questions that cannot be answered by "yes" or "no" are so called. They are equivalent to positive directions. This is equivalent to saying, "Tell me the thing that thy anxious gaze espies". In all indirect questions the affirmation contained in the verb is assumed: some *condition* only is in doubt. Here the object of the verb is the thing demanded. Sometimes it is the manner of the action, as, "How do you travel"? Sometimes it is the cause, as, "Why sleep the brave"? Hence the positive character of such questions.] Indirect questions have what inflection of the voice, then? What inflection upon "brow", in the sixth line, and why? upon "closer"? upon "high", in the seventh line? Inflection upon "face"? upon "now"? upon "brow", in the ninth line? [The word "now" expresses an important condition. The form had not burst on him before.]

[The words, or groups of words, that express the most important thoughts or the new thoughts in a sentence, are spoken louder and more forcibly than the other words. This is called *emphasizing* them, and the louder utterance is called *emphasis*. Words thus spoken are said to be *emphatic*.] What word or group of words expresses the most important idea in the first sentence? [Upon this and similar questions the pupil should be encouraged to think. It is well for the

teacher to read the sentence under consideration several times, placing the emphasis on different words, and to call upon the pupil to decide which, in view of the meaning, is best. Let the pupil be aroused to thinking, and let the responsibility of deciding what is right come upon him. Only thus can he be truly educated.] In the same way, determine the emphatic words in each of the sentences.

Second Stanza.

What is meant by the word "full" here? "plan"? What "features" are meant? What is it to be "profiled forth against the clear, blue sky"? What kind of view of the face is given? Meaning of the expression "colossal imagery"? Why is it called a "fragment"? For what purpose is the fifth line introduced? What is its relation to the preceding two? What is meant by the "compass of his art"? Whose art? Why "plastic"? What is it to try the compass of an art? What do the pine trees constitute? Put the words in the sixth, seventh, and first part of the eighth lines in the natural order, placing the subject of the sentence first. What is said to "shoot"? What is meant by this? Why the "expecting" eye in the last line? What are "fancied forms of air"?

Etymology and meaning of features? profiled? clear? sculptor? chisel? colossal? imagery? compass? plastic? art? curved? illusions? expecting? fancied? forms? air?

What is the first positive statement made in this stanza? [The falling inflection should come on "full and plain." These would naturally come after "displayed." The second line may be considered as an additional statement.] How many lines in the statement beginning "as though"? Where and what is the next statement after this? What conditional expression comes before this statement? Inflection then upon "high"? upon "hair"? upon "perfect"? What word omitted near the close of the eighth line? [The word "there" expresses an important condition. Elsewhere there may be illusions. The last line may be considered either as a part of the condition, or as a distinct statement. On this will depend the inflection at its close.]

Determine the emphases in the second stanza, as already done in the first. Determine in each case the word or group

of words expressing the important thought. [Only repeated trial and careful listening will enable one to reach correct results. It would be easy to point out the emphatic words; it is much better for the pupil to find them.]

Third Stanza.

What is called a "vision"? Why? Why "wondrous"? Meaning of the expression "broad earth"? Force of the word "broad"? Meaning of "bounds" as here used? Hath not the broad earth the very object here described? What word should be inserted, and where, in order to remove the ambiguity? What is it to "stir the poet's phantasy"? What is the common modern form of the word phantasy? Meaning of "uprear"? Are the features "lifted up"—are they not always in the same place? Why call the clouds a "wreath"? Meaning of "grand," in the seventh line? "eternally"? of "gaze," in the eighth line? of the clause, "Thou lookest down"? What kind of "gray" is the color of the image? Is it one single rock? How high does it appear?

Etymology and meaning of vision? object? traveler? recorded? poet? phantasy? awfully? eternally? austere?

[Exclamations and terms of address are sometimes of a positive and sometimes of a negative character. In solemn utterances, and in the proceedings of dignified, deliberative bodies, they are positive announcements of important facts, or truths, or steps in the proceedings. But in colloquial usage, where the object is to ascertain whether the party addressed is attending, or in exclamations expressing a doubt, they assume a questioning or negative character. As examples of the first, take the cases in this stanza, and the expression, "Mr. President," as uttered by dignified speakers in the United States Senate. Of the second, take as examples the following: "My friend, how do you do"? "Mr. Chairman, am I entitled to the floor?" "What! the President killed!"

["An object like to thee" constitutes a condition, limiting the word "hath." Where two clauses are connected by "nor," the second usually has the falling inflection.] What inflection then upon vision? thee? phantasy? Determine the other inflections in this stanza, according to directions already given.

Also determine the emphases as heretofore directed.

[This stanza has more of the sublime in its utterances than the preceding. Hence, in reading it, the voice swells into greater fullness, and moves more slowly and with greater stateliness. The pitch becomes low.]

Fourth Stanza.

What are "curious travelers"? Meaning of "descried"? Is it certain that the face looks like Franklin's? Meaning of "trace"? "physiognomy", as here used? What "face" is meant in the third line? Why "grave"? Why "philosophic"? Why is Franklin called "sage"? Why should the Old Man be a "philosopher, wise and staid"? Why is the allusion made to the lightning, in the last line? How many syllables has the word "learned" here? How many has it usually when used as an adjective?

Determine inflections and emphases as before.

II.—ADVENTURE WITH A BUFFALO.

W. J. SNELLING.

1. I wandered far into the bare prairie, which was spread around me like an ocean of snow, the gentle undulations here and there having no small resemblance to the groundswell. When the sun took off his night-cap of mist (for the morning was cloudy), the glare of the landscape, or rather snowscape, was absolutely painful to my eyes; but a small veil of green crape obviated that difficulty. Toward noon I was aware of a buffalo, at a long distance, turning up the snow with his nose and feet, and cropping the withered grass beneath. I always thought it a deed of mercy to slay such an old fellow, he looks so miserable, and discontented with himself. As to the individual in question, I determined to put an end to his long, turbulent, and evil life.

2. To this effect, I approached him, as a Chinese malefactor approaches a mandarin,—that is to say, prone, like a serpent. But the parity only exists with respect to the posture; for the aforesaid malefactor expects to receive pain, whereas I intended to inflict it. He was a grim-looking barbarian,—and, if a beard be a mark of wisdom, Peter the Hermit was a fool to him. So, when I had attained a suitable proximity, I appealed to his feelings with a bullet. He ran,—and I ran; and I had the best reason to run,—for he ran after me, and I thought that a pair of horns might destroy my usual equanimity and equilibrium. In truth, I did not fly any too fast; for the old bashaw was close behind me, and I could hear him breathe. I threw away my gun; and, as there was no tree at hand, I gained the center of a pond of a few yards area, such as are found all over the prairies in February.

3. Here I stood secure, as though in a magic circle, well knowing that neither pigs nor buffaloes can walk upon ice. My pursuer was advised of this fact also, and did not venture to trust himself on so slippery a footing. Yet it seemed that he was no gentleman; at least he did not practice forgiveness of injuries. He perambulated the periphery of the pond till I was nearly as cold as the ice under me. It was worse than the stone jug, or the black-hole at Calcutta. Ah! thought I, if I only had my gun, I would soon relieve you from your post.

4. But discontent was all in vain. Thus I remained, and thus he remained, for at least four hours. In the mean time I thought of the land of steady habits; of baked beans and pumpkins, and codfish on Saturdays. “There,” said I to myself, “my neighbor’s proceeding would be reckoned unlawful, I guess; for no one can be held in custody without a warrant and sufficient reason. If ever I get back, I won’t be caught in such a scrape again.”

III.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.
2. I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.
3. From my study, I see, in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith, with golden hair.
4. A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.
5. A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!
6. They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.
7. They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

8. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

9. I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

10. And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

Questions.

What is meant by the word "lower"? In what part of the house does the poet's "study" seem to be? Meaning of "raid"? "turret"? "banditti"? Why does the poet call himself "an old mustache"? Tell the story of the "Bishop of Bingen." (See Exercise xxxi.) What "wall" have they "scaled"? Meaning of "dungeon"? "round-tower"?

What kind of piece is this? Is the sentiment of it agreeable? Is it desirable to cultivate this genial, affectionate intercourse between members of a family? With what tone of voice should this be read? Let it be read naturally and feelingly.

IV.—OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. The rest of the history of the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell is a history of his parliaments. His first one not pleasing him at all, he waited until the five months were out, and then dissolved it. The next was better suited to his

views; and from that he desired to get—if he could with safety to himself—the title of king. He had had this in his mind some time; whether because he thought that the English people, being more used to the title, were more likely to obey it, or whether because he really wished to be a king himself, and to leave the succession to that title in his family, is far from clear. He was already as high, in England and in all the world, as he would ever be, and I doubt myself if he cared for the mere name.

2. However, a paper, called the "*Humble Petition and Advice*," was presented to him by the House of Commons, praying him to take a high title, and to appoint his successor. That he would have taken the title of king there is no doubt, but for the strong opposition of the army. This induced him to forbear, and to assent only to the other points of the petition; upon which occasion there was another grand show in Westminster Hall, when the Speaker of the House of Commons formally invested him with a purple robe, lined with ermine, and presented him with a splendidly-bound Bible, and put a golden scepter in his hand.

3. The next time the Parliament met, he called a House of Lords of sixty members, as the petition gave him power to do; but as that Parliament did not please him either, and would not proceed to the business of the country, he jumped into a coach one morning, took six guards with him, and sent them to the right-about. I wish this had been a warning to parliaments to avoid long speeches and do more work.

4. It was the month of August, one thousand six hundred and fifty-eight, when Oliver Cromwell's favorite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole (who had lately lost her youngest son), lay very ill, and his mind was greatly troubled, because he loved her dearly. Another of his daughters was married to Lord Falconberg, another to the grandson of the Earl of

Warwick, and he had made his son Richard one of the members of the Upper House.

5. He was very kind and loving to them all, being a good father and a good husband; but he loved this daughter the best of the family, and went down to Hampton Court to see her, and could hardly be induced to stir from her sick room until she died. Although his religion had been of a gloomy kind, his disposition had been always cheerful. He had been fond of music in his home, and had kept open table once a week for all officers of the army not below the rank of a captain, and had always preserved in his home a quiet, sensible dignity. He encouraged men of genius and learning, and loved to have them about him. Milton was one of his great friends.

6. He was good-humored, too, with the nobility, whose dresses and manners were very different from his; and to show them what good information he had, he would sometimes, jokingly, tell them, when they were his guests, where they had last drank the health of the "king over the water," and would recommend them to be more private (if they could) another time. But he had lived in busy times, had borne the weight of heavy state affairs, and had often gone in fear of his life.

7. He was ill of the gout and ague; and when the death of his beloved child came upon him in addition, he sank, never to raise his head again. He told his physicians, on the twenty-fourth of August, that the Lord had assured him that he was not to die in that illness, and that he would certainly get better. This was only his sick fancy; for, on the third of September, which was the anniversary of the great battle of Worcester, and the day of the year which he called his fortune day, he died, in the sixtieth year of his age.

8. He had been delirious, and had lain insensible some hours, but he had been overheard to murmur a very good prayer the day before. The whole country lamented his death. If you want to know the real worth of Oliver Cromwell, and his real services to his country, you can hardly do better than compare England under him, with England under Charles the Second.

Questions.

What is meant by the "protectorate" of Oliver Cromwell? What "five months" are meant here? [He had agreed to allow this Parliament to sit at least five months.] Who was the "king over the water"? Why so called? [See Notes, Charles II., Exercise V.] What does Mr. Dickens seem to think of Oliver Cromwell?

What kind of a selection is this? What tone is required? What degree of force?

V.—ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES II.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. There never were such profligate times in England as under Charles the Second. Whenever you see his portrait, with his swarthy, ill-looking face and great nose, you may fancy him in his court at Whitehall, surrounded by some of the very worst vagabonds in the kingdom (though they were lords and ladies), drinking, gambling, indulging in vicious conversation, and committing every kind of profligate excess. It has been a fashion to call Charles the Second the "Merry Monarch." Let me try to give you a general idea of some of the merry things that were done in the merry days when this merry gentleman sat upon his merry throne in merry England.

2. The first merry proceeding was, of course, to declare that he was one of the greatest, the wisest, and the noblest kings that ever shone, like the blessed sun itself, on this benighted earth. The next merry and pleasant piece of business was for the Parliament, in the humblest manner, to give him one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to settle upon him for life that old disputed tonnage and poundage which had been so bravely fought for. Then General Monk being made Earl of Albemarle, and a few other royalists similarly rewarded, the law went to work to see what was to be done to those persons (they were called regicides) who had been concerned in making a martyr of the late king.

3. Ten of these were merrily executed; that is to say, six of the judges, one of the council, Colonel Hacker, and another officer who had commanded the Guards, and Hugh Peters, a preacher, who had preached against the martyr with all his heart. These executions were so extremely merry that every horrible circumstance which Cromwell had abandoned was revived with appalling cruelty. The hearts of the sufferers were torn out of their living bodies; their bowels were burned before their faces; the executioner cut jokes to the next victim, as he rubbed his filthy hands together that were reeking with the blood of the last; and the heads of the dead were drawn on sledges with the living to the place of suffering. Still, even so merry a monarch could not force one of these dying men to say that he was sorry for what he had done. Nay, the most memorable thing said among them was, that if the thing were to do again, they would do it.

4. Sir Harry Vane, who had furnished the evidence against Strafford, and was one of the most staunch of the republicans, was also tried, found guilty, and ordered for execution. When he came upon the scaffold, on Tower Hill,

after conducting his own defense with great power, his notes of what he had meant to say to the people were torn away from him, and the drums and trumpets were ordered to sound lustily and drown his voice; for the people had been so much impressed with what the regicides had calmly said with their last breath, that it was the custom now to have the drums and trumpets always upon the scaffold, ready to strike up. Vane said no more than this: "It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man;" and bravely died.

4. These merry scenes were succeeded by another, perhaps even merrier. On the anniversary of the late king's death, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were torn out of their graves in Westminster Abbey, dragged to Tyburn, hanged there on a gallows all day long, and then beheaded. Imagine the head of Oliver Cromwell set upon a pole, to be stared at by a brutal crowd, not one of whom would have dared to look the living Oliver in the face for half a moment! Think, after you have read this reign, what England was under Oliver Cromwell, who was torn out of his grave, and under this merry monarch, who sold it, like a merry Judas, over and over again.

5. Of course the remains of Oliver's wife and daughter were not to be spared either, though they had been most excellent women. The base clergy of that time gave up their bodies, which had been buried in the Abbey, and—to the eternal disgrace of England—they were thrown into a pit, together with the moldering bones of Pym, and of the brave and bold old Admiral Blake.

6. The clergy acted this disgraceful part because they hoped to get the Nonconformists, or Dissenters, thoroughly put down in this reign, and to have but one prayer-book and one service for all kinds of people, no matter what their private opinions were. This was pretty well, I think, for a

Protestant church, which had displaced the Romish church because people had a right to their own opinions in religious matters. However, they carried it with a high hand, and a prayer-book was agreed upon, in which the extremest opinions of Archbishop Laud were not forgotten. An act was passed, too, preventing any Dissenter from holding any office under any corporation. So the regular clergy, in their triumph, were soon as merry as the king. The army being by this time disbanded, and the king crowned, everything was to go on easily for evermore.

Questions.

What is meant by "tonnage"? "poundage"? [See dictionary.] What had "General Monk" done to deserve being made Earl? [See Notes, Charles II.] Who are the "regular clergy"? "dissenters"? What seems to be the author's opinion of Charles II.?

VI.—THE BOYS.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

This selection is a poem addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, who retains, in a high degree, the freshness and joyousness of youth, addresses his classmates as "boys".

1. Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

2. We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty"?—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

3. Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

4. We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been
told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

5. That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make
me laugh.

6. That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

7. There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

8. And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee"!

9.—You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

10. Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen ;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

11. Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, THE BOYS!

Questions.

What "catalogue" is meant? Why does the author denounce the almanac and catalogue? Why are the persons here spoken of called "boys"? What is meant by "a three-decker brain"? What "song" is meant, in the eighth stanza? Is this spirit to be commended that aims to preserve through life the joyousness of childhood and youth? Is this piece purely humorous? Where does it seem to breathe an earnest and serious spirit?

[Let the student acquire carefully the tone of mock-indignation required at the beginning.]

VII.—THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY.

WM. H. MILBURN.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

1. To appreciate the text, it is necessary to place yourselves in the sight of the speaker, and of those that heard him. A handful of despised and proscribed men are standing upon the summit of a mountain, and there amidst the company is one who has passed a life of poverty, sorrow, and suffering; upon whom contumely and derision have descended like rain from the clouds of summer. He has been the butt of ridicule,

the target at which malignity has directed all its arrows ; and now, surrounded by a handful of disciples, of those who have striven to be loyal to him, but whose flesh and heart have failed, time and time again,—the Jewish peasant utters in the ear of Jewish peasants, publicans, and fishermen, this language, the like of which had not been spoken on the earth before:—"Go into all the world." It is either sublimity or absurdity ; it is the emanation of a divine soul projecting itself in the shape of a divine purpose, or it is the most preposterous nonsense that was ever addressed by one man to another.

2. "Go into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature." A Jewish peasant, I say, speaking to a handful of Jewish peasants ; and these men, without education, without friends, without advantages of any sort, belonging to an obscure tribe, living in a narrow and insignificant province, masters of a single dialect alone, and that a mere *patois*,—these men, without adventitious helps of any kind, without the power to obtain credentials from any quarter of the earth, were to go into all the world, and preach what he had been preaching, and what he should yet declare to them. Is it sublimity or absurdity ?

3. I fancy if you and I had been present on that occasion, we should have said, had we thought of it at all, What perfect nonsense !—For it is likely that the scales would have been upon our eyes, and the dust in our atmosphere, so that we should not have discerned him for what, in truth, he was,—the Son of the Living God. We should have seen the derided Nazarene, the condemned Galilean, the carpenter's son ; we should have seen the earthly side, the mere mortal presentation.

4. It required a spirit quickened by light from heaven to discern him, for what, in reality, he was—Jesus, the Son of

God. Flesh and blood did not reveal this, but the spirit of the Father which is in heaven; and, looking only on the mortal side, this command would appear the very perfection of nonsense: "Go ye into all the world."

5. Yonder to the east lay Parthia, Media, and Farthest India; and here upon the north, Syria, Armenia, and all the regions stretching to the pole; upon the south, Arabia, Egypt, and Ethiopia; and westward, the lesser Asia, and Europe to the Pillars of Hercules. "Go into all these tracts, all these realms, and preach without means, without auxiliaries, and, not only that, but without all helps of earthly mold and shape.

6. "Go in spite of the angry bitterness of the Jews; in spite of them that have crucified and put me to death; in spite of all the persecutions which they shall visit continually upon your heads; despite the sneer, the contempt, the unutterable scorn of Greeks and Romans; despite, when attention has been challenged and their interest in some sort awakened, the strong and glittering sword of imperial persecution; go in spite of dungeon, gibbet, and rack; in spite of thong and scourge and stake; in spite of the cross and amphitheater; go wherever a human creature is found, whether in civilization or in barbarism, and preach my gospel." I say, is it not either sublimity or absurdity? Is it not the loftiest word that e'er was spoken upon the earth, or the merest nonsense?

7. Had we been there, we should probably have thought it nonsense. Which do we now declare it to be—the word of an idle prater, of a well-meaning but weak enthusiast, or the word of the Son of God? One or the other it must be; which is it?

8. It has been well observed that the best evidence in favor of Christianity is Christendom. Here you have a popular argument which adapts itself to the comprehension and

acceptance of all. Christendom is the best argument for Christianity. That Jewish peasant on the mountain's summit, surrounded by his handful of despised and persecuted followers, now separated from them, and rising in opposition to the laws of gravitation,—rising gradually and easily by his own impulsion, until hidden from their longing, wistful gaze—set in motion causes and influences which have come down the centuries, and which have enshrined themselves in the affections, and embodied themselves in the activity, of the world, until its face is entirely changed, and His name, then the sport of scorn and hate, is now the august, enthroned, and revered name of the highest, purest, and noblest part of the human race. Around that name, to-day, clusters all that hath worth, excellency, and power; all that hath vigor, adaptive facility; all that hath energy and resistless might, in what we style the civilization of the time;—around that name it is all gathered. The word which was spoken upon the summit of that mountain, “Go,” has been obeyed; and in virtue of the speaking of that word and the obedience rendered to it, the world is what it is.

Questions.

Where do we find the words with which this selection begins? What “mountain” is meant? Meaning of “patois”? What language did the Jews, at this time, speak? [Not the Hebrew, but a dialect of the Aramæan, or Chaldaic, learned in their captivity.] Let the pupil find on the map all the places named here, as Parthia, &c. What is meant by the “strong and glittering sword of imperial persecution”? Who persecuted the Christians in early times? [See Notes.] What is “Christendom”? Who are the most civilized nations now upon the earth?

Give the character of this piece, and show with what qualities of voice it should be read.

VIII.—THE HERITAGE.

J. R. LOWELL.

1. The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold;
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.
2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn;
Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.
3. The rich man's son inherits wants;
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.
4. What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What does the poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit;
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What does the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. Oh! rich man's son, there is a toil

That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from the lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. Oh! poor man's son, scorn not thy state;

There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,

Are equal in the earth at last;

Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast,
 By record of a well-filled past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

ANALYSIS OF THE HERITAGE.

What is the difference between prose and poetry? To which class does this selection belong? Is it amusing or serious? Is it about lofty or common-place subjects? Does it express a high degree of feeling? [It is not lofty or sublime or grand, but sensible and earnest, aiming at instruction, and in some parts touched with a gentleness that greatly heightens the effect. It has less of the true poetic element than many other selections.] With what tone to be read, therefore? [With the tone used in earnest conversation, and with moderate speed.] What lesson is taught in the piece?

First Stanza.

What "rich man's son" is meant here? What then is the force of the word "the"? What are meant by "piles of brick, and stone, and gold"? Suppose it had been punctuated thus, "piles of brick and stone, and gold"; how might the meaning have differed from what it now is? Are the hands of the rich man's son softer or whiter, simply on account of his descent, than those of the poor man? Suppose the rich man's son should become a laborer — would his hands be white and soft then? What does he really "inherit," then? Does it require courage "to wear a garment old"? Why? What other meaning has "wear," and how are the two connected in thought? What is the heritage that "one would not care to hold in fee"? What is it "to hold in fee"? Meaning of the word "care" in the last line? How comes it to have this meaning? What does "it" stand for in the last line but one?

Meaning and etymology of inherit? tender? wear? garment? fee? Are there many or few words of foreign origin here?

Is a positive statement made in the first line? What inflection then? What words emphatic? [Those expressing the important thoughts,— "rich man's son" and "lands,"

the latter being the most emphatic.] Determine the emphatic words and the inflections in the second, third, and fourth lines by the same method. Is the statement in the fifth line positive or negative? [Negative statements require the rising inflection, but the inflection upon the word "old" is the rising circumflex. Let the pupil pronounce the sentence, "I will not screen my brother, if he has done such a deed." Read the word "old" with the same inflection that is given to the word "deed." Put "old" before "garment," and read with the same inflection as now.] Inflection upon "me" in the sixth line? [Conditional and incomplete clauses take the rising inflection.] What group of words is emphatic in the last line? [Those expressing the new thought.]

Second Stanza.

What "cares" does the "rich man's son" inherit? What is a "bank"? a "factory"? What is meant by the phrase, "bank may break"? What is meant by "shares" in the third line? What is to "burst" them? Why may a "breath" do it? Meaning of the whole line? Why does the author speak in the next line of "earning a living"? What is meant by the phrase, "suit his turn"? Could "soft, white hands" earn a living that might suit the turn of some men?

Meaning and etymology of bank? factory? shares? suit?

Inflection on 'cares'? [Apply the test,—is it a positive statement?] Emphatic word? Inflection upon break? burn? [The words "bank" and "break" require just about the same degree of emphasis; and the same is true of "factory" and "burn." A good way to render them is to read all alike with a falling inflection.] Emphatic words and inflections in the third line? Is the thought in the fourth and fifth lines positive or negative? Inflection upon them, therefore? upon 'earn'? [Emphasis sometimes demands a falling inflection.]

Third Stanza.

Does not every one "inherit wants"? Meaning of wants here? What other meaning has it? What is "dainty fare"? Meaning of the line? Meaning of "hinds" here? "pants"? What is meant by hearing them with "sated heart"? Who hears them thus? Meaning of the phrase, "with brown arms

bare"? Meaning of the fifth line? Is it a strong or a feeble statement, that he "wearies in his easy chair"? What is usually expected to follow from sitting in an easy chair?

Etymology and meaning of wants? stomach? dainty? fare? sated? easy? craves?

Inflection upon wants? [Apply the test.] Upon fare? Where is the main statement in the sentence beginning "with sated hearts"? Inflection upon pants, therefore? Explain the emphases throughout the stanza, and point out the words subject to them.

Fourth Stanza.

What is meant by a "sinewy heart"? Is the heart of a poor man really more sinewy than that of a rich man? Strict meaning of sinewy? of the word 'heart,' as here used? of "hardy frame"? "spirit"? Why is he "king of two hands"? Does not the rich man also possess two hands? Does *every* poor man "do his part"? and can any one man work at "every toil and art"? Why is it said that a king might wish to hold this "in fee"? Why a "king"? What is it that a king might wish to hold in fee?

Etymology and meaning of muscles? sinewy? hardy? useful? spirit? toil? art?

What is the inflection on the word inherit? [The thought here is not negative. See Introduction, Inflections, VI.] What group of words emphatic here? [Those containing a new thought contrasted with those already expressed.] Inflection upon heart and spirit? Emphatic words here? What words express the main declaration in the fourth and fifth lines? What inflection then upon hands? What group of words emphatic? Inflection upon me? heritage? king? Emphatic word in the last line? Inflection at the end of stanza?

Fifth Stanza.

When are one's "wishes o'erjoyed"? What sort of things do we generally consider necessary to accomplish this? [There are two ways of being rich; one is to have abundance. What is the other?] Meaning of "rank" here? Explain the words, "adjudged by toil-won merit"? Show how "content" may "spring from employment." How can one's

"heart" "sing"? Explain the fifth line. Meaning of "heart" in this line?

Etymology and meaning of humble? rank? adjudged? merit? content? employment? labor?

Inflection on inherit? [When a question like this is repeated it should receive the rising inflection. Its force is the same as if it were in this form: "Do you still ask what the poor man's son inherits"? This has not the character of a positive statement.] Determine the inflections and emphases in the succeeding lines, by the rules already suggested.

Sixth Stanza.

How does one learn "patience from being poor"? Does poverty or suffering always make men patient? What ought we to make our sufferings and poverty do for us? What kind of courage does it require to "bear sorrow"? Is it the same that the soldier needs in battle? What is meant by a "fellow-feeling"? Why should it "make the outcast bless his door"? Why the outcast? Why his door? What "heritage" is referred to in the sixth line?

Etymology and meaning of patience? courage? sorrow? sure? bless?

Inflection upon the word "comes"? Explain the emphases and inflections throughout the stanza.

Seventh Stanza.

What "toil" is spoken of in the first line? Meaning of the second line? Why should this be said to the rich man's son? Meaning of "charity" in the third line? In what sense does it "whiten the hands"? Of what is the color white usually considered the sign? What is the "best crop from the lands"? In what sense is it a crop? Is "being rich" represented as desirable or otherwise, in the last line? What "heritage" is here referred to?

Etymology and meaning of level? charity? soil? whitens?

Inflection upon soil? Why? Point out and explain all the emphases and inflections in the stanza.

Eighth Stanza.

Why does he not caution the rich man's son against "scorning his state"? What is the "weariness" referred to

in the second line? Meaning of "merely" in the third line? How does "work make the soul to shine"? What is the effect of labor upon rest? Is "being poor" represented as a desirable thing, in the last line? Explain the last two lines? What "heritage" is meant here?

Etymology and meaning of state? weariness? merely? fragrant? benign?

Inflection on the word state? [The injunction here is positive.] Determine the other inflections and emphases in this stanza?

Ninth Stanza.

What is referred to in the first two lines? Why "six feet"? Force of "some"? Meaning of "at last"? In what sense are "both children of the same dear God"? What is the "vast heirship" spoken of in the fourth line? What is meant by the "record of a well-filled past"? Is life spoken of as valuable or otherwise, in the last line? What "heritage" is meant in the last line but one?

Etymology of heirs? equal? little? record? vast? prove?

Inflection on equal? on earth? Does the phrase "at last" express a positive statement or a condition? What inflection therefore? Explain the inflections and emphases throughout the stanza.

IX.—IRRITABILITY.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

1. The holidays passed away hilariously, and, at New Year's, I, according to time-honored custom, went forth to make my calls, and see my fair friends, while my wife and daughters stayed at home, to dispense the hospitalities of the day to their gentlemen friends. All was merry and cheerful, and it was agreed, on all hands, that a more joyous holiday season had never flown over us. But, somehow, the week after, I began to be sensible of a running down in the wheels. I had an article to write for the "*Atlantic*," but felt mopish, and

could not write. My dinner had not its usual relish, and I had an indefinite sense everywhere of something going wrong. My coal bill came in, and I felt sure we were being extravagant, and that our John Furnace wasted coal. My grand-sons and grand-daughters came to see us, and I discovered that they had high-pitched voices, and burst in without wiping their shoes, and it suddenly occurred powerfully to my mind, that they were not being well brought up,—evidently they were growing up rude and noisy.

2. I discovered several tumblers and plates, with the edges chipped, and made bitter reflections on the carelessness of Irish servants; our crockery was going to destruction along with the rest. Then, on opening one of my paper-drawers, I found that Jennie's one drawer of worsted had overflowed into two or three; Jennie was growing careless; besides, worsted is dear, and girls knit away small fortunes, without knowing it, on little duds that do nobody any good. Moreover, Maggie had three times put my slippers into the hall-closet, instead of leaving them where I wanted them,—under my study-table. Mrs. Crowfield ought to look after things more; every servant, from end to end of the house, was getting out of the traces; it was strange she did not see it.

3. All this I vented, from time to time, in short, crusty sayings and doings, as freely as if I had not just written an article on "Little Foxes," in the "*Atlantic*," till at length my eyes were opened on my own state and condition.

It was evening, and I had just laid up the fire in the most approved style of architecture, and, projecting my feet into my slippers, sat, spitefully cutting the leaves of a caustic review. Mrs. Crowfield took the tongs and altered the disposition of a stick.

"My dear," I said, "I do wish you'd let the fire alone,—you always put it out."

"I was merely admitting a little air between the sticks," said my wife.

"You always make matters worse, when you touch the fire."

4. As if in contradiction, a bright tongue of flame darted up between the sticks, and the fire began chattering and snapping at me. Now, if there's anything which would provoke a saint, it is to be jeered and snapped at, in that way, by a man's own fire. It's an unbearable impertinence. I threw out my leg impatiently, and hit Rover, who yelped a yelp that finished the upset of my nerves. I gave him a hearty kick, that he might have something to yelp for, and, in the movement, upset Jennie's embroidery-basket.

"Oh, papa!"

"Confound your baskets and balls!—they are everywhere, so that a man can't move; useless, wasteful things, too."

"Wasteful?" said Jennie, coloring indignantly; for if there's anything Jennie piques herself upon, it's her economy.

"Yes, wasteful,—wasting time and money both. Here are hundreds of shivering poor to be clothed, and Christian females sit and do nothing but crochet worsted into useless knick-knacks. If they would be working for the poor, there would be some sense in it. But it's all just alike; no real Christianity in the world,—nothing but organized selfishness and self-indulgence."

5. "Why, dear," said Mrs. Crowfield, "you are not well to-night. Things are not quite so desperate as they appear. You hav' n't got over Christmas-week."

"I am well. Never was better. But I can see, I hope, what's before my eyes; and the fact is, Mrs. Crowfield, things must not go on as they are going. There must be more care, more attention to details. There's Maggie,—that girl never does what she is told. You are too slack with her, ma'am. She will light the fire with the last paper,

and she won't put my slippers in the right place; and I can't have my study made the general catch-all and menagerie for Rover and Jennie, and her basket and balls, and for all the family litter." Just at this moment, I overheard a sort of a sigh from Jennie, who was swelling with repressed indignation at my attack on her worsted. She sat, with her back to me, knitting energetically, and said, in a low, but very decisive tone, as she twitched her yarn:

"Now, if I should talk in that way, people would call me cross,—and that's the whole of it."

6. I pretended to be looking into the fire in an absent-minded state; but Jennie's words had started a new idea. Was *that* it? Was that the whole matter? Was it, then, a fact, that the house, the servants, Jennie and her worsted, Rover and Mrs. Crowfield, were all going on pretty much as usual, and that the only difficulty was, that I was — *cross*? How many times had I encouraged Rover to lie just where he was lying when I kicked him! How many times, in better moods, had I complimented Jennie on her neat little fancy-works, and declared that I liked the social companionship of ladies' work-baskets among my papers! Yes, it was clear. After all, things were much as they had been, only I was *cross*.

7. Cross! I put it to myself, in that simple, old-fashioned word, instead of saying that I was out of spirits, or nervous, or using any of the other smooth phrases with which we, good Christians, cover up our little sins of temper. "Here you are, Christopher," said I to myself, "a literary man, with a somewhat delicate, nervous organization, and a sensitive stomach, and you have been eating like a sailor or a plowman; you have been merry-making and playing the boy, for two weeks; up at all sorts of irregular hours, and into all sorts of boyish performances; and the consequence is, that, like a thoughtless young scape-grace, you have used up, in

ten days, the capital of nervous energy that was meant to last you ten weeks.

8. "You can't eat your cake and have it too, Christopher. When the nervous fluid,—source of cheerfulness, giver of pleasant sensations and pleasant views,—is all spent, you can't feel cheerful; things cannot look as they did when you were full of life and vigor. When the tide is out, there is nothing but unsightly, ill-smelling tide-mud, and you can't help it; but you can keep your senses,—you can know what is the matter with you,—you can keep from visiting your overdose of Christmas mince-pies, and candies, and jocularities on the heads of Mrs. Crowfield, Rover, and Jennie, whether in the form of virulent morality, pungent criticism, or a free kick, such as you just gave the poor brute."

9. "Come here, Rover, poor dog!" said I, extending my hand to Rover, who cowered at the farther corner of the room, eyeing me wistfully,—“come here, you poor doggie, and make up with your master. There, there! Was his master cross? Well, he knows it. We must forgive and forget, old boy, musn't we?” And Rover nearly broke his own back and tore me to pieces, with his tremulous tail-waggings.

“As to you, puss,” I said to Jennie, “I am much obliged to you for your free suggestion. You must take my cynical moralities for what they are worth, and put your little traps into as many of my drawers as you please.”

10. In short, I made it up handsomely all around,—even apologizing to Mrs. Crowfield, who, by the by, has summered me and wintered me so many years, and knows all my airs and cuts and crinkles, so well, that she took my irritable, unreasonable spirit as tranquilly as if I had been a baby cutting a new tooth.

“Of course, Chris., I knew what the matter was; don't disturb yourself,” she said, as I began my apology; “we

understand each other. But there is one thing I have to say, and that is, that your article ought to be ready."

"Ah, well, then," said I, "like other great writers, I shall make capital of my own sins, and treat of the second little family fox; and his name is—Irritability."

X.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Irritability is, more than most unlovely states, a sin of the flesh. It is not, like envy, malice, spite, revenge, a vice which we may suppose to belong equally to an embodied or a disembodied spirit. In fact, it comes nearer to being physical depravity than anything else I know of. There are some bodily states, some conditions of the nerves, such that we could not conceive of even an angelic spirit, confined in a body thus disordered, as being able to do any more than simply endure. It is a state of nervous torture; and the attacks which the wretched victim makes on others, are as much the result of a disease, as the snapping and biting of a patient convulsed with hydrophobia.

2. Then, again, there are other people who go through life, loving and beloved, desired in every circle, held up in the church as examples of the power of religion, who, after all, deserve no credit for these things. Their spirits are lodged in an animal nature so tranquil, so cheerful,—all the sensations which come to them are so fresh and vigorous and pleasant,—that they cannot help viewing the world charitably, and seeing everything through a glorious medium. The ill-temper of others does not provoke them; perplexing business never sets their nerves to vibrating; and all their lives long they walk in the serene sunshine of perfect animal health.

3. Look at Rover, there. He is never nervous, never cross, never snaps or snarls, and is ready, the moment after the grossest affront, to wag the tail of forgiveness,—all because kind nature has put his dog's body together so that it always works harmoniously. If every person in the world were gifted with a stomach and nerves like his, it would be a far better and happier world, no doubt. The man said a good thing who made the remark that the foundation of all intellectual and moral worth must be laid in a good, healthy animal.

4. Now I think it is undeniable that the peace and happiness of the home circle are very generally much invaded by the recurrence, in its members, of those states of bodily irritability. Every person, if he thinks the matter over, will see that his condition in life, the character of his friends, his hopes and expectations, are all very much modified by these things. Cannot we all remember going to bed as very ill-used, persecuted individuals, all whose friends were unreasonable, whose life was full of trials and crosses, and waking up, on a bright, bird-singing morning, to find all these illusions gone with the fogs of the night? Our friends are all nice people, after all; the little things that annoyed us look ridiculous by bright sunshine; and we are fortunate individuals.

5. The philosophy of life, then, as far as this matter is concerned, must consist of two things: first, to keep ourselves out of irritable bodily states; and, second, to understand and control these states, when we cannot ward them off.

Of course, the first of these is the most important; and yet, of all things, it seems to be least looked into and understood. We find abundant rules for the government of the tongue and temper; it is a slough into which, John Bunyan has it, cart-loads of wholesome instruction have been thrown;

but how to get and keep that healthy state of brain, stomach, and nerves, which takes away the temptation to ill-temper and anger, is a subject which moral and religious teachers seem scarcely to touch upon.

6. Now, without running into technical, physiological language, it is evident, as regards us human beings, that there is a power by which we live and move and have our being,—by which the brain thinks and wills, the stomach digests, the blood circulates, and all the different provinces of the little man-kingdom do their work. This something—call it nervous fluid, nervous power, vital energy, life-force, or anything else that you will—is a perfectly understood, if not a definable, thing. It is plain, too, that people possess this force in very different degrees; some generating it as a high-pressure engine does steam, and using it constantly, with an apparently inexhaustible flow; and others there are who have little, and spend it quickly.

7. We have a common saying, that this or that person is soon used up. Now, most nervous, irritable states of temper are the mere physical result of a used-up condition. The person has over-spent his nervous energy,—like a man who should eat up, on Monday, the whole food which was to keep him for a week, and go growling and faint through the other days; or the quantity of nervous force which was wanted to carry on the whole system in all its parts, is seized on by some one monopolizing portion, and used up, to the loss and detriment of the rest.

8. Thus, with men of letters, an exorbitant brain expends, on its own workings, what belongs to the other offices of the body: the stomach has nothing to carry on digestion; the secretions are badly made; and the imperfectly assimilated nourishment, that is conveyed to every little nerve and tissue, carries with it an acid, irritating quality, producing general

restlessness and discomfort. So men and women go struggling on through their three score and ten years, scarcely one in a thousand knowing, through life, that perfect balance of parts, that appropriate harmony of energies, that make a healthy, kindly animal condition, predisposing to cheerfulness and good-will.

XI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

1. We Americans are, to begin with, a nervous, excitable people. Multitudes of children, probably the great majority in the upper walks of life, are born into the world with weakness of the nervous organization, or of the brain or stomach, which makes them incapable of any strong excitement, or prolonged exertion, without some lesion or derangement; so that they are continually being checked, laid up, and invalided in the midst of their doings. Life here, in America, is so fervid, so fast, our climate is so stimulating, with its clear, bright skies, its rapid and sudden changes of temperature, that the tendencies to nervous disease are constantly aggravated.

2. Under these circumstances, unless men and women make a conscience, a religion, of saving and sparing something of themselves, expressly for home-life and home-consumption, it must follow that home will often be merely a sort of refuge for us to creep into when we are used up and irritable.

Papa is up and off, after a hasty breakfast, and drives all day in his business, putting into it all there is in him, letting it drink up brain and nerve and body and soul, and coming home jaded and exhausted, so that he cannot bear the cry of the baby, and the frolics and pattering of the nursery seem

horrid and needless confusion. The little ones say, in their plain vernacular, "Papa is cross."

3. Mamma goes out to a party that keeps her up till one or two o'clock in the morning, breathes bad air, eats indigestible food, and the next day is so nervous that every straw and thread in her domestic path is insufferable.

Papas that pursue business thus, day after day, and mammas that go into company, as it is called, night after night—what is there left in or of them to make an agreeable fire-side with, to brighten their home and inspire their children?

True, the man says he cannot help himself,—business requires it. What is the need of rolling up money at the rate at which he is seeking to do it? Why not have less, and take some time to enjoy his home, and cheer up his wife, and form the minds of his children? Why spend himself, down to the last drop, on the world, and give to the dearest friends he has, only the bitter dregs?

4. Much of the preaching which the pulpit and the church have leveled at fashionable amusements, has failed of any effect at all, because wrongly put. A cannonade has been spent upon dancing, for example, and for all reasons that will not, in the least, bear looking into. It is vain to talk of dancing as a sin, because practiced in a dying world, where souls are passing into eternity. If dancing is a sin for this reason, so is playing marbles, or frolicking with one's children, or enjoying a good dinner, or doing fifty other things which nobody ever dreamed of objecting to.

5. If the preacher were to say that anything is sin which uses up the strength we need for daily duties, and leaves us fagged out and irritable, at just those times, and in just those places when and where we need most to be healthy, cheerful, and self-possessed, he would say a thing that none

of his hearers would dispute. If he should add that dancing-parties beginning at ten o'clock at night and ending at four o'clock in the morning, do use up the strength, weaken the nerves, and leave a person wholly unfit for any home duty, he would also be saying what very few people would deny; and then his case would be made out. If he would say that it is wrong to breathe bad air and fill the stomach with unwholesome dainties, so as to make one restless, ill-natured, and irritable, for days after, he would also say what few would deny, and his preaching might have some hope of success.

6. The true manner of judging of the worth of amusements is to try them by their effects on the nerves and spirits the day after. True amusements ought to be, as the word indicates, recreation,—something that refreshes, turns us out anew, rests the mind and body by change, and gives cheerfulness and alacrity to our return to duty.

The true objection to all stimulants, alcoholic and narcotic, consists simply in this: that they are a form of over-draft on the nervous system, which helps us to use up in one hour the strength of whole days.

7. A man uses up all the fair legal interest of nervous power by too much amusement. He has now a demand to meet. He has a complicate account to make up, an essay or a sermon to write, and he primes himself by a cup of coffee, a cigar, and a glass of spirits. This is exactly the procedure of a man who, having used the interest of his money, begins to dip into the principal. The strength a man gets in this way is just so much taken out of his life-blood; it is borrowing of a merciless creditor, who will exact in time the pound of flesh nearest his heart.

XII.—OUR OLDEST FRIEND.

READ AT A MEETING OF FORMER COLLEGE CLASSMATES

O. W. HOLMES.

1. I give you the health of the oldest friend
That, short of eternity, earth can lend,—
A friend so faithful, tried, and true,
That nothing can wean him from me and you.
2. When first we screeched in the sudden blaze
Of the daylight's blinding and blasting rays,
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,
This old, old friend stood waiting there.
3. And when, with a kind of mortal strife,
We had gasped and choked into breathing life,
He watched by the cradle, day and night,
And held our hands till we stood upright.
4. From gristle and pulp our frames have grown
To stringy muscle and solid bone ;
While we were changing, he altered not ;
We might forget, but he never forgot.
5. He came with us to the college class,—
Little cared he for the steward's pass !
All the rest must pay their fee,
But the grim old dead-head entered free.
6. He stayed with us while we counted o'er
Four times each of the seasons four ;
And, with every season, from year to year,
The dear name, classmate, he made more dear.
7. He never leaves us,—he never will,
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are still ;

On birth-days, and Christmas, and New Year's, too,
He always remembers both me and you.

8. Every year, this faithful friend,
His little present is sure to send ;
Every year, wheresoever we be,
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

9. How he loves us !—He pats our heads,
And, lo ! they are gleaming with silver threads ;
And he's always begging one lock of hair,
Till our shining crowns have nothing to wear.

10. At length, he will tell us, one by one,
“My child, your labor on earth is done ;
And now you must journey afar to see
My elder brother,—Eternity !”

11. And so, when long, long years have passed,
Some dear old fellow will be the last,—
Never a boy alive but he,
Of all our goodly company !

12. When he lies down, but not till then,
Our kind class-angel will drop the pen
That writes, in the day-book kept above,
Our life-long record of faith and love.

13. So here's a health, in homely rhyme,
To our oldest classmate, Father Time !
May our last survivor live to be
As bald, but as wise and tough, as he !

Questions.

Why should the daylight be called “blinding and dazzling” ? Why is the air said to be “groggy” ? What is the “steward's pass” ? Why is time called a “dead-head” ? Explain the ninth stanza.

XIII.—A CHEERFUL TEMPER.

WM. ADAMS.

1. Another thing conducive to cheerfulness, is the regulation of desire within proper and natural limits. Another thing for which Sidney Smith deserves admiration, was, amid all his honorable aspirations, the absence of mean jealousies. He had a brother who was titled and wealthy, but, toward him, was nothing exacting or envious. He occupied his own sphere, and was very brave and contented in managing his own affairs, and the very cattle in his inclosures had occasion to be thankful for his kindness. The conditions of contentment are put at a very low figure in the Scriptures,—“having food and raiment.” It is the intrusion of envy and jealousy that destroys cheerfulness; and, if I were to string together a few brief hints as to the manner in which this bright virtue may be cultivated, they would be in this wise: As every man has a will of his own, you must expect every day that your own will be crossed; and when this is done, you must bear it as meekly as when you cross the will of another.

2. Expect not too much of others, and then they will be more tolerant of you. Esteem others more highly than yourself, and watch for the opportunity in which you can say a kind word and confer a small pleasure. Be studious to see what is good and hopeful, to be applauded in another, rather than what is evil, to be reproved; and, amid all the trivial annoyances of life, measure those substantial blessings which come to you every hour from the open hand of Christ; and, if the practice of these rules does not cure a clouded brow and an irritable manner, then it is because you need, and most probably will have, some other medicine besides that of a merry heart.

3. Last of all, chief of all, if you would be cheerful in such a world as this, you must exercise a constant trust in an all-wise Providence. But do not suppose that by this I intend anything like that reckless confidence which is born of pride, and inflated by egotism,—which is at once our national characteristic and peril. We mean the recognition of that Divine supremacy which directs the revolutions of time and events, with a wisdom and love and power superior to our own, and an obedient deference to his will. If we will consider it honestly, we shall be convinced of the fact, that the occasions for individual and national gratitude which are owing to our power and achievement, are very few; while those are boundless which spring from Him who watches alike the fall of a sparrow and the rise of empires.

4. Never was there a better compend of wisdom, for individuals and nations, than that expressed in these few words of inspiration, “Be careful for nothing” (the word denotes an uneasy, uncheerful apprehension), “but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.” It has been very profanely said by some, in their perverse way, that, as things are among us, we shall have small occasion for thanksgiving. Such men ought to pass their lives in Mexico or Algiers. Nothing to be thankful for! If all the people of these states would, for the whole day, in their homes and in their houses of worship, employ themselves in recounting the mercies of God by which we are distinguished, what beneficent effects would flow from the gratitude such an occupation would inspire. Direful evils there may be,—national sins may provoke Divine displeasure,—perils may environ us,—but, notwithstanding all, how much for which we ought to be thankful! “The Lord

has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Let us come with our homage and gratitude, and sing praises to Him.

5. In the worst times let this be our joyous confidence, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet, I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." If there is one peril more than another which threatens our prosperity, I will venture to give it a name: that indifference to our mercies which might provoke God to withdraw them, and give them to another people. May God incline us more and more to that unambitious, unselfish, contented, cheerful, thankful temper, which is at once a medicine and a feast, an ornament and protection.

XIV.—OVER THE RIVER.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

1. Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of the snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one, with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

2. Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another — the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet !
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me !
3. For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And, lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts ;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon and wait for me !
4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land ;

I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet shall the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me!

XV.—THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave e'er charity began.

2. Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

3. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

4. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth, from his lips, prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,—
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Let the pupil carefully study and explain the last four lines. The simile they contain has been pronounced one of the most beautiful in the language.

XVI.—CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1. Mr. Lincoln's life is a noble illustration of the adage, "Honesty is the best policy." Not that this adage furnishes a sufficient reason for being honest. The honesty that is induced by a desire to secure some personal advantage is hardly worth the name. There are some kinds of honesty, too, that, in the view of keen-sighted men, are very bad

policy. The true reward of personal integrity is not what is usually called personal advantage. But God has so adjusted the laws of human life, that the true good of the individual does follow the strictest honesty. And so it was in the case of Mr. Lincoln. His life was a glorious success. Few men have ever had their names written in the annals of time, who would not be the gainers by exchanging their fame for that of our martyred chief magistrate.

2. When History is making up her lists, and the noble ones of all time are arranged in a glorious company, what form among them all will shine brighter than his? Bright in a persistent purpose to do the right, as far as he saw it; in his manly simplicity; in his unshaken trust in God, and faith in man,—trusting even the assassin that was about to slay him, and never failing to confide, to the full, in the people whom he governed; and, above all, bright in the glorious privilege of sacrificing his life for his country and his principles. As an undying possession, as a heritage for all the ages, give me the clear fame of Abraham Lincoln, rather than the most magnificent reputation built up by the proudest conqueror that ever stained his guilty blade in the blood of his fellow man!

3. How many men of transcendent mental powers have sought to be President of the United States? How many have gazed on the shining goal with longing, but unsatisfied, eyes? Henry Clay, the silver-tongued, whose fervid eloquence stirred the hearts of his admiring countrymen from sea to sea and from lake to gulf, with a high ambition,—“the last infirmity of noble minds,”—strove to clutch the coveted prize; and his last days were darkened by the cloud of a sad disappointment, because he failed to reach it. Daniel Webster, one of the most nobly endowed intellects of all time, who, by his masterly logic and glowing imagination,

guided the thoughts and shaped the opinions of millions of thinking freemen, pursued, through a long and honored life, the same glittering phantom; and, when at last, after leading him through bogs and quagmires of political chicanery, it finally and forever eluded him, he sought his secluded home in Marshfield, and died of a broken heart; while the Atlantic waves, rolling almost at his bedside, seemed, in a sad, monotonous, and majestic dirge, to wail over the crushing of his hopes!

4. Other eminent names rush to the memory, of gifted citizens who have fallen in the same unsatisfying pursuit, after exhausting, by themselves or their friends, every political art that could be brought to bear upon the point. But Abraham Lincoln, with no brilliant accomplishments, no such eloquence as Clay's, no such ponderous intellect as Webster's, with little skill in manipulating parties, far from being a match for his rival, Douglas, in managing the public sentiment and in turning it to his own advantage,—indeed, with nothing but his straight-forward honesty to distinguish him from many other men,—Abraham Lincoln found the presidential mansion opening its doors and inviting him to enter; the post stood candidate for him. Plain, simple, unadorned, the people's man, he was called by his countrymen to the great office, simply because they believed him an honest man,—one whose promises could be trusted,—one who would practice no dishonest jugglery or legerdemain. And not only did they call him to the highest office in their gift, but they bestowed upon him their heart treasures,—their esteem, their confidence, and their affection,—more lavishly than upon any other man since Washington! When will our public men learn that the truest and only satisfactory success can be secured in no way but by an honest and sincere devotion to the public weal?

5, May we not hope that, by the terrible experience of the last four years, we have been taught something of the value of principle, as opposed to mere management? of downright integrity, as opposed to dishonest intrigue? How, during this terrible contest, men have been tried! How great principles have risen in unwonted might, and demanded the allegiance of all men! What a laying aside have we seen of supple-jointed, limber-backed politicians! How the miserable quibbles and intricate nothings of the political arena have been swept out of sight, and men have been compelled to engage in discussing momentous questions that are to influence mankind for ages! And shall this be all in vain? Are our public men to be the same race of pigmy schemers and supple flunkeys that we have sometimes seen? Shall we not have, for a time at least, as a result of this war, a race of stalwart men, honest, straight-forward, trusting in God and the right,—men, in short, after the similitude of Abraham Lincoln?

6. But, not only was Mr. Lincoln of the people, and honest; he was also a great man. We do not by this mean that he possessed all kinds of greatness in the highest degree. But we do affirm that he was endowed with an unusually full share of the highest kind of greatness. Dr. Channing, in his admirable and truthful analysis of the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, notes three principal forms of greatness. And among these, he assigns the highest place to moral greatness,—that which lifts the soul above all things mean and untruthful, and makes it willing to suffer any pain, rather than renounce its allegiance to God and the truth. This is the greatness that has characterized the world's heroes and martyrs, that has lifted them up into a calm and serene abnegation of self, into a lofty and unhesitating devotion to duty, into an unfaltering conviction that, in the hands of the

good God, all things, whether joyous or sorrowful, will, in the end, help to bring about the highest good.

7. This type of character,—this great moral power,—marked Mr. Lincoln through his whole life. It enabled him to use life's experiences for his own and others' good. The career of a Mississippi boatman,—so fatal to many young men, because they have not moral power to convert its boisterous experiences into steps in manly progress,—was to him, no doubt, a source of improvement in the power to resist temptation. He was a stronger man for this experience, in all the elements that go to form a noble character. A man that can draw moral nourishment from the turbid influences of such a life, must surely have true greatness conceded to him. A little man,—little in the essentials of a true manhood,—could never digest such material into that noblest product of the Divine hand, an honest man. This power to transmute the evil of this world into a sterling Christian character, to gather honey from the thorns and nettles of an unpropitious experience, to turn the darts of the devil against him who hurled them forth,—this is a power allied to that of God himself, and stamps its possessor with the unmistakable impress of true greatness!

8. But Mr. Lincoln was also great in his simplicity, and in his full confidence in the ultimate success of the right. Little men are ever seeking circuitous paths,—ever striving to prop up their feebleness by intrigue and strategy. It takes a strong mind to rely implicitly and calmly upon the final triumph of truth and justice. The small craft toss and plunge with every wave that rises; but the vast steamship plows her way through their midst, never deviating from her true course. Thus, great minds, guided by a celestial light, spurn every solicitation that would draw them aside into the paths of chicanery and deceit. They see so clearly the end from

the beginning, they comprehend so fully the great purpose of life, that they cannot prevail upon themselves to stoop to the little by-plays of faction. And they always succeed, because their lives are in harmony with the great plan of the universe!

XVII.—THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

1. Now must the storied Potomac
 Laurels forever divide ;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
 Give of its century's pride,—
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
 Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
 Calm he has sought his repose.
Over our Washington's river
 Sunrise beams rosy and fair ;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer,—
 Father and martyr lies there.
2. Kings under pyramids slumber,
 Sealed in the Lybian sands ;
Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
 Decked with the spoil of the lands ;
Kinglier, princelier sleeps he,
 Couched 'mid the prairies serene,
Only the turf and the willow
 Him and God's heaven between ;

Temple nor column to cumber
Verdure and bloom of the sod,—
So, in the vale by Beth-peor,
Moses was buried of God.

3. Break into blossom, O prairies!
Snowy and golden and red;
Peers of the Palestine lilies
Heap for your Glorious Dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices,—
Cassia and aloes and balm,—
Mary, the loved, and Salome,
All with a gracious accord,
Ere the first glow of the morning,
Brought to the tomb of the Lord.

4. Wind of the West! breathe around him
Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When, to the summit of Pisgah,
Moses had journeyed to die;
Clear as its anthem that floated
Wide o'er the Moabite plain,
Low, with the wail of the people,
Blending its burdened refrain.
Rarer, O wind! and diviner—
Sweet as the breeze that went by,
When, over Olivet's mountain,
Jesus was lost in the sky.

5. Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is thy grandeur,
Born of his sorrow thy joy.

Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
 Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
 Dearer than his in thy prairies,
 Girdled with harvests of gold!
 Still for the world, through the ages,
 Wreathing with glory his brow,
 He shall be liberty's savior,—
 Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

ANALYSIS OF THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN.

What kind of poetry is this? [See Analysis of Gray Old Man of the Mountain, p. 68.] What is the general sentiment of it? [It is exultation in spite of sorrow; joy shining through tears. Let it be read with ringing tones, softened by a loving sadness.] When and how did Lincoln die? Where was he buried? State some interesting facts about his death and burial.

First Stanza.

What is the "Potomac," and why alluded to here? Why called "storied"? What is the "laurel," and why here mentioned? Why must the Potomac divide laurels? How has it been heretofore in regard to its laurels? What is the "Sangamon," and why here mentioned? Why "fameless"? Is it always to remain so? Why? Why "century's pride"? What are "prairies"? Is the Sangamon a rapid stream? What expression in the poem bears upon this point? Is it clear or turbid? Into what does it flow? Meaning of "city of silence"? Whose city of silence? Who "sought his repose" here? In what sense sought? What river is "Washington's"? Why speak of "sunrise" on this river, and "sunset" on the other? Why is the sunset fairer?

Etymology and meaning of storied? [See directions under Gray Old Man of the Mountain.] laurels? divide? century? prairie? placidly? silence? repose? river? sunrise? martyr?

Is the first statement a positive one? How many lines does it include? Point out each of the statements in the first stanza, and show whether it is positive or not. What inflections then at the ends of the lines?

What is the most important word or group of words in the first statement? Repeat the statement carefully, and determine this point by listening. Take the same course with every other statement. What two pairs of words are set against each other in the three lines preceding the last?

Second Stanza.

What are "pyramids"? In what country chiefly do "kings slumber" under them? What are the "Lybian sands"? Why sands? Why "sealed"? What is said of the "princes"? What are "gorgeous cathedrals"? Are the princes or the cathedrals "decked with the spoil, &c."? What is meant by the "spoil of the lands"? What is the effect of this decking upon the dignity, the princely and kingly character, of the buried? Which is the stronger word, "kinglier" or "princelier"? Why are the prairies called "serene"? Why is his sleep "kinglier"? In how many and what lines is the reason given? Does the soul really reach heaven any more easily when the body does not lie under artificial structures? How many of these structures are mentioned here, and what are they? What do "column and temple cumber"? How do they do it? Where is "Beth-peor"? Tell the story of the burial of Moses. Where do we find it recorded? Why is it alluded to here? Was it an honorable burial? [See "Burial of Moses," Exercise LXXXI.]

Meaning and etymology of pyramid? sealed? princes? kings? gorgeous? cathedrals? spoils? couched? serene? heaven? temple? column? cumber? verdure? vale? burial?

Determine inflections and emphases as before.

Third Stanza.

Why are the prairies directed to "break into blossom"? What is it to break into blossom? How many colors are mentioned, and what are they? Give the mode and person of the verb "heap," and show what its subject is? Meaning of the line, "Peers of the Palestine lilies"? Case of the word peers? Why Palestine lilies? Whose "Glorious Dead" is meant? What is said of "roses as fair as of Sharon"? Case of the word "roses"? Why "Sharon"? Case of the word "branches"? "odors"? "cassia"? What is said of

branches? odors? cassia? Are these found on the prairie? Does the author here call upon the prairies to do anything more than they do every year? What is cassia? aloes? balm? What are they all called here? Who was "Mary"? "Salome"? What "morning" is here referred to in the last line but one? In what part of what book do you find an account of this? Why "with a gracious accord"? For what purpose were these things "brought to the tomb of the Lord"? Were they used for that purpose? Meaning of the "first glow of the morning"? Meaning of "ere"? What time of day must this have been, then? Read this stanza with the clauses as they would naturally come in prose.

Meaning and etymology of blossoms? peers? lilies? glorious? roses? stately? odors? spices? gracious? accord? tomb?

Determine the inflections and emphases as before.

Fourth Stanza.

Meaning of "Wind of the West"? Is it any wind blowing over the western prairies, or a wind blowing from a westerly direction, or a wind blowing towards the west? What is it to "breathe around him"? Why is the air on Mount Pisgah spoken of as "saddened"? What qualities does this expression attribute to the air? What is the "saddened air's sigh"? Meaning of "soft", as attributed to the air or wind? What is the "summit of Pisgah"? Near what place previously mentioned must it be situated? Did Moses go up for the purpose of dying? What is to be "clear"? Whose "anthem"? When did it "float"? What does the word "low" modify? For what were the people "wailing"? What was "blending"? How long did this "wail" continue? Meaning of "burdened refrain"? "Rarer" than what is meant in next line? How "rare" and how "divine" is it called upon to be? Meaning of rarer? diviner? What is a "sweet" wind? Where is "Olivet's mountain"? What event is referred to here? In what part of what book do you find an account of it? In what sense was the Savior "lost" in the sky?

Etymology and meaning of around? summit? journeyed? clear? anthem? floated? plain? wail? refrain? divine? breeze? mountain?

Determine inflections and emphases as before.

Fifth Stanza.

What is meant by "sheaves"? "savannas"? Why is Illinois spoken of as "proud"? Why is she "crowned"? Meaning of the third line? of the fourth line? Why "hewn" in the sixth line—why not "dug"? In whose "prairies"? Meaning of "girdled"? Why "harvests of gold,"—are there gold mines in the region here alluded to? Are prairies and savannas the same? What shall be "for the world through the ages"? Who "wreathing with glory his brow"? Who is to be "liberty's savior"? Why liberty's savior? Who is to be "Freedom's Jerusalem"? Meaning of this last expression? How important a person does this make of Mr. Lincoln? Did he deserve so much? To whom is the fifth stanza addressed?

Etymology and meaning of savannas? crown? grandeur? girdled? harvest? ages? liberty's? savior? freedom's?

XVIII.—SYMPATHY FOR GREECE.

HENRY CLAY.

1. But we may not only adopt this measure; we may go further; we may recognize the government in the Morea, if actually independent, and it will be neither war, nor any violation of our neutrality. Beside, sir, what is Greece to the allies? A part of the dominions of any of them? By no means. Suppose the people in one of the Philippine Isles, or any other spot still more insulated and remote,—in Asia or Africa,—were to resist their former rulers, and set up and establish a new government, are we not to recognize them, in dread of the holy allies? If they are going to interfere, from the danger of the contagion of the example, here is the spot, our own favored land, where they must strike. This government, you, Mr. Chairman, and the body over which you preside, are the living and cutting reproach to allied despotism. If we are to offend them, it is not by

passing this resolution. We are daily and hourly giving them cause of war.

2. It is here, and in our free institutions, that they will assail us. They will attack us because you sit beneath that canopy, and we are freely debating and deliberating upon the great interests of freemen, and dispensing the blessings of free government. They will strike because we pass one of those bills on your table. The passage of the least of them, by our free authority, is more galling to despotic powers than would be the adoption of this so much dreaded resolution. Pass it, and what do you do? You exercise an indisputable attribute of sovereignty, for which you are responsible to none of them. You do the same when you perform any other legislative function; no less. If the allies object to this measure, let them forbid us to take a vote in the House; let them strip us of every attribute of independent government; let them disperse us.

3. Will gentlemen attempt to maintain that, on the principles of the law of nations, those allies would have cause of war? If there be any principle which has been settled for ages, any which is founded in the very nature of things, it is, that every independent state has the clear right to judge of the *fact* of the existence of other sovereign powers. I admit that there may be a state of inchoate initiative sovereignty, in which a new government, just struggling into being, can not be said yet perfectly to exist. But the premature recognition of such new government can give offense justly to no other than its ancient sovereign. The right of recognition comprehends the right to be informed; and the means of information must, of necessity, depend upon the sound discretion of the party seeking it. You may send out a commission of inquiry, and charge it with a provident attention to your own people and your own interests. Such will be

the character of the proposed agency. It will not necessarily follow that any public functionary will be appointed by the President. You merely grant the means by which the executive may act when *he* thinks proper.

4. What does he tell you in his message? That Greece is contending for her independence; that all sympathize with her; and that no power has declared against her. Pass this resolution, and what is the reply which it conveys to him? "You have sent us grateful intelligence; we feel warmly for Greece, and we grant you money, that, when you shall think it proper, when the interests of this nation shall not be jeopardized, you may depute a commissioner or public agent to Greece." The whole responsibility is then left where the constitution puts it. A member, in his place, may make a speech or proposition, the House may even pass a vote, in respect to our foreign affairs, which the President, with the whole field lying full before him, would not deem it expedient to effectuate.

5. But, sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see this measure adopted. It will give to her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. Mr. Chairman, what appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit? "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and human freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms,

while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high Heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms in her glorious cause, while temples and senate houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy; in that year of our Lord and Savior, the Savior of Greece and of us, a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected!”

6. Go home, if you can, go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down; meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose; that the specters of cimeters and crowns and crescents gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of the committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

Questions.

What is the “Morea”? Who were the “allies”? Under what government were the Philippine Islands? Was there any especial reason why educated Americans should be interested in this struggle? Why should the fact that Greece is Christian, be so frequently referred to?—are not all the European nations Christian?

XIX.—THE STRIPES AND THE STARS.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

1. O Star Spangled Banner! the flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors, and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your Red, White, and Blue,
For the heart of the North-land is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving, to strike with a will,
Till the foe and his boastings are humble and still!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

2. From the prairie, O, plowman! speed boldly away,—
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day;
Row landward, lone fisher! Stout woodman, come home!
Let smith leave his anvil, and weaver his loom;
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry,
"For God and our country we'll fight till we die!"
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

3. Invincible banner! the flag of the free!
Now where are the feet that would falter by thee?
Or the hands to be folded till triumph is won,
And the eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting,—a murmur of prayer,—
Then forward! the fame of our standard to share!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

4. O, God of our fathers! this banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown,
We fear not the summons—we fight not alone!

O lead us till wide from the gulf to the sea,
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love for oppression, with blessing for scars,—
One country, one banner,—the Stripes and the Stars!

XX.—ELI WHITNEY.

HORACE GREELEY.

1. Eli Whitney, a native of Westborough, Worcester county, Massachusetts, born December 8, 1765, **was** descended, on both sides, from ancestors of English stock, who dated their immigration from the old country, nearly back to the memorable voyage of the Mayflower! They were generally farmers, and, like most farmers of those days, in very moderate circumstances. Eli's father, poor, industrious, and ingenious, had a workshop, wherein he devoted the inclement season to the making of wheels and chairs. Here the son early developed a remarkable ingenuity and mechanical skill; establishing, when only fifteen years of age, the manufacture by hand of wrought nails, for which there was, in those later years of our revolutionary struggle, a demand at high prices.

2. Though he had had no instruction in nail-making, and his few implements were of the rudest description, he pursued his business through two winters with profit to his father, devoting the summers, as before and afterward, to the labors of the farm. After the close of the war, his nails being no longer in demand, he engaged in the manufacture of the pins then in fashion for fastening ladies' bonnets, and nearly monopolized the market, through the excellence of his product. Walking canes were also among his winter manufactures, and were esteemed peculiarly well made and handsome. Meantime he continued the devotion of his summers to the labors of the farm, attending the common school

of his district through its winter session, and being therein noted for devotion to, and eminent skill in, arithmetic.

3. At fourteen he resolved to obtain a liberal education, but it was not until he had reached the mature age of twenty-three that he was enabled to enter college. By turns laboring with his hands and teaching school, he obtained the means of prosecuting his studies in Yale, which he entered in May, 1789. He borrowed some money to aid him in his progress, giving his note therefor, and paying it as soon as he could. On the decease of his father, some years afterward, he took an active part in settling the estate, but relinquished his portion to his co-heirs. It is scarcely probable that the amount he thus sacrificed was large, but the generous spirit he evinced is not thereby obscured.

4. While in college, his natural superiority in mechanism, and proclivity to invention, were frequently manifested. On one occasion, a tutor regretted to his pupils that he could not exhibit a desired philosophical experiment, because the apparatus was out of order, and could only be repaired in Europe. Young Whitney thereupon proposed to undertake the repair, and made it to perfect satisfaction. At another time he asked permission to use, at intervals, the tools of a carpenter who worked near his boarding place; but the careful mechanic declined to trust them in the hands of a student, unless the gentleman with whom Mr. W. boarded would become responsible for their safe return. The guarantee was given, and Mr. Whitney took the tools in hand, when the carpenter, surprised at his dexterity, exclaimed, "There was one good mechanic spoiled when *you* went to college."

5. Mr. Whitney graduated in the fall of 1792, and directly engaged with Mr. B., from Georgia, to proceed to that state, and reside in his employer's family as a private teacher. On

his way thither, he had, as a traveling companion, Mrs. Greene, widow of the eminent Revolutionary general, Nathaniel Greene, who was returning with her family to Savannah, after spending the summer at the north. His health being infirm, on his arrival at Savannah, Mrs. Greene kindly invited him to the hospitalities of her residence, until he should become fully restored. Short of money and in a land of strangers, he was coolly informed by his employer that his services were not required, he (B.) having employed another teacher in his stead. Mrs. Greene hereupon urged him to make her house his home, so long as that should be desirable, and pursue, under her roof, the study of the law, which he then contemplated. He gratefully accepted the offer, and commenced the study accordingly.

6 Mrs. Greene happened to be engaged in embroidering on a peculiar frame, known as a tambour. It was badly constructed, so that it injured the fabric while it impeded its production. Mr. Whitney eagerly volunteered to make her a better, and did so, on a plan wholly new, to her great delight and that of her children.

7. A large party of Georgians, from Augusta and the plantations above, soon after paid Mrs. G. a visit, several of them being officers who had served under her husband in the Revolutionary war. Among the topics discussed by them around her fireside was the depressed state of agriculture, and the impossibility of profitably extending the culture of the green-seed cotton, because of the trouble and expense incurred in separating the seed from the fiber. These representations impelled Mrs. Greene to say, "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything." She thereupon took them into an adjacent room, where she showed them her tambour-frame, and several ingenious toys which Mr. W. had made for the gratification of her children. She

then introduced them to Whitney himself, extolling his genius and commending ~~him~~ to their confidence and friendship. In the conversation which ensued, he observed that he had never seen cotton nor cotton-seed in his life.

8. Mr. Whitney promised nothing and gave little encouragement, but went to work. No cotton in the seed being at hand, he went to Savannah and searched there among ware-houses and boats, until he found a small parcel. This he carried home, and secluded with himself in a basement room, where he set himself at work to devise and construct the implement required. Tools being few and rude, he was constrained to make better,—drawing his own wire, because none could, at that time, be bought in the city of Savannah. Mrs. Greene and her next friend, Mr. Miller, whom she soon after married, were the only persons, beside himself, who were allowed the *entree* of his workshop,—in fact, the only ones who clearly knew what he was about. His mysterious hammering and tinkering in that solitary cell were subjects of infinite curiosity, marvel, and ridicule among the younger members of the family. But he did not interfere with their merriment, nor allow them to interfere with his enterprise; and, before the close of the winter, his machine was so nearly perfected that its success was no longer doubtful.

9. Mrs. Greene, too eager to realize and enjoy her friend's triumph, in view of the existing stagnation of Georgian industry, invited an assemblage, to her house, of leading gentlemen from various parts of the state, and, on the first day after their meeting, conducted them to a temporary building, erected for the machine, in which they saw, with astonishment and delight, that one man with Whitney's invention could separate more cotton from the seed, in a single day, than he could without it by the labor of months.

10. Mr. Phineas Miller, a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale, who had come to Georgia as the teacher of General Greene's children, and who, about this time, became the husband of his widow, now proposed a partnership with Mr. Whitney, by which he engaged to furnish funds to perfect the invention, secure the requisite patents, and manufacture the needed machines; the partners to share equally all profits and emoluments thence resulting. Their contract bears date May 27, 1793; and the firm of Miller and Whitney immediately commenced what they had good reason to expect would prove a most extensive and highly lucrative business. Mr. Whitney thereupon repaired to Connecticut, there to perfect his invention, secure his patent, and manufacture machines for the southern market.

XXI.—THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

O. W. HOLMES.

[Certain words and phrases in this selection are in the provincial Yankee dialect. Let the pupil find them, and pronounce them as they are spelled.]

1. Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay,—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

2. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five;
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town

Saw the earth open and gulp her down ;
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

3. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or cross-bar or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

4. But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown,
'n' the kaounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown ;
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain ;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

5. So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills ;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees ;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these ;
The hubs of logs from the "settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber, they could n't sell 'em;
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

6. Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren, where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

7. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came,—
Running^{as} as usual,—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

8. Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know; but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You 're welcome.—No extra charge.)

9. FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the earthquake day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be, for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

10. First of November, fifty-five !
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
“Huddup !” said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

11. End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

XXII.—TRAVEL.

J. H. SIDDONS.

1. The first requisites for travel in the old world are a passport, an adequate supply of coin, a few hints regarding costume and letters of introduction, and a *carte du pays*, comprehending definite information relative to points of attraction, hotels, railway changes, places of entertainment and instruction, peculiarity of usages, etc.; in fact, as much as, and no more than, may be studied and almost got by heart, on the voyage across the Atlantic. Similar information is requisite for the European traveler who should direct his attention to the United States and South America. There is a prodigious amount of ignorance on both sides of the ocean which separates the two hemispheres; and ignorance, we know, is the parent of prejudice,—one of the worst traveling companions a gentleman or lady could possibly have. All should

enter, as far as possible, upon a voyage or journey, with a resolution to cast away every preconceived bias of an unfavorable character, and to judge for themselves of the nations they visit for the first time.

2. And one of the most certain methods of rubbing off the crust of prejudice, is to enter fully into conversation with fellow-travelers. Reserve and taciturnity, whether originating in pride, modesty, timidity, or excess of caution, are fatal to an accumulation of accurate and extensive knowledge, and often deprive the traveler of the opportunity of making pleasant acquaintances. On the other hand, too much freedom and volubility are only productive of the acquisition and communication of superficial knowledge. A discreet mind will know how to draw the distinction; but it will be better, as a rule, to err on the side of freedom and familiarity than to learn nothing by preserving a starched and cold demeanor.

3. It is the almost invariable practice with the new arrival in any great town in Europe, to put himself in the hands of a commissioner or *valet de place*, who is to show him everything and manage his affairs during his stay. This should be avoided, if possible, and there is no reason why it should not always be avoided. The expense of having such an article as a vulgar, ignorant, and obtrusive lackey tied to you and your wife (if you have one) is very considerable, and if he is intrusted to make purchases or pay bills for you, the chances are that you will be plundered considerably.

4. But this is not the worst feature of a traveler's dependence on such a person. He is pretty sure to carry you only just where he pleases, and to tell you so much as suits his convenience. If you are desirous of visiting a place of which some account has been given by a friend, or in some work

you have read, it is not improbable that the *valet* will immediately attempt to depreciate the place and deny the authenticity of the description, unless, indeed, he is inclined to accompany you, and expects to profit by the transaction.

5. Equally distrustful and inconvenient with these persons are the guides, or *ciceroni*, attached to certain palaces and other public places of attraction. They either gabble on with their rote description, or are morosely silent until asked questions, when they give the briefest replies in broken English or broken French, neither of which is very intelligible to the hearer. In Great Britain, of course, you get tolerably pure English from those people, but they are not free from the vice of telling their story rapidly—it is the same tale to everybody, delivered in the tone of an individual who is heartily sick of repeating the same thing a dozen times a day for months together. Interrupt any one of them with a proper question, and the thread of the story is broken—the question only answered with “I don’t know,” and then the narrative is *recommended*, that the narrator may get back with safety to the place whence he or she departed.

6. I remember visiting Melrose Abbey, in Scotland, celebrated in Walter Scott’s beautiful poem, “The Lay of the Last Minstrel.” As the guide was deliberately telling the story of the visit of William of Deloraine and the monk to the tomb of Michael Scott, the Wizard, I ventured to interrupt him with some remarks on the apocryphal character of the tale, upon which he turned round upon me and fiercely exclaimed, “It’s a’ true, for it is written in Walter Scott’s buik”! It was some time before he could recover his temper and the course of his narrative; and when all was over I pointed to a pile of stones, among which was a carved head of the Savior. “That,” said he, “is a head of Jupiter, found here among the ruins.”

“Nonsense,” I irreverently replied; “Jupiter was a heathen god, and the monks would never have had *his* image here.” “And what for no?” rejoined my irascible guide. “Were not a’ the monks heathens? Isn’t their religion heathenish?”

7. There was no battling with so obstinate a zealot, so I held my peace. At Abbotsford there are old guides, pensioners of the Scott family, who are as deaf as posts, and to half the questions put to them by inquiring and curious visitors, reply, “I dinna ken—I never heard.” What satisfaction can result from such guidance? It is as bad in France. If the description of the contents of the Gallery of Versailles be not read before a person goes to that glorious place of art, he will come away as wise as he went, for all he may get from the chaperon.

XXIII.—THE LYRE.

MILTON WARD.

1. There was a lyre, 'tis said, that hung
High waving in the summer air;
An angel hand its chords had strung,
And left to breathe its music there.
Each wandering breeze that o'er it flew,
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain
Than ever shell of mermaid blew
In coral grottoes of the main.

2. When, springing from the rose's bell,
Where all night he had sweetly slept,
The zephyr left the flowery dell,
Bright with the tears that morning wept,
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre
Waved lightly his soft azure wing;

What touch such music could inspire !
What harp such lays of joy could sing !
The murmurs of the shaded rills,
The birds that sweetly warbled by,
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not where that harp was nigh.

3. When the last light of fading day,
Along the bosom of the west,
In colors softly mingled lay,
While night had darkened all the rest, —
Then, softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay that rung
Wild through the silence of the night
As solemn Philomela sung,
That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed
Along the dewy breeze of even ;
So clear and soft they swelled and died,
They seemed the echoed songs of heaven.

4. Sometimes, when all the air was still,
And not the poplar's foliage trembled,
That harp was nightly heard to thrill
With tones, no earthly tones resembled.
And then upon the moon's pale beams,
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams
Would oft around the wild harp play.

5. But now the bloom of summer fled, —
In earth and air it shone no more ;
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,
While skies their wintry sternness wore.

One day, loud blew the northern blast,
The tempest's fury raged along ;—
Oh for some angel, as they passed,
To shield the harp of heavenly song !

6. It shrieked,—how could it bear the touch,
The cold, rude touch of such a storm,
When e'en the zephyr seemed too much
Sometimes, though always light and warm.
It loudly shrieked,—but ah ! in vain ;
The savage wind more fiercely blew ;
Once more,—it never shrieked again,
For every chord was torn in two !
It never thrilled with anguish more,
Though beaten by the wildest blast ;
The pang that thus its bosom tore
Was dreadful, but it was the last.
And though the smiles of summer played
Gently upon its shattered form,
And the light zephyrs o'er it strayed,
That lyre they could not wake or warm.

Questions.

What is the lesson taught by this selection ? Meaning of the expression, "shell of mermaid" ? Why were not the rills and the birds "heard where that harp was nigh" ? What is "Philomela" ? Why called "solemn" ? Meaning of "zephyr" ?

XXIV.—THE SOCIAL MEETING.

O. W. HOLMES.

1. I was sitting with my microscope, upon my parlor rug,
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug ;

The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,
But the humbug in the copper-plate would have them twice as
many.

2. And I thought, like Dr. Faustus, of the emptiness of art,
How we take a fragment for the whole, and call the whole a
part,

When I heard a heavy footstep that was loud enough for two,
And a man of forty entered, exclaiming, "How d'ye do?"

3. He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid flesh and bone;
He wore a Palo Alto hat; his weight was twenty stone;
(It's odd how hats expand their brims as riper years invade,
As if, when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for
shade!)

4. I lost my focus,—dropped my book,—the bug, who was a
flea,

At once exploded, and commenced experiments on me.
They have a certain heartiness that frequently appalls,—
Those mediæval gentlemen in semi-lunar smalls!

5. "My boy," he said (colloquial ways,—the vast, broad-
hatted man),

"Come dine with us on Thursday next,—you must, you know
you can;

We're going to have a roaring time, with lots of fun and noise,
Distinguished guests, *et cætera*, the Judge, and all the boys."

6. "Not so," I said; "my temporal bones are showing pretty
clear

It's time to stop, —just look and see that hair above this ear;
My golden days are more than spent; and, what is very
strange,

If these are real silver hairs, I'm getting lots of change.

7. "Besides—my prospects—don't you know that people
won't employ

A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy?
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root?

8. "It's a very fine reflection, when you're etching out a smile
On a copper-plate of faces that would stretch at least a mile,
That, what with sneers from enemies, and cheapening shrugs
of friends,

It will cost you all the earnings that a month of labor lends!

9. "It's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you're screwing out a
laugh,

That your very next year's income is diminished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus may go,
And the baby's milk is watered that your Helicon may flow!

10. "No:—the joke has been a good one,—but I'm getting
fond of quiet,

And I don't like deviations from my customary diet;
So I think I will not go with you to hear the toasts and
speeches,

But stick to old Montgom'ry Place, and have some pig and
peaches."

11. The fat man answered:—"Shut your mouth, and hear the
genuine creed;

The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed;
The force that wheels the planets round, delights in spinning
tops,

And that young earthquake t' other day was great at shaking
props.

Americans all — whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

2. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears — does he deem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, Sir; increased gratification and delight, rather.

3. I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, — may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

4. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return

Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood around the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

5. Mr. President, I will enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

6. And, Sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

ANALYSIS OF WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

Was this selection originally spoken or written? When and where? State the most important circumstances. How came such a speech to be made? Is it amusing or serious?

About important or trifling matters? Name some of the things talked about here. Does the speaker appear to have been much in earnest? Was it a passionate or dignified earnestness? Are the sentiments here expressed noble or mean? Point out some of them and show their character. [Appreciation of patriotism in persons unconnected with the speaker. Desire for a kindly feeling between different portions of the country. Patriotic love of the speaker for his own state, &c.] With what tone of voice, then, should it be read? speed? pitch? [With full, clear, dignified, sonorous tones, as of a man earnestly urging important and lofty principles, and also tones befitting the place of the debate.] Who constitute the Senate of the United States? To what state did the speaker belong? How have Massachusetts and South Carolina differed from each other? Mention as many particulars as you can. Give the principal facts in Mr. Webster's biography. What kind of man was he?

First Paragraph.

What is meant by a "eulogium"? Give the etymology. Who pronounced this one? Why should the speaker call Mr. Hayne "the honorable gentleman"? Had there been any intimation that he was dishonorable? What is meant by "Revolutionary merits"? Etymology of both words? What is meant by the phrase "goes before"? Was it a merit or demerit in Mr. Webster to "claim part of the honor"? Why? Had he any right to it? What is meant by "their talents and patriotism being circumscribed within the same narrow limits"? What narrow limits? Why narrow? Meaning and etymology of "circumscribed"? "patriotism"? "distinguished"? "concurrence"? "character"? Tell something about each person mentioned in this paragraph. Why are these names in the plural?

What is the first sentence about? What is said about it? What words are emphatic,—that is, what words ought to be spoken with most force? Suppose the speaker in this case had had only opportunity to say one word, which of them would best express the thought? [Other things being equal, the word, or group of words, expressing the new thought in the sentence should receive the main emphasis; in this sentence there are two, "eulogium" and "meets my concurrence."

Which thought is new ?] In the second sentence, what group of words contains at once the new and most important thought ? Should the voice rise or fall at the end of the first sentence ? What is the natural way, in most cases, of making direct and positive statements ? Try this sentence thoughtfully with both rising and falling inflections, and determine which is the better. [Most pupils will decide correctly upon such a question, but some will fail. These must be directed.] Take the same course with the second sentence. Emphatic words in the third sentence ? Inflection of the voice at the word "honor" ? "pride" ? At the close of the sentence ? Emphatic word in the fourth sentence ? [Here again it is the word containing the new and important thought.] What inflection of the voice at the word "countrymen" ? At the word "all" in the next sentence ? At the proper names respectively ? At the word "lines" ? [Expressing contempt.] At the word "limits" ? [The chief fall is on "same;" hence "limits" is not prominent.] Emphatic words in the sentence ? [In a comparison, the second member, and sometimes the first, also, is emphatic.]

Second Paragraph.

What is meant by "their day and generation" ? Why called "day and generation" ? Meaning of the clause, "and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country" ? Meaning of the word "of" in this clause ? "treasures" ? Why is this last word used ? Who is referred to in the second sentence ? What does the speaker seem to take for granted about him ? What must have been his name ? To whom does "he" refer ? "his" ? Meaning of "esteem" here ? To whom is this speech addressed ? Who is called "Sir" ? Who filled this office at this time ?

Meaning and etymology of "generation" ? "country" ? "renown" ? "treasures" ? "capable" ? "gratitude" ? "sympathy" ? "sufferings" ? "exhibit" ? "produce" ? "envy" ? What other word, in the paragraph, of the same origin with "gratitude" ? Define these words. Meaning and etymology of "delight" ?

What group of words is emphatic in the first clause of the first sentence ? What adjective very emphatic ? In the second clause what words emphatic ? Inflection upon the (first) word "country" ? Does the voice fall most on "whole" or

on the (second) word "country"? Emphatic word in the clause beginning "and their renown"? Inflection of the voice on "bears" in the next sentence? What two pairs of words in what remains of this sentence? [Each of these four words should receive a moderate emphasis.] Inflection at the close of this sentence? What words would be required to answer this question? [Questions that may be answered by "yes" or "no" are called "direct" questions, and usually require the rising inflection.] What group of words emphatic in the sentence beginning "Sir, does he suppose"? Inflection at the end of this sentence? Inflection upon "Sir" in the next sentence? Emphatic words here? Inflection upon "delight"? "rather"? [See note on "limits," in Par. I.]

Third Paragraph.

What spirit is meant by that "which is able to raise mortals to the skies"? by that "which would drag angels down"? What is "public merit"? What is it to "sneer at public merit"? Why should he call the limits of his state "little"? Is "neighborhood," as here used, more or less extensive than "state"? What "homage" is "due to talent"? What kind of patriotism is "elevated patriotism"? What is meant by an "uncommon endowment of Heaven"? What is it to be "moved by local prejudice"? [State clearly.] To be "gangrened by state jealousy"? What is the strict and proper meaning of "gangrene"? What is the resemblance between this strict meaning and the figurative meaning in this sentence? What is it to "abate"? Meaning of "tithe"? What is it, then, "to abate the tithe of a hair"? Where did Mr. Webster probably find the expression, "may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth"? The same writer who said this, said also, and for the same purpose, "let my right hand forget her cunning," [or skill]. Why did not Mr. Webster use the last expression instead of the other? Did he wish his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth? What did he mean, then?

Emphatic words before the first comma in the first sentence? What inflection upon "skies"? [The falling circumflex, or the curve of the voice ending in a downward slide. Here are two alternative propositions, the first of which is conceded not to be true, while the truth of the second

is affirmed as an offset. Let the pupils repeat the sentence, "If I cannot fly, I can walk." The word *skies* has the same slide as "fly" in this short sentence. There is at first a slight rise of the voice, then a *greater* fall. The inflection upon "down" should be exactly the opposite, that is, the rising circumflex.] Where and what is the chief clause in the next sentence? How many subsidiary or conditional clauses, and what are they? Does a conditional clause set forth a full and positive statement? What inflection then shall be given to "neighborhood"? "talent"? "patriotism"? "country"? What is the positive declaration in this sentence? What word just before this should receive the intensest rising inflection? [The word "fame," closing, as it does, the last conditional clause.] Carefully select, in this long sentence, all the emphatic words.

Fourth Paragraph.

"What is it to "recur to pleasing recollections"? Is there any idea in the clause, "let me indulge, &c.," that is not contained in the preceding? Difference between the two clauses? Name some of the "pleasing recollections." What is it to "indulge"? Why are these remembrances called "refreshing"? Are the words, recollections and remembrances, exactly synonymous? What times are the early times here referred to? Difference between "harmony of principle" and "harmony of feeling"? Find and state what the feeling between these states was for about twenty years after the Revolutionary war. Meaning of the expression, "would to God"? "shoulder to shoulder"? "hand in hand"? Why did not Mr. Webster say, "Hand in hand they went through the Revolution, shoulder to shoulder they stood round, &c."? What states were devoted supporters of Washington's administration? What was the real cause of the "unkind feeling" between Massachusetts and South Carolina? What is meant by "such soils"? What great arm is referred to in the last sentence?

Etymology and meaning of recur? recollection? indulge? cherished? harmony? principle? administration? support? alienation?

Inflection upon the word recollections? Is the clause ending here a positive or a conditional one? Emphatic word

2. No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

3. This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

4. And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage, sun-imbrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

5. Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And, in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

6. It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

7. Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored water less,
For in thy darkness and distress,
New light and strength they give.

8. And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

9. The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

10. Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

11. O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

12. I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm, — the struggle, — the relief, —
Then sleep we side by side.

Questions.

What is the lesson taught by this piece? Make a clear explanation of the allusion to fennel.

XXVII.—UNFINISHED PROBLEMS OF THE UNIVERSE.

O. M. MITCHEL.

1. I cannot detain you to speak of the other departments of astronomical observation, to which I have given much attention. Suffice it to say, we are now recording the places of the stars, in our observatory, with a rapidity and accuracy I think hitherto unheard of. The observer takes his place at the telescope. An assistant is located in such a manner as to read the difference of north polar distance between any assumed standard star and the stars whose places are required, and, just as fast as the stars can come into the field of view, we find it possible to mark their places, and fix their position, and catalogue their magnitudes and peculiarities. Thus we are sweeping a zone of five degrees in width, with an accuracy and precision equal to that of micrometric work. How many stars, think you, we are thus enabled to mark down in a single minute of time? I have taken that group of the Pleiades, and in five minutes I have fastened the places of from thirty to forty stars. In a single hour, in the richer portions of the Milky Way, in a zone of a single degree in width, I have recorded the places of more than one hundred stars.

2. I hope, therefore, that the time is coming when the stars cannot take refuge in their numbers and distance, and defy the power of man to dislodge them from the high concave in which they are entrenched. We shall grapple with them there; we shall hunt them down; we shall record their places; we shall number them as they come out from the depths of heaven under the penetrating gaze of the great telescopic eye which man has turned toward the stellar sphere! Will you do your part in this grand work? Are you ready to begin? Are you prepared to give a helping hand to the sentinel who gives his time, his talents, and all that he has on earth, to this grand and magnificent investigation?

3. We have passed from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. We have reached beyond the limits of this mighty stellar cluster with which we are allied. We have found other island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem still remains—Whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling around the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence, whence this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction? Is it all the work of chance?

4. I answer, No! It is not the work of chance. Who shall reveal to us the true cosmogony of the universe by which we are surrounded? Is it the work of an Omnipotent Architect? If so, who is this August Being? Go with me to-night, in imagination, and stand with old Paul, the great Apostle, upon Mars-hill, and there look around you as he did. Here rises that magnificent building, the Parthenon, sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. There towers her colossal statue, rising in its majesty above the city of which she was the guardian—the first object to catch the rays of the rising, and the last to be kissed by the rays of the setting, sun. There are the temples of all the gods; and there are the shrines of every divinity. And yet, I tell you these gods and these divinities, though created under the inspiring fire of poetic fancy and Greek imagination, never reared this stupendous structure by which we are surrounded. The Olympic Jove never built these heavens. The wisdom of Minerva never organized these magnificent systems. I say, with St. Paul, “Oh, Athenians, in all things I find you too superstitious; for, in passing along your streets, I find an altar inscribed, To the Unknown God—Him whom ye ignorantly worship; and this is the God I declare unto you—the God that made heaven and earth, who dwells not in temples made with hands.”

5. No, here is the temple of our Divinity. Around us and above us rise sun and system, cluster and universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun and from system to system—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity!

XXVIII.—THE COMET.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. Amongst professors of astronomy,
Adepts in the celestial economy,
The name of Herschel's very often cited;
And justly so, for he is hand and glove
With every bright intelligence above;
Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
Watching the stars upon the house's top,
That once upon a time he got benighted
2. In his observatory thus coquetting
With Venus, or with Juno gone astray,
All sublunary matters quite forgetting
In his flirtations with the winking stars,
Acting the spy,—it might be upon Mars—
A new Andre;
Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping
At Dian sleeping;
Or ogling through his glass
Some heavenly lass
Tripping with pails along the Milky Way;
Or looking at that wain of Charles, the Martyr's.
Thus he was sitting, watchman of the sky,

When lo! a something with a tail of flame
Made him exclaim,

“*My* stars!”—he always puts that stress on *my*—
“*My* stars and garters!

3. “A comet, sure as I’m alive!

A noble one as I should wish to view;
It can’t be Halley’s though, *that* is not due
Till eighteen thirty-five.

Magnificent!—how fine his fiery trail!

Zounds! ’tis a pity, though, he comes unsought—
Unasked—unreckoned,—in no human thought—
He ought—he ought—he ought
To have been caught

With scientific salt upon his tail!

4. “I looked no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear!

As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,
It really entered in my head
No more than Berenice’s Hair!”

Thus musing, heaven’s grand inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor,
Till John, the serving man, came to the upper
Regions, with, “Please your honor, come to supper.”

5. “Supper! good John, to-night I shall not sup,
Except on that phenomenon—look up!”

“Not sup!” cried John, thinking with consternation
That supping on a *star* must be *star*-vation,
Or ev’n to batten

On *ignes fatui* would never fatten.

His visage seemed to say,—that very odd is,—

But still his master the same tune ran on,

"I can't come down,—go to the parlor, John,
And say I'm supping with the heavenly bodies."

6. "The heavenly bodies!" echoed John, "ahem!"
His mind still full of famishing alarms,
"Zounds! if your honor sups with *them*,
In helping, somebody must make long arms!"
He thought his master's stomach was in danger,
But still in the same tone replied the knight,
"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite, —
Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger."
Quoth John, not much *au fait* in such affairs,
"Would n't the stranger take a bit down stairs?"

7. "No," said the master, smiling—and no wonder,
At such a blunder,
"The stranger is not quite the thing you think.
He wants no meat or drink,
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
He has a mouth,
Seeing his head and tail are joined together.
Behold him! there he is, John, in the south."
John looked up with his portentous eyes,
Each rolling like a marble in its socket.
At last the fiery tadpole spies,
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
"A rare good rocket!"

8. "A what? A rocket, John! Far from it!
What you behold, John, is a comet;
One of those most eccentric things
That in all ages
Have puzzled sages
And frightened kings:

With fear of change, that flaming meteor, John,
Perplexes sovereigns throughout its range."

"Do he," cried John;

"Well, let him flare on,
I have n't got no sovereigns to change!"

ANALYSIS OF THE COMET.

What kind of poetry is this? Give the reason for calling it poetry. [See Gray Old Man of the Mountain.] With what tone of voice should it be read? [Humorous pieces require a lively and brisk utterance, a comparatively high pitch, rapid rate, quick turns, numerous circumflexes, and varying force or loudness.]

First and Second Stanzas.

What are "professors of astronomy"? What is "the celestial economy"? What is it to be an "adept"? What is it to be "cited"? Who was "Herschel"? What is it to be "hand and glove"? How came this phrase to be used in this sense? Meaning of "every bright intelligence"? [In this selection the pun is occasionally used. This is "an expression in which two different applications of a word present an odd or ludicrous idea." Now, many of the heavenly bodies are called by the names of the ancient heathen deities, and hence the poet calls them intelligences. Thus he is enabled more easily to introduce the idea of intercourse between them and the astronomer. "Bright" is applicable to both ideas, that of shining stars and planets, and that of minds; hence, in this word we have a pun. The pupil should detect all these double senses, else much of the inimitable wit of the piece will escape him.] Is there any jest in the word "benighted"? At what time can observations best be made upon the stars? Would the peculiarity shown here in punctuation be admissible in grave composition? What is an "observatory"? What has he called it before? Give the two meanings of "Venus." To which would the idea of "coquetting" be applicable? The two meanings of "Juno"? What are "sublunary matters"? Double meaning of "winking"? of "acting the spy"? Why "upon Mars"? Why "a new Andre"? Give the story of Andre. Under what

circumstances were spies employed? Who was "Tom of Coventry"? Give the story about him. [See Webster's Dictionary, illustrated edition, page 1581, "Peeping Tom."] Who was "Dian"? Is any one of the heavenly bodies so called? What two meanings suggested by the word "glass"? Meaning of "ogling from his glass," as usually understood? Point out the jest in the line, "Tripping with pails, &c." Who was "Charles the Martyr"? What word rhymes with "Martyr's"? What is his "wain"? Double meaning of the word "stars"? Why are "garters" spoken of? What line in the sixth stanza suggests the explanation?

Etymology and meaning of professors? astronomy? adepts? celestial? economy? cited? justly? intelligence? custom? observatory? coquetting? sublunary? forgetting? matters? flirtations? ogling? flame? exclaim? stress?

On what word should the first falling inflection be? [On the word "Herschel,"—the culminating word of the first positive statement. The word "glove" in the second statement requires the same inflection, and for the same reason. "Above" should have the rising, because the line ending with it is a limitation upon the assertion, "He is hand and glove." The words "stop" and "top" are at the ends of conditional clauses, and the main positive affirmation is expressed by "benighted." The inflections should be more strongly marked than in grave composition.] In the second stanza, the inflections are mostly falling, because it is chiefly an enumeration of positive particulars. Show the exceptions to this statement. What word requires the rising circumflex?

Third Stanza.

Who speaks in this stanza? To whom is he speaking? What is a "comet"? What is meant by "Halley's"? [See "Halley", in any good biographical dictionary or work on astronomy.] What is meant by its being "due"? Whose "fiery trail"? Meaning of the expression, "'Tis a pity"? his coming "unreckoned"? What animals are spoken of as caught in the manner here referred to? What is meant then by his being "caught with scientific salt upon his tail"?

Etymology and meaning of comet? noble? sure? view? due? magnificent? zounds? pity? unsought? scientific? last?

Inflection upon "unsought"? [Repeat carefully this passage of two lines, ending with "thought," several times, and with different inflections,—falling, rising, and the falling and rising circumflex.]

Fourth Stanza.

Is it meant that he looked no more for it than he looked for the Great Bear, or than the Great Bear looked for it? What is the Great Bear? Why does he refer to "Tycho Brahe"? What "is as sure as Tycho Brahe is dead"? What jest in the expression, "It really entered in my head"? What is "Berenice's Hair"? Who was "Heaven's grand inquisitor"? What two meanings in this expression? Meaning of "thus musing"? What was the "uninvited visitor"? Meaning of "upper regions"? What names have been previously applied to the same thing? Meaning of "honor" in this case?

Etymology and meaning of declare? really? entered? musing? grand? inquisitor? uninvited? visitor? gazing? regions? please? honor? supper?

Fifth Stanza.

What is a "phenomenon"? What is it to "think with consternation"? Was this body properly a "star"? What is it to "batten"? What are "*ignes fatui*"? Why does the poet mention *ignes fatui*? What is the singular of this word? What is the jest in the word "fatten"? Whose "visage seemed to say"? What is a "visage"? What is "very odd"? What is meant by "the same tune ran on"? What does the master mean by saying that he is "supping with the heavenly bodies"?

Etymology and meaning of except? phenomenon? consternation? starvation? batten? *ignes fatui*? visage? master? parlor? heavenly?

Inflection on the word "supper"? Does it contain a positive statement or direction? Inflection on "sup"? "phenomenon"? ["Except on that phenomenon" is clearly conditional or limiting.] Inflection on "starvation"? [It is the emphatic word in a positive statement.] On "*ignes fatui*"? "fatten"? [The former is emphatic in a positive statement; the latter is conditional.]

Sixth Stanza.

Why is it said that "John echoed"? What is implied in the expression, "ahem"? Meaning of "zounds"? Why must "somebody make long arms"? Who was the "knight"? Where has this been previously alluded to? What is a "celestial stranger"? In what sense does John take the word "stranger"? Meaning of "*au fait*"? In what "affairs"? Meaning of the word "bit"?

Etymology and meaning of echoed? famishing? alarms? zounds? master? stomach? replied? knight? appetite? engaged? celestial? stranger? affairs? tone?

Seventh Stanza.

What was the blunder at which the master "smiled"? Where may it be said that the comet's "head and tail are joined together"? What are "portentous eyes"? What is called a "fiery tadpole"? Why so called? Meaning of "spies"? Why not "sces"? Meaning of "Vauxhall reminiscence"? What and where is "Vauxhall"? [See Lippincott's Gazetteer.] What is a "rocket"?

Etymology and meaning of wonder? reasonably? joined? portentous? marble? tadpole? reminiscence? rocket?

Eighth Stanza.

What two meanings suggested by the word "eccentric"? Who are "sages"? Meaning of "perplexes sovereigns"? of "meteor"? What is meant by "its range"? In what sense does John use the word sovereigns? What other word is here used in different senses by the two speakers?

Etymology and meaning of eccentric? meteor? perplexes? sovereigns? puzzled? change? flaming?

XXIX.—PROVIDENCE IN WAR.

S. D. BURCHARD.

1. War is at all times to be deprecated; but civil war, internecine strife, is the most relentless when the cause is least. History has revealed to us that an entire generation has passed away since the inception of the idea of secession.

Southern men, who despise the appellation of American, by their violent and unchecked language have sown discord among the masses; and, appealing to the very worst judges—their passions and their interests—they have declared that their property in human flesh and blood and bone and muscle, was not only in jeopardy, but could never be extended. Southern literature has been either bold for separation, or tinged deeply with allusions to secession, and the blessings consequent upon the independence of the Confederate States. To this end, reckless ambition and disappointed hope have been at work with an ardor worth a better cause. Our mints, our arsenals, our arms, our navy-yards, our ships, our officers—trained to the art of war at the public expense—were stolen and taken from us. And the North and the South are arrayed against each other with an army of hundreds of thousands on either side. The South threw down the gauntlet with a sneer, thinking the North too timid to take it up.

2. Do you ask the cause? Do not be misled by believing it a question of free trade or protection. The truth is this, and it cannot be concealed: An empire is sought to be established, whose foundation shall be slavery—hourly, daily, yearly, eternal bondage. The Northern mind,—the mind imbued with the religion of Jesus,—at once the praise, the honor, the savior of the land, abhors the perpetration of involuntary servitude, because it trembles at what God abhors. “He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death”—is the expression of God’s abhorrence of slavery; and the severity of the penalty is a proof of the greatness of the crime.

3. When the present executive was selected to office, he swore to uphold the laws and maintain the constitution. In the face of Heaven, that was his oath; and the Northern army gathered around him on the banks of the Potomac, in West-

ern Virginia, in Missouri and other places, and the vast navy, afloat and operating, part of which has struck a vital blow at rebellion on the very soil of those who brought about our troubles, and hope to escape their righteous retribution—are intended to demonstrate his sincerity, and his determination, at all hazards, to restore the integrity of the Union. But what is the integrity of the Union? Why are we at war? Surely not for an idea, but for a stern fact. In the hands of God, do we not esteem war as a punishment? And if there be punishment, something must exist for which we are punished.

4. National sins provoke God to anger; and when His fury is kindled, He permits war and desolation to come upon a people. This is our punishment—but that is not all. The object of punishment is reformation. We punish crime that we may repress it or prevent it. If, then, slavery be a sin, containing in itself the absolute total of every abomination known upon the earth, from murder downward—and that it is a sin, millions here hold in common with all Christendom—the restoration of the integrity of the Union must mean the restoration of the rebellious states with that eradicated which caused the rupture. Upon this hypothesis, and this alone, can we secure the smile of God. Then this war will purify; and, with its inevitable but tremendous evils, it will produce incalculable good.

5. Already, arguments are canvassed as to the disposition of slaves at the termination of the war. The huge confiscations by the South of Northern property will demand consideration in the settlement. But will the handing over of the human property of traitors, fighting against their country, to loyal Southerners, who have sacrificed all for their loyalty, meet the case? No—a thousand times, no! It would be but a distinction without a difference, and leave the matter more complicated than it now stands.

6. We owe a debt of gratitude to our brave and noble army—both officers and men—who have gone forth to do battle for the Union, to preserve our liberties intact and our country from division. Let us bear them in our prayers at the throne of grace, that the God of battles—the sword's great Arbiter—may support them in this righteous conflict, and protect them amid the dull cannon's roar, the murderous burst of shell, the hail of bullets, and the clash of steel.

7. The hosts who have rushed to the rescue at the call of danger, and who have measured weapons with the enemy, are fired with the ancient patriotism which changed those colonies into this republic. Those who wait to join the fray are patriots too, whose martial honor is as bright as ever glowed within human bosoms. From the North and the East and the West have they come, in all the vigor and strength and steadfastness of lusty manhood. The flower of the people are the nation's defenders.

8. Perilous days, undoubtedly, are those that are passing now. They are trying men's souls. But piety is enduring, and is certain to conquer. Faith lifts the veil that hides the unseen, and beholds, with Elisha, the horses and the chariots of fire. Engagements have been fought, and still will be. In the moment of the deadliest struggle, when the serried ranks of our troops shall press hard upon a desperate enemy—though portions of that foe shall lurk in ambush, in hope of dealing death to others, without exposure to themselves—God is present on the battle-field. And who that put their trust in Him did ever so in vain?

9. God is in the midst of the sea—in the calm and the storm and the tempest. God is with those who go down to the sea in ships, for commerce or for defensive war. Are there no horses or chariots of fire to surround the bows and sterns of the fleet? They were about Elisha on the mountain—they

are in the air, for they carried Elijah to glory; and, verily, they were in front of our armada on that historic day, and were to our veterans a wall of brass, when they captured the forts at Port Royal. An eye-witness says, "On no occasion have I had greater reason to thank the Almighty for bringing me through so many hair-breadth escapes as I this day experienced during the four hours we remained under the fire of the enemy's guns, which could only be likened to a shower of hail. The death-dealing missiles came so fast and thick that to the sacredness of our cause alone can we attribute the miraculousness of our not having to report a too dearly-bought victory."

10. Not twenty deaths resulted in the squadron from this terrific conflict, and this is but the commencement of the end. Have faith in God; cultivate a spirit of trust and gratitude. There are windows in heaven through which the Lord is watching the progress of this mighty struggle. We may expect emergencies—great emergencies; but, under God, they will be the means of developing great men—men of enlarged comprehension—patriots of singular wisdom—men of unity of feeling and of purpose—men rather attached to principles than solicitous of results—Heaven-sent men—the right men in the right place at the right time—men who will scorn a compromise, but who will heal a breach.

11. Let us, then, prayerfully look forward to the time of conscientious and fraternal reconciliation; when the crimes of the present shall pass into history; when Reason shall again assume her sway; when the fiat shall be shouted—

"Plant that flag
On fort and crag,

With the people's voice of thunder!"

and the flag of our Union shall float once more on the breeze, from every arsenal and public building in every State, and be

loved and revered as heretofore, without the subtraction of one solitary star, without the erasure of a single stripe, and with all its original luster undimmed, untarnished, unobscured.

May God preserve the Union ! May it be disrupted never — never !

XXX.—MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.

HENRY CLAY.

1. I will not trespass much longer upon the time of the committee; but I trust I shall be indulged with some few reflections upon the danger of permitting the conduct on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this House. Recall to your mind the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now ?

“Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A school-boy’s tale, the wonder of an hour.”

And how have they lost their liberties ? If we could transport ourselves back to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian whether he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, No ! no ! we have nothing to fear from our heroes ; our liberties shall be eternal.

2. If a Roman citizen had been asked whether he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet ~~Greece~~ fell ; Cæsar passed the

Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country! The celebrated Madame de Staël, in her last and perhaps her best work, has said, that in the very year, almost the very month, when the president of the directory declared that monarchy would never show its frightful head in France, Bonaparte with his grenadiers entered the palace of St. Cloud, and, dispersing with the bayonet the deputies of the people, deliberating on the affairs of the state, laid the foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which overshadowed all Europe.

3. I hope not to be misunderstood; I am far from intimating that General Jackson cherishes any designs inimical to the liberties of the country. I believe his intentions to be pure and patriotic. I thank God that he would not, but I thank Him still more that he could not if he would, overturn the liberties of the Republic. But precedents, if bad, are fraught with the most dangerous consequences. Man has been described, by some of those who have treated of his nature, as a bundle of habits. The definition is much truer when applied to governments. Precedents are their habits. There is one important difference between the formation of habits by an individual and by governments. He contracts it only after frequent repetition. A single instance fixes the habit and determines the direction of governments.

4. Against the alarming doctrine of unlimited discretion in our military commanders, when applied even to prisoners of war, I must enter my protest. It begins upon them; it will end on us. I hope our happy form of government is to be perpetual. But if it is to be preserved, it must be by the practice of virtue, by justice, by moderation, by magnanimity, by greatness of soul, by keeping a watchful and steady eye on the executive; and, above all, by holding to a strict accountability the military branch of the public force.

5. We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten and animate and gladden the human heart. Obscure that, by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness.

6. To you, Mr. Chairman, belongs the high privilege of transmitting unimpaired to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust, by trampling or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity and cruelty and ambition? When the minions of despotism heard, in Europe, of the seizure of Pensacola, how did they chuckle, and chide the admirers of our institutions, tauntingly pointing to the demonstration of a spirit of injustice and aggrandizement made by our country, in the midst of an amicable negotiation! Behold, said they, the conduct of those who are constantly reproaching kings! You saw how those admirers were astounded and hung their heads. You saw, too, when that illustrious man who presides over us, adopted his pacific, moderate, and just course, how they once more lifted up their heads, with exultation and delight beaming in their countenances. And you saw how those minions themselves were finally compelled to unite in the general praises bestowed upon our government. Beware how you forfeit this exalted character. Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two-score years old,

to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

7. I hope gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition; they may even vote the General the public thanks; they may carry him triumphantly through this House. But, if they do, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination, a triumph of the military over the civil authority, a triumph over the powers of this House, a triumph over the constitution of the land; and I pray most devoutly to Heaven, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.

XXXI.—GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

ROBERT SOUTHY.

1. The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see, all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

2. Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

3. At last, Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

4. Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near.
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

5. Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on God they call,
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

6. "I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

7. So then to his palace returnèd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

8. In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

9. As he looked, there came a man from his farm ;
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
"My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

10. Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,—
“Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly!” quoth he,
“Ten thousand rats are coming this way,—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday.”

11. “I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,” replied he,
“’Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the waters deep.”

12. Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten’d away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

13. He laid him down and closed his eyes,—
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

14. He listened and looked; it was only the cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

15. For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

16. They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more.
Such numbers had never been heard of before;
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

17. Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

18. And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

19. They have whetted their teeth against the stones;
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

XXXII.—WE CHERISH THE MEMORY OF OUR HONORED DEAD.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. It has been the custom, from the remotest antiquity, to preserve and to hand down to posterity, in bronze and in marble, the counterfeit presentment of illustrious men. Within the last few years modern research has brought to light, on the banks of the Tigris, huge slabs of alabaster, buried for ages, which exhibit in relief the faces and the persons of men who governed the primeval East in the gray dawn of history. Three thousand years have elapsed since they lived and reigned and built palaces and fortified cities and waged war, and gained victories of which the trophies are carved upon these monumental tablets,—the triumphal

procession, the chariots laden with spoil, the drooping captive, the conquered monarch in chains,—but the legends inscribed upon the stone are imperfectly deciphered, and little beyond the names of the personages, and the most general tradition of their exploits is preserved.

2. In like manner the obelisks and the temples of ancient Egypt are covered with the sculptured images of whole dynasties of Pharaohs,—older than Moses, older than Joseph, whose titles are recorded in the hieroglyphics with which the granite is charged, and which are gradually yielding up their long concealed mysteries to the sagacity of modern criticism. The plastic arts, as they passed into Hellas, with all the other arts which give grace and dignity to our nature, reached a perfection unknown to Egypt or Assyria; and the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome, immortalized by the sculptor, still people the galleries and museums of the modern world.

3. In every succeeding age and in every country, in which the fine arts have been cultivated, the respect and affection of survivors have found a pure and rational gratification in the historical portrait and the monumental statue of the honored and loved in private life, and especially of the great and good who have deserved well of their country. Public esteem and confidence and private affection, the gratitude of the community and the fond memories of the fire-side have ever sought, in this way, to prolong the sensible existence of their beloved and respected objects. What though the dear and honored features and person on which, while living, we never gazed without tenderness or veneration, have been taken from us,—something of the loveliness, something of the majesty abides in the portrait, the bust, and the statue. The heart bereft of the living originals turns to them; and, cold and silent as they are, they strengthen and animate the

cherished recollections of the loved, the honored, and the lost.

4. The skill of the painter and sculptor, which thus comes in aid of the memory and imagination, is, in its highest degree, one of the rarest, as it is one of the most exquisite, accomplishments within our attainment, and in its perfection as seldom witnessed as the perfection of speech or of music. The plastic hand must be moved by the same ethereal instinct as the eloquent lips or the recording pen. The number of those who, in the language of Michael Angelo, can discern the finished statue in the heart of the shapeless block, and bid it start into artistic life,—who are endowed with the exquisite gift of molding the rigid bronze or the lifeless marble into graceful, majestic, and expressive forms,—is not greater than the number of those who are able, with equal majesty, grace, and expressiveness, to make the spiritual essence,—the finest shades of thought and feeling,—sensible to the mind, through the eye and the ear, in the mysterious embodiment of the written and the spoken word. If Athens, in her palmyest days, had but one Pericles, she had also but one Phidias.

5. Nor are these beautiful and noble arts, by which the face and the form of the departed are preserved to us,—calling into the highest exercise, as they do, all the imitative and idealizing powers of the painter and the sculptor,—the least instructive of our teachers. The portraits and the statues of the honored dead kindle the generous ambition of the youthful aspirant to fame. Themistocles could not sleep for the trophies in the Ceramicus; and when the living Demosthenes had ceased to speak, the stony lips remained to rebuke and exhort his degenerate countrymen. More than a hundred years have elapsed since the great Newton passed away; but from age to age his statue by Roubillac, in the

ante-chapel of Trinity College, will give distinctness to the conceptions formed of him by hundreds and thousands of ardent youthful spirits, filled with reverence for that transcendent intellect, which, from the phenomena that fall within our limited vision, deduced the imperial law by which the Sovereign Mind rules the entire universe. We can never look on the person of Washington; but his serene and noble countenance, perpetuated by the pencil and the chisel, is familiar to far greater multitudes than ever stood in his living presence, and will be thus familiar to the latest generation.

6. What parent, as he conducts his son to Mount Auburn or to Bunker Hill, will not, as he passes before their monumental statues, seek to heighten his reverence for virtue, for patriotism, for science, for learning, for devotion to the public good, as he bids him contemplate the form of that grave and venerable Winthrop, who left his pleasant home in England to come and found a new republic in this untrodden wilderness; of that ardent and intrepid Otis, who first struck out the spark of American independence; of that noble Adams, its most eloquent champion on the floor of Congress; of that martyr, Warren, who laid down his life in its defense; of that self-taught Bowditch, who, without a guide, threaded the starry mazes of the heavens; of that Story, honored at home and abroad as one of the brightest luminaries of the law, and, by a felicity of which I believe there is no other example, admirably portrayed in marble by his son?

7. What citizen of Boston, as he accompanies the stranger around our streets,—guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharves crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate,—up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not, as he

calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim, "Boston takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices in her beautiful environs, she is grateful for her material prosperity; but, richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of sea-girt islets, lovelier than this encircling panorama of land and sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and stream, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted; the character, services, and fame of those who have benefited and adorned their day and generation. Our children and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens and the services they have rendered,—these are our jewels,—these our abiding treasures."

8. Yes, your long rows of quarried granite may crumble to the dust; the cornfields in yonder villages, ripening to the sickle, may, like the plains of stricken Lombardy, a few weeks ago, be kneaded into bloody clods by the madding wheels of artillery; this populous city, like the old cities of Etruria and Campagna Romagna, may be desolated by the pestilence which walketh in darkness,—may decay with the lapse of time, and the busy mart, which now rings with the joyous din of trade, become as lonely and still as Carthage or Tyre, as Babylon or Nineveh: but the names of the great and good shall survive the desolation and the ruin; the memory of the wise, the brave, the patriotic shall never perish.

9. Yes, Sparta is a wheat-field; a Bavarian prince holds court at the foot of the Acropolis; the traveling *virtuoso* digs for marble in the Roman Forum, and beneath the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; but Lycurgus and Leonidas, and Miltiades and Demosthenes, and Cato and Tully "still live"; and HE* still lives, and all the great and good shall live in the heart of ages, while marble and bronze

* Daniel Webster.

shall endure; and when marble and bronze have perished, they shall "still live" in memory, so long as men shall reverence law, and honor patriotism, and love liberty!

XXXIII.—THE VETO POWER.

HENRY CLAY.

1. Mr. President, I protest against the right of any chief to come into either House of Congress, and scrutinize the motives of its members; to examine whether a measure has been passed with promptitude or repugnance; and to pronounce upon the willingness or unwillingness with which it has been adopted or rejected. It is an interference in concerns which partake of a domestic nature. The official and constitutional relations between the President and the two Houses of Congress subsist with them as organized bodies. His action is confined to their consummated proceedings, and does not extend to measures in their incipient stages, during their progress through the Houses, nor to the motives by which they are actuated.

2. There are some parts of this message that ought to excite deep alarm; and that especially in which the President announces that each public officer may interpret the constitution as he pleases. His language is, "Each public officer who takes an oath to support the constitution, swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others." "The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the judges; and on that point the President is independent of both." Now, Mr. President, I conceive, with great deference, that the President has mistaken the purport of the oath to support the constitution of the United States.

No one swears to support it as he understands it, but to support it simply as it is in truth. All men are bound to obey the laws, of which the constitution is the supreme; but must they obey them as they are, or as they understand them?

3. If the obligation of obedience is limited and controlled by the measure of information; in other words, if the party is bound to obey the constitution only *as he understands it*, what will be the consequence? The judge of an inferior court will disobey the mandate of a superior tribunal, because it is not in conformity to the constitution *as he understands it*; a custom-house officer will disobey a circular from the treasury department, because contrary to the constitution *as he understands it*; an American minister will disregard an instruction from the President, communicated from the department of state, because not agreeable to the constitution *as he understands it*; and a subordinate officer in the army or navy will violate the orders of his superiors, because they are not in accordance with the constitution *as he understands it*.

4. We shall have nothing settled, nothing stable, nothing fixed. There will be general disorder and confusion throughout every branch of the administration, from the highest to the lowest officer—universal nullification. For, what is the doctrine of the President but that of South Carolina applied throughout the Union? The President independent both of Congress and the Supreme Court! Only bound to execute the laws of the one and the decisions of the other as far as they conform to the constitution of the United States *as he understands it*! Then it should be the duty of every President, on his installation into office, carefully to examine all the acts in the statute book, approved by his predecessors, and mark out those which he is resolved not to execute; and to which he means to apply this

new species of veto, because they are repugnant to the constitution *as he understands it*. And, after the expiration of every term of the Supreme Court, he should send for the record of its decisions, and discriminate between those which he will, and those which he will not, execute, because they are or are not agreeable to the constitution *as he understands it*.

5. Mr. President, we are about to close one of the longest and most arduous sessions of Congress under the present constitution; and when we return among our constituents what account of the operations of their government shall we be bound to communicate? We shall be compelled to say that the Supreme Court is paralyzed, and the missionaries retained in prison in contempt of its authority and in defiance of numerous treaties and laws of the United States; that the executive, through the secretary of the Treasury, sent to Congress a tariff bill which would have destroyed numerous branches of our domestic industry; and, to the final destruction of all, that the veto has been applied to the bank of the United States, our only reliance for a sound and uniform currency; that the Senate has been violently attacked for the exercise of a clear constitutional power; that the House of Representatives have been unnecessarily assailed; and that the President has promulgated a rule of action for those who have taken the oath to support the constitution of the United States, that must, if there be practical conformity to it, introduce general nullification, and end in the absolute subversion of the government.

XXXIV.—THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1. The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high ;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known ;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne !
2. Who serves to-day, upon the list
Beside the served shall stand ;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand !
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day ;
And sleekest broad-cloth counts no more
Than home-spun frock of gray.
3. To-day let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide ;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land ;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand !
4. While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than mammon's vilest dust,

While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

XXXV.—RESPONSIBILITY OF A REPRESENTATIVE.

EDMUND BURKE.

[From an address to his constituents on being elected a member of the English Parliament for the city of Bristol.]

1. I am sorry I cannot conclude without saying a word on a topic touched upon by my worthy colleague. I wish that topic had been passed by, at a time when I have so little leisure to discuss it. But since he has thought proper to throw it out, I owe you a clear explanation of my poor sentiments on that subject. He tells you that "the topic of instructions has occasioned much altercation and uneasiness in this city"; and he expresses himself (if I understand him rightly) in favor of the coercive authority of such instructions.

2. Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion high respect; their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions to theirs; and, above all, ever and in all cases, to prefer their interests to his own. But his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of living men. These he does not derive from

your pleasures; no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

3. My worthy colleague says his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

4. To deliver an opinion is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear, and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instruction, *mandates* issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience,—these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution.

5. Parliament is not a *congress* of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a *deliberative* assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member, indeed, but when you have chosen him, he

is not a member of Bristol, but he is a member of *Parliament*. If the local constituent should have an interest, or should form a hasty opinion, evidently opposite to the real good of the community, the member for that place ought to be as far as any other from any endeavor to give it effect.

6. I beg pardon for saying so much on this subject. I have been unwillingly drawn into it; but I shall ever use a respectful frankness of communication with you. Your faithful friend, your devoted servant, I shall be to the end of my life; a flatterer you do not wish for. On this point of instruction, however, I think it scarcely possible we ever can have any sort of difference. Perhaps I may give you too much, rather than too little, trouble.

7. From the first hour I was encouraged to court your favor, to this happy day of obtaining it, I have never promised you anything but humble and persevering endeavors to do my duty. The weight of that duty, I confess, makes me tremble; and whoever well considers what it is, of all things in the world, will fly from what has the least likeness to a positive and precipitate engagement. To be a good member of Parliament is, let me tell you, no easy task; especially at this time, when there is so strong a disposition to run into the perilous extremes of servile compliance or wild popularity.

8. To unite circumspection with vigor is absolutely necessary; but it is extremely difficult. We are now members for a rich commercial *city*; this city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial *nation*, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which, however, is itself but part of a great *empire*, extended, by our virtue and our fortune, to the farthest limits of the east and of the west. All these wide-spread interests must be considered; must be compared; must be reconciled if possible. We are members for a *free*

country ; and surely we all know that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing, but as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable. We are members in a great and ancient *monarchy*, and we must preserve religiously the true legal rights of the sovereign, which form the key-stone that binds together the noble and well-constructed arch of our empire and our constitution. A constitution made up of balanced powers must ever be a critical thing. As such I mean to touch that part of it which comes within my reach. I know my inability, and I wish for support from every quarter. In particular, I shall aim at the friendship, and shall cultivate the best correspondence, of the worthy colleague you have given me.

XXXVI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

[From a speech to his constituents on failing to be re-elected.]

1. When we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience. But if it may be doubted whether Omnipotence itself is competent to alter the essential constitution of right and wrong, sure I am that such *things* as they and I are possessed of no such power. No man carries further than I do the policy of making government pleasing to the people. But the widest range of this politic complaisance is confined within the limits of justice. I would not only consult the interest of the people, but I would cheerfully gratify their humors. We are all a sort of children that must be soothed and managed. I think I am not austere or formal in my nature. I would bear, I would even myself play my part in, any innocent buffooneries to divert them. But I will never act

the tyrant for their amusement. If they will mix malice in their sports, I shall never consent to throw them any living, sentient creature whatsoever,—no, not so much as a kitling, —to torment.

2. “But if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected into Parliament.” It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of Parliament to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects in order to retain my seat. I deceive myself, indeed, most grossly, if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life hidden in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things, than to be placed on the most splendid throne of the universe, tantalized with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse.

3. Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good-will of his countrymen;—if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book;—I might wish to read a page or two more—but this is enough for my measure. I have not lived in vain.

4. And now, Gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality or of neglect of duty. It is not said, that, in the long period of my service, I have, in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or to my fortune. It is not alleged that, to gratify any anger or revenge, of my own or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind,—that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me.—In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress—I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted.

XXXVII.—THE EVE OF ELECTION.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1. From gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

2. In its pale fire
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls,
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

3. O'er fallen leaves
The west wind grieves,
Yet comes a seed time round again ;
And morn shall see
The state sown free
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

4. Along the street
The shadows meet
Of destiny, whose hands conceal
The molds of fate
That shape the state,
And make or mar the common weal.

5. Around I see
The powers that be ;
I stand by empire's primal springs :
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !

6. Hark ! through the crowd
The laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
God save the land
A careless hand
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon.

7. No jest is this ;
One cast amiss
May blast the hope of freedom's year.
O take me where
Are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear !

8. Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float ;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act,
Of freedom, is the freeman's vote.

9. For pearls that gem
A diadem
The diver in the deep sea dies ;
The regal right
We boast to-night
Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

10. The blood of Vane,
His prison pain
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,
And hers whose faith
Drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russel up to God !

11. Our hearts grow cold :
We lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain —
The stake, the cord,
The ax, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

12. The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms, —
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms !

13. Look from the sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Till, in the sight
Of thy pure light,
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

14. Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,—
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

15. To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

16. So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

XXXVIII.—AN ORATION ON LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

1. Overtopping all others in character, La Fayette was conspicuous also in debate. Especially was he aroused whenever human liberty was in question; nor did he hesitate to

vindicate the great revolution in France, at once in its principles and in its practical results; boldly declaring that its evils were to be referred, not so much to the bad passions of men, as to those timid counsels which instituted compromise for principle.

2. His parliamentary career was interrupted by an episode which belongs to the poetry of history—his visit to the United States upon the invitation of the American Congress. The Boston poet at that time gave expression to the universal feeling when he said,

We bow not the neck, we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, La Fayette, we surrender to thee.

As there never was such a guest, so there never was such a host; and yet, throughout all his transcendent hospitality, binding him by new ties, he kept the loyalty of his heart—he did not forget the African slave. But his country had further need of his services. Charles X. undertook to subvert the charter under which he held his crown, and Paris was again aroused, and France was heaving again. Then did all eyes turn to the patriot farmer of Lagrange—to the hero already of two revolutions—to inspire confidence alike by his bravery and by his principles. Now seventy-three years of age, with a few friends, among whom was a personal friend of my own—whom some of you also know, Dr. Howe, of Boston,—he passed through the streets, where the conflict was hotly raging, and across the barricades, to the City Hall, when he was again placed at the head of the national guard of France.

3. "Liberty shall triumph," said he in his first proclamation, "or we will perish together." Charles X. fell before the words of that old man. The destinies of France were again in his hand. He might have made himself Dictator; he might have established a republic of which he might have

been chief; but, mindful of that moderation which was the rule of his life, unwilling to hazard again the civil conflict which had drenched France with fraternal blood, he proposed a popular throne surrounded by popular institutions. The Duke of Orleans, as Louis Philippe, became king of France. Unquestionably his own desire was for a republic, upon the American model; but he gave up this darling desire of his heart, satisfied that, at least, liberty was secured. If this was not so, it was because, for a moment, he had put his trust in princes.

4. He again withdrew to his farm, but his heart was wherever liberty was in question—now with the Pole, now with the Italian, now with the African slave. For the rights of the latter he had unfailing sympathy, and upon the principle, as he expressed it, “Every slave has the right of immediate emancipation, by the concession of his master or by force, and this principle no man can call in question.” Tenderly he approached this great question of our own country, but the constancy with which he did it shows that it haunted and perplexed him like a sphynx, with a perpetual riddle. He could not understand how men who had fought for their own liberty could deny liberty to others. But he did not despair; although at one time in his old age his impatient philanthropy broke forth in the declaration, that he never would have drawn the sword for America had he known that it was to found a government that sanctioned human slavery.

5. The time was now at hand when his great career was to close. Being taken ill, at first with a cold, the Chamber of Deputies inquired of his son after his health; and upon the next day, May 20, 1834, he died, at the age of seventy-seven. The ruling passion was strong to the last. As at the beginning, so at the end, he was all for freedom; and the

last lines traced by his hand, which he rose from his death-bed to write, attest his joy at that great act of emancipation by which England, at an expense of a hundred million dollars, had given freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves. "Nobly," he writes,—and these were the last words of your benefactor,—“nobly has the public treasure been employed.” And these last words, speaking from the tomb, still sound in our ears. Such was La Fayette. At the tidings of his death there was mourning in two hemispheres, and the saying of Pericles was again fulfilled, for the whole earth was the sepulcher of the illustrious man.

“Not to those chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A purer spirit, or a fairer shade.”

6. Judge him by what he did throughout a long life, and you must confess his greatness. Judge him by the principles of his life, and you must bend with reverence before him. In all history he stands alone. There is no one who has done so much for human freedom. In youth showing the firmness of age, and in age showing the ardor of youth; trampling upon the prejudices of birth, upon the seductions of power, upon the blandishments of wealth, setting aside the favor even of that people whom he loved so well; whether placed at the height of worldly ambition, or plunged in the vaults of a dungeon, always true to the same principle.

7. Great he was, indeed, not as an author, although he has written what we are all glad to read; not as an orator, although he has spoken often and well; not as a soldier, although always brave, and often working miracles of genius; not as a statesman, although versed in government and intuitively perceiving the relations of men and nations;—not on these accounts is he great; but he is great as one of the world's

benefactors, who possessed the largest measure of that greatest gift of God to man—the genius of beneficence. And great he is as an example, which, so long as history endures, shall teach all—the author, the orator, the soldier, the statesman,—all alike to labor, and, if need be, to suffer, for human right. The fame of such a character, brightening with the advance of civilization, can find no limit except in earthly gratitude.

XXXIX.—THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

1. It was a starry night in June, the air was soft and still,
When the minute-men from Cambridge came, and gathered
on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the
fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms
beat,
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
“We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the
dead!”

2. “Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it
on the sward!”
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we utter not a
word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mattock and with
spade,—
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound was made;
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket cliok, and heard him cry,
“All's well!”

3. And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the
deep,

In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.

Sleep on, ye bloody hireling crew ! In careless slumber lie !

The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad
and high.

No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in
check,

The drum that beat in Louisburg and thundered in Quebec !

4. See how the morn is breaking ! the red is in the sky ;

The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by ;

The *Lively's* hull looms through the fog, and they our works
have spied,

For the ruddy flash and round-shot part in thunder from her
side ;

And the *Falcon* and the *Cerberus* make every bosom thrill,

With gun and shell and drum and bell and boatswain's
whistle shrill ;

But deep and wider grows the trench as spade and mattock
ply,

For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing
nigh.

5. Up with the pine-tree banner ! Our gallant Prescott
stands

Amid the plunging shell and shot, and plants it with his
hands ;

Up with the shout, for Putnam comes upon his reeking bay,

With bloody spur and foaming bit, in haste to join the fray ;

And Pomeroy, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush
and sweat,

Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet

6. Hark ! from the town a trumpet ! The barges at the
wharf
Are crowded with the living freight, and now they 're pushing
off ;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright
array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay !
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports
sweep.

7. And now they 're forming at the Point, and now the
lines advance ;
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance ;
We hear anear the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge
ring ;
Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and rolls from
wing to wing ;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its
gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb !
And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite in all its stubborn strength ;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged ramparts,
burst
From every gun the livid light, upon the foe accursed !

8. Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born
people's ire ;
Then drank the sword the veteran's life, where swept the
yeoman's fire ;
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns
reel

And fall, as falls the bearded grain beneath the reaper's
steel!

And then arose a mighty shout, that might have waked the
dead,—

“Hurrah! they run—the field is won! Hurrah! the foe
is fled!”

And every man has dropped his gun to catch his neighbor's
hand,

As his heart kept praying all the time for home and native
land.

9. Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice ten
thousand foes,

And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory
rose;

And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in
the skies,

We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls the flaming col-
umns rise,

Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the
fight,

Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-
stained height.

10. What though for us no laurels bloom, and o'er the
nameless brave

No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch records a warrior's
grave?

What though the day to us was lost? Upon the deathless
page

The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!

For man hath broke his felon bonds and cast them in the
dust,

And claimed his heritage divine, and justified his trust;

While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom
pour,
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest
skies,
He saw above the ruined world the bow of promise rise !

Questions.

Where was this battle fought? Point out the locality on the map. Upon what water did the "barges" float? In what "town" was the "trumpet" blown? To what town did the "wharf" belong? On which side of the water was the "Point"? Who were carried in the barges? [Let the pupil get a clear idea of the relative position of Boston and Charlestown, and also of all the monuments mentioned. This selection is admirably adapted to thorough analysis and questioning.]

XL.—PROCLAMATION ON NULLIFICATION.

ANDREW JACKSON.

1. The ordinance, with the same knowledge of the future that characterizes a former objection, tells you that the proceeds of the tax will be unconstitutionally applied. If this could be ascertained with certainty, the objection would, with more propriety, be reserved for the law applying the proceeds, but surely cannot be urged against the laws levying the duty.

2. These are the allegations contained in the ordinance. Examine them seriously, my fellow-citizens—judge for yourselves. I appeal to you to determine whether they are so clear, so convincing, as to leave no doubt of their correctness; and, even if you should come to this conclusion, how far they justify the reckless, destructive course which you are directed to pursue. Review these objections, and the conclusions drawn from them, once more. What are they? Every law,

then, for raising revenue, according to the South Carolina ordinance, may be rightfully annulled, unless it be so framed as no law ever will or can be framed. Congress has a right to pass laws for raising revenue, and each state has a right to oppose their execution,—two rights directly opposed to each other ; and yet, is this absurdity supposed to be contained in an instrument drawn for the express purpose of avoiding collision between the states and the general government, by an assembly of the most enlightened statesmen and purest patriots ever embodied for a similar purpose.

3. In vain have these sages declared that Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises,—in vain have they provided that they shall have power to pass laws which shall be necessary and proper to carry those powers into execution, that those laws and that constitution shall be the “supreme law of the land ; and that the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.” In vain have the people of the several states solemnly sanctioned these provisions, made them their paramount law, and individually sworn to support them whenever they were called on to execute any office.

4. Vain provisions ! ineffectual restrictions ! vile profanation of oaths ! miserable mockery of legislation ! if a bare majority of voters in any one state may, on a real or supposed knowledge of the intent with which a law has been passed, declare themselves free from its operation,—say here it gives too little, there too much, and operates unequally,—here it suffers articles to be free that ought to be taxed ; there it taxes those that ought to be free,—in this case the proceeds are intended to be applied to purposes which we do not approve, in that the amount raised is more than is wanted. Congress, it is true, is invested by the constitution

with the right of deciding these questions according to its sound discretion. Congress is composed of the representatives of all the states, and of all the people of all the states, but *we*, part of the people of one state, to whom the constitution has given no power on the subject, from whom it has expressly taken it away,—*we*, who have solemnly agreed that this constitution shall be our law,—*we* now abrogate this law, and swear, and force others to swear, that it shall not be obeyed,—and we do this, not because Congress has no right to pass such laws; this we do not allege; but because it has passed them with improper views. They are unconstitutional, from the motives of those who passed them—which we can never with certainty know; from their unequal operations—although it is impossible, from the nature of things, that they should be equal; and from the disposition which we presume may be made of their proceeds—although that disposition has not been declared. This is the plain meaning of the ordinance in relation to laws which it abrogates for alleged unconstitutionality.

5. But it does not stop here. It repeals, in express terms, an important part of the constitution itself, and of laws passed to give it effect, which have never been alleged to be unconstitutional. The constitution declares that the judicial power of the United States extends to cases arising under the laws of the United States, and that such laws, the constitution, and treaties shall be paramount to the state constitutions and laws. The judiciary act prescribes the mode by which the case may be brought before a court of the United States, by appeal, when a state tribunal shall decide against the provision of the constitution and laws of the United States; forces judges and jurors to swear that they will disregard their provisions, and even makes it penal in a suitor to attempt relief by appeal. It further declares that it shall

not be lawful for the authorities of the United States or of that state to enforce the payment of duties imposed by the revenue laws within its limits.

6. Here is a law of the United States, not even pretended to be unconstitutional, repealed by the authority of a small majority of the votes of a single state. Here is a provision of the constitution which is solemnly abrogated by the same authority.

XLI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. I have urged you to look back to the means that were used to hurry you on to the position you have now assumed, and forward to the consequences it will produce. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country of which you still form an important part; consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection so many different states—giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of AMERICAN CITIZENS—protecting their commerce—securing their literature and arts—facilitating their intercommunication—defending their frontiers—and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth! Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in the arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, morality, and general information into every cottage in this wide extent of our territories and states! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and oppressed find a refuge and support!

2. Look on this picture of happiness and honor, and say, WE, TOO, ARE CITIZENS OF AMERICA—Carolina is one of

these proud states ; her arms have defended—her best blood has cemented, this happy Union ! And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse, This happy Union we will dissolve ; this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface ; this free intercourse we will interrupt ; these fertile fields we will deluge with blood ; the protection of that glorious flag we renounce ; the very name of Americans we discard. And for what, mistaken men ? For what do you throw away these inestimable blessings—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union ? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence upon a foreign power. If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation ? Are you united at home—are you free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences ? Do our neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution or contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy ?

3. But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject ; my duty is emphatically pronounced in the constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution deceived you ; they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is “disunion” ; but be not deceived by names ; disunion by armed force is TREASON. Are you really ready to incur its guilt ? If you are, on the head of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences—on their heads be the dishonor ; but on yours may fall the punishment—on

your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country.

4. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion, of which you would be the first victims. Its first magistrate cannot, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty. The consequences must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world. Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal; it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union to support which so many of them fought and bled and died.

5. I adjure you, as you honor their memory—as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your state the disorganizing edict of its convention—bid its members re-assemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor,—tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all—declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the constitution of your country!—its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace—you may interrupt the

course of its prosperity—you may cloud its reputation for stability—but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

6. Fellow-citizens! the momentous case is before you. On your undivided support of your government depends the decision of the great question it involves, whether your sacred union shall be preserved, and the blessings it secures to us as one people shall be perpetuated. No one can doubt that the unanimity with which that decision will be expressed will be such as to inspire new confidence in republican institutions, and that the prudence, the wisdom, and the courage which it will bring to their defense, will transmit them unimpaired and invigorated to our children.

7. May the Great Ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which he has favored ours may not, by the madness of party or by personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise providence bring those who have produced this crisis to see the folly, before they feel the misery, of civil strife, and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.

2

XLII.—LAST INAUGURAL OF LINCOLN.

1. FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for extended address than there was at first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now at the expiration of four years,

during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

2. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

3. On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in this city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide its effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

4. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend the interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

5. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

6. Both read the same Bible and prayed to the same God, and each invoked His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purpose. Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

7. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

8. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

XLIII.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be ;
Her sails from heaven received no motion ;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

2. Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3. The Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4. When the rock was hid by the surge's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

5. The sun in heaven was shining gay ;
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheelèd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

6. The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7. He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8. His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

9. The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

10. Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

11. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

13. On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14. "Canst hear," said one, "the breaker's roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15. They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Oh God! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

16. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

17. But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound, as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiend below was ringing his knell.

XLIV.—"DOLEFUL EVILS" OF THE PRESS.

ANDREW MARVELL.

1. For the press hath owed him* a shame a long time, and is but now beginning to pay off the debt,—the press (that villainous engine), invented about the same time with the Reformation, that hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church than all the doctrine can make amends for. 'Twas a happy time when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library; when the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging.

*Bishop Parker, who was regarded as having changed his views for the sake of office.

2. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book but presently he is answered! Could the press at once be conjured to obey only an *imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, *perhaps*, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to fine not only the people but even the grounds and fields where they assembled in conventicles. But no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow-grease do more harm than a hundred systematical divines with their sweaty preaching.

3. And, which is a strange thing, the very sponges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are now become the instruments to make things legible. Their ugly printing-letters, that look but like so many rotten teeth—how oft have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawers! And yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. O Printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! That lead, when molded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into letters. There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpents' teeth which he sowed were nothing else than the letters which he invented.

4. The first essay that was made toward this art was in single characters upon iron, wherewith of old they stigmatized slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use sometimes to brand a schismatic. But a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contrived those innumerable conjoinings of alphabets. One would have thought in reason that a Dutchman at least might have contented himself only with the wine-press.

Schismatic
XLV.—BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1. Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
2. The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
3. Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple- and peach-tree fruited deep,
4. Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
5. On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
6. Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.
7. Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
8. Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
9. Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
10. Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
11. In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
12. Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

13. Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

14. "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

15. It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

16. Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

17. She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

18. "Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

19. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

20. The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

21. "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

22. All day long, through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

23. All day long, that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

24. Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

25. And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

26. Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

27. Honor to her!—and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

28. Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

29. Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

30. And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

XLVI.—TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

1. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

2. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under the garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was,

walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way.—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

3. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

4. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

5. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine

from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid.

6. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret pledged his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

7. The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

8. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, “a mind calm amid difficulties.”* Such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

9. The charges, and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered

* The inscription under the painting is in Latin ;—*Mens aequa in arduis*. The phrase in quotations gives the meaning.

less tedious than it otherwise would have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet.

10. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English presidencies.

11. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile chancellor, and for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

12. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation,

whose ancient honors he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

ANALYSIS OF THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Where did this piece first appear? Give its general character. Is it grave? comic? didactic? historic? imaginative? joyous? sad? pathetic? earnest? impassioned? How many and which of these characteristics belong to it? Is it dignified or otherwise? Does it deal with important or trivial matters? With what tone then should it be read? [This is an example of grave and dignified historical description, animated by a vigorous and glowing earnestness. The author's mind is stirred by the magnificence of the scene he describes. English literature contains few passages more brilliant than this. It requires, therefore, as a whole, a full, sonorous, and vigorous utterance, with medium pitch and speed.]

First Paragraph.

What is meant by being "worthy of such a trial"? Whose trial was it? For what was he tried? Before what tribunal? What "place" is here meant? When was the building erected? Who was "William Rufus"? Had this structure been long built then? Is it now standing? Explain the expression, "resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings." Name the thirty kings. What is the inauguration of a king? What is it to resound? What are acclamations? When and for what was Bacon "sentenced"? For what was Bacon famous? In what sense had the hall "witnessed" the trial? What is a sentence? When was Somers "absolved," and on what charge? What is "absolution"? Who was "Strafford"? What had he done and what became of him? What party was "awed and melted by his eloquence"? What is it to be awed? melted? "inflamed"? Wherein was this party "victorious"? What is meant by "a just resentment"? What

was the "high court of justice"? What "Charles" is referred to here? What is it to "confront"? What is a "placid courage"? What is it to "redeem one's fame"? What had been Charles's reputation? Was it made better or worse by his conduct at his trial?

Give the etymology and meaning of resounded, [for method, refer to the analysis of the Gray Old Man of the Mountain, page 70], acclamation, inauguration, witnesses, sentence, absolution, eloquence, moment, victorious, party, inflamed, resentment, confronted, justice, placid, courage, redeemed.

Observe the sentences, as to whether they consist chiefly of conditional or positive statements. What inflection should be used here chiefly?

[For the emphases, carefully read the sentences, keeping in mind the meaning, and determine what thought requires prominence in every case. [See analysis of the Gray Old Man of the Mountain, first stanza, page 71.] The emphases should often be distributed over a group of words, and not limited to single ones. To emphasize single words in such cases, makes the reading harsh and angular. [See Introduction, Emphasis, III.]

Second Paragraph.

Show what is meant by "civil pomp;" by "military pomp." Mention an illustration of each. What is meant by the statement that they "were not wanting"? Say the same thing in another and more direct form. What are "grenadiers"? What is meant by the avenues being "lined" with them? Who were the "peers"? What is "ermine"? What is meant by being "robed in gold and ermine"? Who were the "heralds"? What is meant by the "garter king-at-arms"? Why called "garter"? Origin of this word as here used? Meaning of "vestments of state"? How is this meaning of "state" connected with its ordinary meaning. For what purpose did the judges attend? [Give the answer in your own words.] What are "points of law"? What is meant by the "upper house"? Does the "upper house" change? How? What is meant by "solemn order"? What was "their usual place of assembling"? To what place did they walk? What has this latter place already been called?

What use was ordinarily made of it? What is meant by "junior baron"? What is it to be "ennobled" in this sense? What was there peculiar about this "defense of Gibraltar"? In what year was it? What important event in America occurred not far from the same time? What is it to "close the procession"? What is meant by the "earl marshal of the realm"? "the great dignitaries"? Who was the "king" here referred to? How many years after this did he reign? What is meant by the "Prince of Wales"? Who was so called at this time? What is meant by "fine person"? "noble bearing"? Show how the words person and bearing come to have the meaning assigned to them here? What is it to be "conspicuous"? What made the prince so? Which part of this procession appears to have been most honorable?

Etymology and meaning of military? civil? avenues? grenadiers? streets? cavalry? peers? marshaled? judges? vestments? advice? state? points? solemn? order? usual? assembling? tribunal? junior? baron? present? recently? ennobled? memorable? defense? armies? procession? closed? realm? dignitaries? princes? conspicuous? person? bearing?

[This paragraph is much like the preceding in respect to inflections.]

Determine the emphases as before.

Third Paragraph.

What "walls" are meant here? Why "gray" and "old"? What is meant by their being "hung with scarlet"? What are the "galleries"? What building in the United States corresponds in use to the one here spoken of? Has that "galleries"? Who occupy them? Why should an audience "excite the fears" of an orator? Why his "emulation"? What was there about this audience more than another to produce these effects? What "realm" is here meant? What are its principal "parts"? Was it true of this empire that it was "great," "free," "enlightened," "prosperous"? What is meant by "grace"? What things were "gathered together"? What is meant by this? In what form were "wit and learning" gathered together? Was it in the form of books? Name some of the "representatives of every science," and show what each one represented.

•Etymology and meaning of scarlet? galleries? audience? excited? emulation? orator? enlightened? prosperous? realm? loveliness? representatives? science? art?

Determine inflections and emphases as before.

Fourth Paragraph.

What house was the "house of Brunswick"? Why so called? Why "fair-haired"? Were the "young daughters" related to the queen? Whose queen was this and what was her name? What is meant by the "ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths"? What is a "commonwealth"? Name some of the commonwealths that were here represented. Were the United States one of them? Why should they "gaze with admiration"? What was there to admire? What is a "spectacle"? Why could no other nation present such a one? Show why such a scene might not have been presented in France. In Russia. In the United States. Who was "Siddons"? For what famous? About what must have been her age? What is it to be "in the prime of beauty"? Why should the stage be alluded to here? In what respect did this scene "surpass all the imitations of the stage"? How does the author know that the "historian of the Roman empire thought of" Cicero and Tacitus? What was there in this case to remind them of those cases? Give some account of the affairs of Verres; of "the oppressor of Africa." What senate is meant here, and what is meant by its "retaining some show of freedom"? Give some account of Cicero; of Tacitus. What is meant by saying that he "thundered"?

Etymology and meaning of ambassador? commonwealth? admiration? spectacle? country? present? majestic? beauty? emotion? surpassing? imitation? historian? empire? senate? retained? oppressor?

Fifth Paragraph.

Who is spoken of as the "greatest scholar of the age"? as the "greatest painter"? What is meant by "the age"? Meaning of the expression, "the spectacle had allured"? What Reynolds is meant? Give some account of him. What "has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads"? How has it been done? What kind of painting was Reynolds famous for? Give some account of Parr? What "dark mine" is meant here? Why called a "mine"? Why

“dark”? Is the figure consistently carried out to the end of the paragraph? What is obtained from a mine? What is here spoken of as “precious”? “massive”? “splendid”? To what are these terms most appropriately applied? Meaning of “hid in the earth”? of “paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation”?

Etymology and meaning of scholar? painter? age? allured? casel? preserved? statesmen? matrons? induced? suspend? labors? profound? extracted? erudition? treasure? paraded? injudicious? inelegant? ostentation? precious? massive? splendid?

Seventh Paragraph.

What is meant by the “sergeants”? What “proclamation” did they make? Why should Hastings “bend his knee”? Who and what is meant by “the culprit”? Meaning of the expression, “was not unworthy”? What is meant by “that great presence”? Why called “presence”? What country “had he ruled”? Is it often in the power of a single man to do all here attributed to Hastings? How came he to possess such unusual power? What is meant by “princes”? by “setting them up,” and “pulling them down”? Meaning of the expression, “had so borne himself”? Was it a merit in him that “all had feared him”? What does this fact indicate? Why is it said that “hatred could deny him no title, &c.”? Why not “love” instead of “hatred”? Meaning of “title” here? What other “titles to glory” are there besides “virtue”? What is “glory”?

Etymology and meaning of sergeants? proclamation? advanced? culprit? extensive? populous? treaties? princes? glory? except? virtue?

[Inflections such as in previous paragraphs. But in the clause, “all had feared him,” a positive affirmation is made of “all,” but “feared him” is conditional or limiting. The statement is equivalent to this: All go so far as to fear him, but the implication is, “many go no further.” Adjust the inflections accordingly.]

Eighth Paragraph.

Meaning of “person” here? of “carriage”? Compare with “so borne himself,” in the last paragraph, and point out

the difference in meaning. Meaning of the expression, "indicated deference to the court"? Meaning of "habitual self-possession"? Think of each lineament as here described, and form a picture of the face of Hastings. Why is he called a "proconsul"?

Etymology and meaning of emaciated? deriving? dignity? carriage? deference? indicated? court? habitual? self-possession? self-respect? intellectual? forehead? pensive? inflexible? decision? serene? aspect? proconsul? judges?

[Sometimes a doubt may arise as to the proper inflection, and, indeed, different inflections may express the thought equally well. This is because the idea conveyed by the words to one mind may differ by some shades from that conveyed to another; and yet the two may be equally correct. Perhaps it will be best to regard the divisions of this paragraph as connected, and each one as incomplete by itself, thus requiring a suspension of the voice until the close of the paragraph.]

Ninth Paragraph.

What were the "charges"? Who made them? The "answers"? Who made them? What is a "silver voice"? Of what court was Cowper the clerk? Give some account of the poet?

Etymology and meaning of charges? ceremony? occupied? rendered? tedious? emphasis? clerk? relation? amiable? poet?

Tenth Paragraph.

What is meant by a "sitting"? By "an exuberance of thought"? "a splendor of diction"? What portion of India is here referred to? What company is meant? What remarkable and unusual power did this company possess? Does it still possess the same power? What are the "English presidencies," and how many of them? When and where did the "Asiatic empire of Britain" originate? Who beside Hastings was very efficient in building it up? What great power in India did the British power succeed? Who was the Grand Mogul? Does the dignity still exist?

Etymology and meaning of intended? general? introduction? exuberance? diction? satisfied? expectation? audience? described? character? institutions? natives? recounted? circumstances? originated? constitution? company? presidencies?

Eleventh Paragraph.

How well did Mr. Burke understand "eastern society"? What is meant by eastern society? Meaning of the word "vivid" as here used? What is meant by the expression, "to arraign the administration of Hastings"? Meaning of the word "systematically"? What is meant by "energy and pathos"? What is it to "extort expressions of unwonted admiration"? What are the duties of the "chancellor"? Was this one a friend of Mr. Burke? What sort of man was he? Who was the "defendant"? What is meant by "taste and sensibility"? Does the author intend to say that the ladies might have controlled themselves? Who was Mrs. Sheridan?

Etymology and meaning of attempted? communicate? eastern? society? vivid? existed? proceeded? arraign? administration? systematically? conducted? defiance? morality? energy? pathos? orator? extorted? expression? admiration? hostile? chancellor? resolute? defendant? unaccustomed? occasion? sensibility? emotion? taste?

Twelfth Paragraph.

Meaning of the reference to "old arches of Irish oak"? By whom does this impeachment seem to have been conducted? Meaning of "impeach"? of "high crimes and misdemeanors"? Wherein had Hastings "betrayed the trust" of the House of Commons? What is the "House of Commons"? Wherein had he "sullied the ancient honor" of England? What country had he "turned into a desert"?

Etymology and meaning of confidence? impeach? crime? misdemeanor? Parliament? betrayed? nation? ancient? people? desert? nature? enemy? sexes?

[The words enclosed in quotation marks should be read with more force than what precedes them. Let the voice rise into a full, sonorous, ringing utterance, and pass over the periods with a stately and impressive movement.]

XLVII.—INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

MILTON.

1. Hail, holy light ! offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

2. Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn ; while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of 'chaos and eternal night ;
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare ; thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled.

3. Yet, not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equaled with me in fate,
 So were I equaled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old ;
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note.

4. Thus with the year

Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
 Or flocks or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate : there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

XLVIII.—THE PRETEXT OF REBELLION.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

1. If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the constitution—I can say, before God, my conscience is clear. I have struggled long for a peaceful solution

of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those states what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity. The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our capital, obstructions and danger to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe.

2. The question is, Are we to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy? What cause, what excuse, do disunionists give us for breaking up the best government on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of a presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot-box? I understand that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the constitution must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the Union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act upon which it is based. What act has been omitted or been done? I appeal to these assembled thousands, that, so far as the constitutional rights of the Southern States—I will say the constitutional rights of slaveholders—are concerned, nothing has been done, and nothing has been omitted, of which they can complain.

3. There has never been a time, from the day that Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, when the rights of the Southern States stood firmer under the laws of the land than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every administration? If they say the territorial question—now, for the first time, there is no act of

Congress prohibiting slavery anywhere. If it be the non-enforcement of the laws, the only complaints that I have heard have been of the too rigorous and faithful fulfillment of the fugitive slave law. Then what reason have they?

4. The slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since,—formed by leaders in the southern confederacy more than twelve months ago. They use the slavery question as a means to aid the accomplishment of their ends. They desired the election of a northern candidate by a sectional vote, in order to show that the two sections cannot live together. When the history of the two years from the Lecompton charter down to the presidential election shall be written, it will be shown that the scheme was deliberately made to break up this Union.

4. They desired a northern Republican to be elected by a purely northern vote, and now assign this fact as a reason why the sections may not longer live together. If the disunion candidate in the late presidential contest had carried the united South, their scheme was, the northern candidate successful, to seize the capital last spring, and, by a united South and divided North, hold it. That scheme was defeated in the defeat of the disunion candidate in several of the Southern States.

XLIX.—NO NEUTRALS; ONLY PATRIOTS AND TRAITORS.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

1. But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied, to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against them.

There can be no neutrals in this war, only patriots or traitors. We cannot close our eyes to the sad and solemn fact, that war does exist. The government must be maintained, its enemies overthrown; and the more stupendous our preparations the less the bloodshed, and the shorter the struggle will be. But we must remember certain restraints on our action even in time of war. We are a Christian people, and the war must be prosecuted in a manner recognized by Christian nations.

2. We must not invade constitutional rights. The innocent must not suffer, nor women nor children be victims. Savages must not be let loose. But while I sanction no war on the rights of others, I will implore my countrymen not to lay down their arms until our own rights are recognized. The constitution and its guarantees are our birthright, and I am ready to enforce that inalienable right to the last extent. We cannot recognize secession. Recognize it once and you have not only dissolved government, but you have destroyed social order, and upturned the foundation of society. You have inaugurated anarchy in its worst form, and will shortly experience all the horrors of the French Revolution.

3. Then we have a solemn duty—to maintain the government. The greater the unanimity, the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome from a fierce party contest waged a few short months since. But these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations and recriminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country with the United States flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us. I have said more than I intended to say. It is a sad task to

discuss questions so fearful as civil war ; but, sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect the war will be, I express it as my conviction, before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally round the flag of his country.

L.—THE ROMAN TWINS.

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

1. 'Twas told by Roman soothsayers,
What time they read the stars,
That Romulus and Remus
Sprang from the loins of Mars;
That Romulus and Remus
Were twin-born on the earth,
And in the lap of a she-wolf
Were suckled from their birth.
Aha ! I think this legend—
This ancient Roman myth—
For mine own time and mine own clime,
Is full of pregnant pith.
2. Romulus stood with Remus,
And plowed the Latian loam,
And traced, by yellow Tiber,
The nascent walls of Rome ;
Then laughed the dark twin, Remus,
And scoffed his brother's toil,
And over the bounds of Romulus
He leaped upon his soil.
Aha ! I think that Remus,
And Romulus at bay,
Of slavery's strife and liberty's life,
Were ante-types that day !

3. The sucklings of the she-wolf
 Stood face to face in wrath,
And Romulus swept Remus
 Like stubble from his path ;
Then crested he with temples
 The seven hills of his home,
And builded there, by Tiber,
 The eternal walls of Rome !
Aha ! I think this legend
 Hath store of pregnant pith
For mine own time and mine own clime ;
 'Tis more than Roman myth !

4. Like Romulus and Remus,
 Out of the loins of Mars,
Our slavery and our liberty
 Were born from cruel wars.
To both, the Albic she-wolf
 Her bloody suck did give,
And one must slay the other,
 Ere one in peace can live.
Aha ! this brave old legend
 Straight to our hearts comes home —
When slavery dies, shall grandly rise
 Freedom's eternal Rome !

LI.—A TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JAMES R. LOWELL.

1. Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is fate ;

But then to stand beside her
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,—
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

2. Such was he, our martyr chief,
Whom late the nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief;
Forgive me if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.

3. Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man,
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him the old-world mold aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

4. How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth

And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
They knew that outward grace is dust ;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.

5. Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of serf and peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface ;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face

6. I praise him not — it were too late ;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he ;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

7. Great captains with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

LII.—THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

G. P. MORRIS.

1. Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon ;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone ;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood !
2. A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high !
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky ;
No hold had he above, below,
Alone he stood in air ;
To that far height none dared to go ;
No aid could reach him there.
3. We gazed,—but not a man could speak !
With horror all aghast,
In groups with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue ;
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.
4. The father came on deck,—he gasped,
“ Oh God ! thy will be done ! ”
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son ;

“Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump or I fire!” he said;
“That only chance thy life can save!
“Jump! jump, boy!”—he obeyed.

5. He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out; .
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,—
Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.

LIII.—PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

1. The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes of nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

2. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were first formed, that the rivers began to flow afterward; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountain, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to

rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down, from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression.

3. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth, blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate in the calm below.

4. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles, Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its center.

LIV.—INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

1. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to

imitate it, for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion toward his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present.

2. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and, thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other!

3. For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another,—in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of a people, their industry also is destroyed. For, in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that, of the proprietors of slaves, a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor.

4. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis,—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift

of God?—that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.

5. What an incomprehensible machine is man, who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict upon his fellow-man a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an over-ruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality.

LV.—CHRISTIAN IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1. Now, there was not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they were now sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and

Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, you have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me.

2. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

3. Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence; so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

4. So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them, as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste; then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or turn them upon the floor. This done,

he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress; so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

5. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands; wherefore he withdrew and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

5. *Chr.*—Brother, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part I know not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. “My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,” and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

6. *Hope.*—Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide; but yet let us consider; the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, “Thou shalt do no murder”; no, not to any man’s person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that

kills another can but commit murder on his body, but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life. And let us consider again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him, as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands.

7. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die, or that at some time or other he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man and try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful did at present moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

LVI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Well, towards evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if the prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But I say he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

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2. At this they trembled greatly, and I think Christian fell into a swoon ; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it ; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth :

3. *Hope.*—My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore ? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear or see or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death ; what hardships, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fears ? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art ; also, this giant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience ; remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor the cage, nor yet of bloody death ; wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame which becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

4. Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being abed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel ; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues ; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

5. So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims,

as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds as you have done; and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither.

6. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

7. Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech, What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk *at liberty*! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, that's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

8. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to

make their escape with speed ; but that gate made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, rising hastily to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's high-way, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

9. Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those who should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the king of the celestial country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written and escaped the danger.

LVII.—ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

MRS. ELIZABETH AKERS.

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time! in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

2. Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!
I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap ;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

3. Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother ! my heart calls for you !
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between ;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again ;
Come from the silence so long and so deep —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

4. Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone.
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours ;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain ;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep ;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

5. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light ;
For oh ! with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

6. Mother, dear mother ! the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song ;

Sing then again,—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft, light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

LVIII.—WE SHOULD NOT DESPISE SMALL BE-
GINNINGS.

ANONYMOUS.

1. A traveler through a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time
 To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heat of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs;
 The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,—
 A blessing evermore.
2. A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care,
 A ladle to the brink,—
He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

3. A dreamer dropped a random thought ;
'Twas old and yet 'twas new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo ! its light became
A lamp of light, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great,—
A watch-fire on the hill ;
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

4. A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,—
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—
A transitory breath ;
It raised a brother from the dust,—
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

LIX.—FAREWELL ADDRESS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

1. The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence,—the support of your tranquillity at home and your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.

2. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed,—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with a jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

3. To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliance, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible

of this momentous truth you have improved upon your essay, by the adoption of the constitution of a government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns.

4. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government; but the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

5. All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive to this fundamental principle and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests.

6. However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which had lifted them to unjust dominion.

7. Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be, to effect, in the form of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what can not be directly overthrown.

8. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interest in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the

laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

9. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.

10. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

11. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

12. Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

LX.—WAR BETTER THAN A FALSE PEACE.

ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

1. A cry is up in England, which doth ring
The hollow world through, that for ends of trade
And virtue, and God's better worshiping,
We henceforth should exalt the name of peace,
And leave those bloody wars that eat the soul,
(Besides their clippings at our golden fleece).
2. I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole
Of immemorial, undeciduous trees,
Would write, as lovers use, upon a scroll
The holy name of peace, and set it high
Where none should pluck it down. On trees, I say,
Not upon gibbets!—with the greenery
Of dewy branches and the flowery May,
Sweet meditation 'twixt the earth and sky,
Providing for the shepherd's holiday!
3. Not upon gibbets! though the vulture leaves
Some quiet to the bones he first picked bare.
Not upon dungeons! though the wretch who grieves
And groans within, stirs not the outer air
As much as little field-mice stir the sheaves.
Not upon chain-bolts! though the slave's despair
Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,
And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip,
To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.
4. Nor yet on starving bones! where many a lip
Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain!
I love no peace which is not fellowship,

And which includes not many. I would have
Rather the raking of the guns across
The world, and shrieks against heaven's architrave,
Rather the struggle in the slippery fosse
Of dying men and horses, and the wave
Blood-bubbling.

5. Enough said! By Christ's own cross
And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a peace which sits
Beside the hearth in self-commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good
Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace admits
Of outside anguish while it sits at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue.
It is no peace.

6. 'Tis treason stiff with doom,—
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls in brief.
O Lord of peace! who art Lord of righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!

LXI.—OUR HEROES, LIVING AND DEAD.

GEORGE PUTNAM.

[From an address delivered in 1865 in honor of the students and graduates of Harvard College, in the war for the Union.]

1. But sorrow, while it has its fit seasons and its sacred rights of indulgence, is not the highest sentiment for the dead, such dead as ours; nor is it the best tribute to their memory. The death of these true martyrs is not the principal fact about them to contemplate in the highest mood to which we aspire to-day; not their death, but their life, such as it was while they lived it here, in the grace of opening manhood, and such as it was in the spirit in which they surrendered it, and such as it is here still as a spiritual presence and power in the lives of those who survive them and those who shall come after them; this is the theme we must essay to rise to, from out of the depths of our sorrow and the mist of our tears and the darkness of the grave.

2. In spiritual estimates, visible success is of the smallest account. Though the cause to which these gallant youths gave themselves had perished utterly, it would have detracted nothing from the beauty and nobleness of their sacrifice. And yet it is a supreme satisfaction and joy to us, and it seems as if it must be to them in their higher sphere, that it has not perished but triumphed completely. They have not died in vain. The great hope that inspired and armed them has been realized, how gloriously! They have accomplished their work. They have saved their country,—they and such as they. The pillars of this vast national fabric were leaning and trembling to their fall, and they have re-erected them. A parricidal hand was raised against the nation's life, and they have struck it down. Disruption, disintegration, anarchy, and the elements of eternal strife were

coming upon us like a tide, and they have stayed the ruin. They have restored the perishing nationality, established it on the rock of humanity and right, made it imperial among the powers of the earth, and let it forth upon a grander and happier career of power and beneficence.

3. They have won peace out of the bloody strife,—a righteous and beautiful peace,—that is even now diffusing its blessings and smiles over the land from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf, over all the fields of industry, along all the lines of commerce, into all homes and hearts. They have delivered a numerous and unhappy race from cruel bondage. They have cut out the one consuming cancer from the body politic, lifted the one curse, wiped out the one stain. They have conquered the very cause of the war, dug up the root of all this bitterness, slain the one guilty shedder of all their blood. They have given the charter of manhood to every being that bears the image of God throughout the continent; shame and woe to us if we do not ratify and maintain it! They have made the conquest of their arms the triumph of universal humanity. Their blood will cry out to us from the ground for our base recreancy if we let that stupendous victory go back, that sacred banner of freedom go down again.

4. Such are the successes of our dead warriors. This is what they have done—they and their million compatriots in arms, gathered in ones and tens, in squads and regiments, from the cities, the prairies, the mountain sides, from every village and cross-road, from sequestered homes that in giving them gave their all,—this is what they have achieved. Or, rather, these are the splendid and beautiful results which a benignant Providence has wrought out through the instrumentality of their valor and patriotism. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, and not unto them, but unto thy name be the glory!

5 It is most fit that, amid this day's solemnities, we, with the spirits of our dead martyrs hovering over us, and all loyal men giving us their sympathies, and the freeman lifting to heaven his unshackled hands and his eyes streaming with grateful joy—it is fit that we bend our knee in fervent thanksgiving to God, for our country saved, for sweet peace restored, for our fathers' graves redeemed from threatened dishonor, and for the bow of promise that spans the heavens for us, its one limb brightening in the present gladness, and the other encompassing the far, far destinies of our posterity. Let us rejoice before the Lord and be glad! Let us praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men; and bless his name for that he hath saved us from our enemies and redeemed his people Israel.

6. It is with a great price that we have obtained these results. We have given of our very best. We know how death is wont to transfigure those we have loved, and make invisible their failings and their limitations. But there is little of this illusion here, and little room for it. Indeed, indeed, they were of our best and choicest. We knew it before as well as now. We knew it and said it of one and another of them, when we saw them in these scenes, and looked into their faces radiant with intelligence, with genius, and life's young ardors of hope and promise. We knew it and said it of how many of them, when we saw them gird on their arms and march away. We knew it and said it, when we were watching with trembling their career in distant campaigns. We can no more than know it now that they have died; only we know it, say it, feel it, over their green graves, with more thoughtfulness, more tenderness, and more admiring and grateful reverence.

7. Is it not, think ye, the mysterious privilege of souls to dwell and shine and soar amid the heavenly intelligences, and

by the waters of the river of life, and at the same time to visit and inhabit, as a presence and a power, the scenes they have loved and the hearts that will welcome them on earth? Indeed it is, we will not doubt it. Aye, have we not known it sometimes by the burning of our hearts when we have walked and talked in the spirit with the saintly and heroic dead.

8. Oh, then, ye noble and beautiful ones! we will not call you back from your glory above; yet we will not bid you farewell, we will not speak a parting word, nor think a parting thought. We invoke your continual presence. Come and abide in these scenes of your earthly love! We install you in the highest places! Come very near to the heart of our ingenuous youth! Others shall give them knowledge; do ye bend over them in your glistening robes, and be to them, in your example and in your memories, a shining presence and guiding light! Hallow their learning, consecrate their genius, brace them to manliness, ennoble their aims, inspire them for duty and fidelity and self-sacrifice, the martyr's devotion and the hero's valor! Make them dear lovers of truth and virtue, of their country and race, of God and the right—mold them into your own spiritual likeness—make them your very brothers in the family of God!

LXII.—THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

1. Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant
 Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time;

And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers ;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

2. Have you further heard of this Aloe plant
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground ;
And, fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around ?
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

3. Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arab's Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are ?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good ?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

4. Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake ?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake ;
For it saves its song till the end of life, •
And then, in the soft, still even,

'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven !
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies ;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

5. You have heard these tales ; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all ?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall ?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes ?
O prince of the noble ! O sufferer divine !
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine !

6. Have you heard this tale—the best of them all,
The tale of the Holy and True ?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the sky above ;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain !

7. Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all ;
Our Savior hath told you, the seed that would grow
Into earth's dark bosom must fall,—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear ;

The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain !

LXIII.—GEOLOGIC PROOFS THAT THE EARTH IS OLD.

HUGH MILLER.

1. "The earth, for anything that appears to the contrary, may have been made yesterday!" We stand in the middle of an ancient burying-ground in a northern district. The monuments of the dead, lichened and gray, rise thick around us; and there are fragments of moldering bones lying scattered amid the loose dust that rests under them, in dark recesses impervious to the rain and the sunshine. We dig into the soil below; here is a human skull, and there numerous other well-known bones of the human skeleton,—vertebræ, ribs, arm and leg bones, with the bones of the breast and pelvis. Still, as we dig, the bony mass accumulates,—we disinter portions, not of one, but of many skeletons, some comparatively fresh, some in a state of great decay; and with the bones there mingle fragments of coffin, with the wasted tinsel-mounting in some instances still attached, and the rusted nails still sticking in the joints.

2. We continue to dig, and at a depth to which the sexton never penetrates, find a stratum of pure sea sand, and then a stratum of the sea-shells common on the neighboring coast,—especially oyster, muscle, and cockle shells. We dig a little further, and reach a thick bed of sandstone, which we penetrate, and beneath which we find a bed of impure lime,

richly charged with the remains of fish of strangely antique forms.

3. "The earth, for anything that appears to the contrary, may have been made yesterday!" Do appearances such as these warrant the inference? Do these human skeletons, in all their various stages of decay, appear as if they had been made yesterday? Was that bit of coffin, with the soiled tinsel on the one side, and the corroded nail sticking out of the other, made yesterday? Was yonder skull, instead of having ever formed part of a human head, created yesterday, exactly the repulsive looking sort of thing we see it? Indisputably not. Such is the nature of the human mind—such the laws that regulate and control human belief,—that in the very existence of that church-yard we do and must recognize proof that the world was *not* made yesterday.

4. But can we stop in our process of inference at the moldering remains of the church-yard? Can we hold that the skull was not created a mere skull, and yet hold that the oyster and cockle shells beneath are not the remains of molluscous animals, but things originally created in exactly their present state, as empty shells? The supposition is altogether absurd. Such is the constitution of our minds, that we must as certainly hold yonder oyster shell to have once formed part of a mollusk as we hold yonder skull once formed part of a man.

5. And if we can not stop at the skeleton, how stop at the shells? Why not pass on to the fish? The evidence of design is quite as irresistible in them as in the human or the molluscous remains above. We can still see the scales which covered them occupying their proper places, with all their nicely designed bars, hooks and nails of attachment; the fins which propelled them through the water, with the multitudinous pseudo-joints, formed to impart to the rays the proper

elasticity, lie widely spread on the stone; the sharp-pointed teeth, constructed like those of fish generally, rather for the purpose of holding fast slippery substances than of mastication, still bristle in their jaws; nay, the very plates, spines and scales of the fish on which they fed still lie undigested in their abdomens.

6. We can not stop short at the shells; if the human skull was not created a mere skull, nor the shell a mere dead shell, then the fossil fish could not have been created a mere fossil. There is no broken link in the chain at which to take our stand; and yet, having once recognized the fishes as such,—having recognized them as the remains of animals, and not as stones that exist in their original state,—we stand committed to all the organisms of the geological scale.

7. But we limit the Divine power, it may be said; could not the Omnipotent First Cause have created all the fossils of the earth, vegetable and animal, in their fossil state? Yes, certainly; the act of their creation, regarded simply as an act of power, does not and can not transcend his infinite ability. He could have created all the mummies of Mexico and of Egypt as such, and all the skeletons of the catacombs of Paris.

8. It would manifest, however, but little reverence for His character to compliment His infinite power at the expense of His infinite wisdom. It would be doing no honor to His name to regard Him as a creator of dead skeletons, mummies, and church-yards. Nay, we could not recognize Him as such, without giving to the winds all those principles of common reason, which, in His goodness, He has imparted to us for our guidance in the ordinary affairs of life. In this, as in that higher sense adduced by our Savior, “God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.”

9. In the celebrated case of Eugene Aram, the skeleton of his victim, the murdered Clark, was found in a cave; but

how, asked the criminal, in his singular, ingenious, and eloquent defense, could that skeleton be known to be Clark's? The cave, he argued, had once been a hermitage; and in times past hermitages had been places not only of religious retirement but of burial also. "And it has scarce or ever been heard of," he continued, "but that every cell now known contains or contained those relics of humanity,—some mutilated, some entire. Give me leave to remind the court that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit and the anchorite hoped that repose for their bones when dead, they here enjoyed when living. Every place conceals such remains. In fields, on hills, on high-way sides, on wastes, on commons, lie fragments and unsuspected bones. But must some of the living be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed and chance exposed?"

10. Such were the reasonings, on this count, of Eugene Aram; and it behooved the jury that sat upon him in judgment to bestow upon them their careful consideration. But how very different might not his line of argument have been, had the conclusions of the anti-geologist squared with the principles of human belief! If the fossil exuviae of a fish, or the fossil skeleton of a reptile, may have never belonged to either a reptile or a fish, then the skeleton of a man may have never belonged to man. No more could be argued, Aram might have said, from the finding of a human skeleton in the floor of a cave, than from the finding of a pebble or a piece of rock in the floor of a cave. So far from being justified in inferring from it that a murder had been perpetrated, a jury could not have so much as inferred from it that a human creature had existed.

LXIV.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Is the anti-geologist, I would fain ask, prepared to give up the great argument founded on design, as asserted and illustrated by all the master-minds who have written on the evidences? Is he resolved, in the vain hope of bearing down the geologist, to make a full surrender to the infidel? Let us mark how Paley's well-known illustration of the watch found out on the moor would apply in this controversy. From the design exhibited in the construction of the watch, the existence of a designer is inferred, whereas, from a stone found on the same moor, in which no marks of design are apparent, the archdeacon urges that no such inference regarding the existence of a designer could be drawn.

2. But what would be thought of the man who could assert that the watch, with all its seeming design, was not a watch but a stone; and that, notwithstanding its spring, its wheels, and its index, it had never been intended to measure time? What could be said of a sturdily avowed belief in a *design* not *designed*, and not the work of a *designer*—in a watch furnished with all the parts of a watch, that is, notwithstanding, a mere stone, and occupies just its proper place when lying among the other stones of the moor? What could be said of such a belief, paraded not simply as a belief, but actually as of the *nature of reasoning* and fitted to bear weight in controversy? And yet such is the position of the anti-geologist, who sees in the earth, with all its fossils, no evidence that it might not have been created yesterday.

3. For, obvious it is that, in whatever has been designed, fitness of parts bears reference to the proposed object, which the design subserves; and that if there be no proposed object, there can exist no fitness of parts in relation to it, and, in reality, no design. The analogy drawn in the case from the miracle of creation is no analogy at all.

4. It is not contrary to the laws which control human belief that the first races of every succeeding generation should have been called into existence in a state of full development; nay, it is in palpable and harmonious accordance with these laws. It is necessary that the animal which had no parents to care and provide for it should come into existence in a state of maturity sufficient to enable it to care and provide for itself; it is equally necessary that the contemporary vegetable, its food, should be created in a condition that fitted it for being food.

5. Had the first man and the first woman been created mere infants, they would, humanly speaking, have shared the fate of the "babes in the wood." Had the productions of the vegetable kingdom been created in an analogous state of immaturity, "the horse," to borrow from an old proverb, "would have died while the grass was growing." But it is contrary to the laws which control human belief, that the all-wise Creator should be a maker of church-yards full of the broken *debris* of carcasses,—of skeletons never proposed to compose the framework of animals,—of watches never intended to do aught than perform the part of stones.

LXV.—BACHELOR'S HALL.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Bachelor's hall! What a quare lookin' place it is!

Save me from such all the days o' my life!

Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,

Niver at all to be gettin' a wife!

2. Pots, dishes, an' pans, an' such grasy commodities,

Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;

The cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,—

Things that had niver been neighbors before.

3. Say the ould bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,
Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough,
If he were prisent, to fight with the squire!
 4. He looks for the platter; Grimalkin is scourin' it—
Sure, at a baste like that, swearin's no sin!
His dish-cloth is missing; the pigs are devourin' it—
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!
 5. Late in the aiv'nin', he goes to bed shiverin';
Niver a bit is the bed made at all;
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin';
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!
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LXVI.—ENDS TO BE ATTAINED BY EDUCATION.

HORACE MANN.

1. Education is to inspire the love of truth, as the supremest good, and to clarify the vision of the intellect to discern it. We want a generation of men above deciding great and eternal principles upon narrow and selfish grounds. Our advanced state of civilization has evolved many complicated questions respecting social duties. We want a generation of men capable of taking up these complex questions, and of turning all sides of them towards the sun, and of examining them by the white light of reason, and not under the false colors which sophistry may throw upon them.

2. We want no men who will change, like the vanes of our steeples, with the course of the popular wind; but we want men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind. We want no more of those patriots who exhaust their

patriotism in lauding the past; but we want patriots who will do for the future what the past has done for us. We want men capable of deciding, not merely what is right in principle—*that* is often the smallest part of the case;—but we want men capable of deciding what is right in means, to accomplish what is right in principle. We want men who will speak to this great people in counsel and not in flattery. We want godlike men who can tame the madness of the times, and, speaking divine words in a divine spirit, can say to the raging of human passions, “Peace, be still,” and usher in the calm of enlightened reason and conscience.

3. Look at our community, divided into so many parties and factions, and these again subdivided, on all questions of social, national, and international duty;—while, over all, stands, almost unheeded, the sublime form of truth, eternally and indissolubly *one*. Nay, further, those do not agree in thought who agree in words. Their unanimity is a delusion. It arises from the imperfection of language. Could men, who subscribe to the same form of words, but look into each other's minds, and see there what features their own idolized doctrines wear, friends would often start back from the friends they have loved, with as much abhorrence as from the enemies they have persecuted. Now, what can save us from endless contention, but the love of truth? What can save us, and our children after us, from eternal, implacable, universal war, but the greatest of all human powers—the power of impartial thought?

4. Many—may I not say most—of those great questions which make the present age boil and seethe like a caldron, will never be settled until we have a generation of men who were educated from childhood to seek for truth and to revere justice. In the middle of the last century, a great dispute arose among astronomers, respecting one of the planets.

Some, in their folly, commenced a war of words, and wrote hot books against each other; others, in their wisdom, improved their telescopes, and soon settled the question forever.

5. Education should imitate the latter. If there are momentous questions which, with present lights, we cannot demonstrate and determine, let us rear up stronger and purer and more impartial minds for the solemn arbitrament. Let it be for ever and ever inculcated that no bodily wounds or maim, no deformity of person, nor disease of brain or lungs or heart, can be so disabling or painful, as error; and that he who heals us of our prejudices is a thousand fold more our benefactor than he who heals us of mortal maladies. Teach children, if you will, to beware of the bite of a mad dog; but teach them still more faithfully, that no horror of water is so fatal as a horror of truth because it does not come from our leader or our party.

6. Then shall we have more men who will think, as it were, under oath,—not thousandth and ten-thousandth transmitters of falsity,—not copyists of copyists, and blind followers of blind followers; but men who can track the Deity in his ways of wisdom. A love of truth,—*a love of truth*; this is the pool of a moral Bethesda, whose waters have miraculous healing. And though we lament that we cannot bequeath to posterity this precious boon, in its perfectness, as the greatest of all patrimonies, yet let us rejoice that we can inspire a love of it, a reverence for it, a devotion to it; and thus circumscribe and weaken whatever is wrong, and enlarge and strengthen whatever is right, in that mixed inheritance of good and evil, which, in the order of Providence, one generation transmits to another.

7. If we contemplate the subject with the eye of a statesman, what resources are there, in the whole domain of nature,

at all comparable to the vast influx of power which comes into the world with every incoming generation of children? Each embryo life is more wonderful than the globe it is sent to inhabit, and more glorious than the sun upon which it first opens its eyes. Each one of these millions, with a fitting education, is capable of adding something to the sum of human happiness, and of subtracting something from the sum of human misery; and many great souls amongst them there are, who may become instruments for turning the course of nations, as the rivers of water are turned.

8. It is the duty of moral and religious education to employ and administer all these capacities of good for lofty purposes of human beneficence, as a wise minister employs the resources of a great empire. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said the Savior, "and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And who shall dare say that philanthropy and religion cannot make a better world than the present, from beings like those in the kingdom of Heaven!

9. Education must be universal. It is well when the wise and the learned discover new truths; but how much better to diffuse the truths already discovered amongst the multitude! Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power; and while a philosopher is discovering one new truth, millions may be propagated amongst the people. Diffusion, then, rather than discovery, is the duty of our government. With us, the qualification of voters is as important as the qualification of governors, and even comes first in the natural order. The theory of our government is,—not that all men, however unfit, shall be voters,—but that every man, by the power of reason and the sense of duty, shall become fit to be a voter.

10. Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be. How can we expect the fabric of the government to stand, if vicious materials are daily wrought into its frame-work? Education must prepare our citizens to become municipal officers, intelligent jurors, honest witnesses, legislators, or competent judges of legislation,—in fine, to fill all the manifold relations of life. For this end, it must be universal. The whole land must be watered with the streams of knowledge. It is not enough to have, here and there, a beautiful fountain playing in palace-gardens; but let it come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth.

LXVII.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. Finally, education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity. God has revealed to us — not by ambiguous signs, but by his mighty works; not in the disputable language of human invention, but by the solid substance and reality of things,—what he holds to be valuable, and what he regards as of little account. The latter he has created sparingly, as though it were nothing worth; while the former he has poured forth with unmeasurable munificence. I suppose all the diamonds ever found could be hid under a bushel. Their quantity is little because their value is small. But iron ore, without which mankind would always have been barbarians,—without which they would now relapse into barbarism,—he has strewed profusely all over the earth.

2. Compare the scantiness of pearl with the extent of forests and coal fields: of one, little has been created, because

it is worth little; of the others, much, because they are worth much. His fountains of naphtha, how few, and myrrh and frankincense, how exiguous; but who can fathom his reservoirs of water, or measure the light and the air? This principle pervades every realm of nature. Creation seems to have been projected upon the plan of increasing the quantity in the ratio of the intrinsic value.

3. Emphatically is this plan manifested when we come to that part of creation we call *ourselves*. Enough of the material of worldly good has been created to answer this great principle,—that, up to the point of competence, up to the point of independence and self-respect, few things are more valuable than property; beyond that point few things are of less. And hence it is that all acquisitions of property, beyond that point, considered and used as mere property, confer an inferior sort of pleasure in inferior quantities.

4. However rich a man may be, a certain number of thicknesses of woollens or of silks is all he can comfortably wear. Give him a dozen palaces, he can live in but one at a time. Though the commander be worth the whole regiment, or ship's company, he can have the animal pleasure of eating only his own rations; and any other animal eats with as much relish as he. Hence the wealthiest, with all their wealth, are driven back to a cultivated mind, to beneficent uses and appropriations; and it is then, and then only, that a glorious vista of happiness opens out into immensity and immortality.

5. Education, then, is to show to our youth, in early life, this broad line of demarcation between the value of those things which can be owned by but one, and those which can be owned and enjoyed by all. If I own a ship, a house, a farm, or a mass of the metals called precious,

my right to them is, in its nature, sole and exclusive. No other man has a right to trade with my ship, to occupy my house, to gather my harvests, or to appropriate my treasures to his use. They are mine, and are incapable both of a sole and of a joint possession.

6. But not so of the treasures of knowledge which it is the duty of education to diffuse. The same truth may enrich and ennoble all intelligences at once. Infinite diffusion subtracts nothing from depth. None are poor because others are made rich. In this part of the Divine economy, the privilege of primogeniture attaches to all, and every son and daughter of Adam is an heir to an infinite patrimony.

7. If I own an exquisite picture or statue, it is mine exclusively. Even though publicly exhibited, but few could be charmed by its beauties at the same time. It is incapable of bestowing a pleasure simultaneous and universal. But not so of the beauty of a moral sentiment; not so of the glow of sublime emotion; not so of the feelings of conscious purity and rectitude. These shed rapture upon all, without deprivation of any; may be imparted and still possessed; transferred to millions, yet never surrendered; carried out of the world, and still left in it. These may imparadise mankind, and, undiluted, unattenuated, be sent round the whole orb of being.

8. Let education, then, teach children this great truth, written as it is on the fore-front of the universe, that God has so constituted this world into which he has sent them, that whatever is really and truly valuable may be possessed by all, and possessed in exhaustless abundance.

9. And now, you, my friends, who feel that you are patriots and lovers of mankind, what bulwarks, what ramparts for freedom can you devise, so endurable and impregnable as intelligence and virtue? Parents, among the happy groups of

children whom you have at home, — more dear to you than the blood in the fountain of life, — you have not a son nor a daughter who, in this world of temptation, is not destined to encounter perils more dangerous than to walk a bridge of a single plank over a dark and sweeping torrent beneath.

10. But it is in your power and at your option, with the means which Providence will graciously vouchsafe, to give them that firmness of intellectual movement and that keenness of moral vision, that light of knowledge and that omnipotence of virtue, by which, in the hour of trial, they will be able to walk with unfaltering step over the deep and yawning abyss below, and to reach the opposite shore in safety and honor and happiness.

LXVIII.—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. Child, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave—
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

2. Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath no leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

3. Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

LXIX.—AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

D. P. PAGE.

1. I can never forget—nor would I if I could—a lesson impressed upon my own youthful mind, conveying the truth that we are constantly dependent upon our Heavenly Father for protection. In a plain country school-house, some twenty-five children, including myself, were assembled with our teacher on the afternoon of a summer's day. We had been as happy and as thoughtless as the sportive lambs that cropped the clover of the neighboring hill-side.

2. Engrossed with study or play,—for at this distance of time it is impossible to tell which,—we had not noticed the low rumbling of the distant thunder, till a sudden flash of lightning arrested our attention. Immediately the sun was veiled by the cloud, and a corresponding gloom settled upon every face within. The elder girls, with the characteristic thoughtfulness of women, hastily inquired whether they should not make the attempt to lead their younger brothers and sisters to the paternal roof before the bursting of the storm.

3. For a moment our little community was thrown into utter confusion. The teacher stepped hastily to the door to

survey more perfectly the aspect of the western heavens. Oppressed with dread,—for it is no uncommon thing for children in the country to be terrified by lightning,—some of the youngest of us clung to our older brothers or sisters, while others, being the sole representatives of their family in the school, for the first time felt their utter loneliness in the midst of strangers, and gave utterance to their feelings in audible sighs or unequivocal sobs.

4. The teacher, meanwhile, with an exemplary calmness and self-possession, closed the windows and the doors, and then seated himself quite near the younger pupils, to await the result. The thick darkness gathered about us, as if to make the glare of the lightning, by contrast, more startling to our vision; while the loud thunder almost instantly followed, as it were the voice of God.

5. The wind howled through the branches of a venerable tree near by, bending its sturdy trunk, and threatening to break asunder the chords which bound it to its mother earth. An angry gust assailed the humble building where we were sheltered; it roared down the capacious chimney, violently closed a shutter that lacked a fastening, breaking the glass by its concussion, and almost forced in the frail window sashes on the westerly side of the room. Quicker and more wild the lightnings glared—flash after flash—as if the heavens were on fire; louder and nearer the thunder broke above our heads, while the inmates of the room, save the teacher, were pale with terror.

6. At this moment there was a sudden cessation of the war of elements,—a hush,—almost a *prophetic* pause! It was that brief interval which precedes the falling torrent. A dread stillness reigned within the room. Every heart beat hurriedly, and every countenance told the consternation that was reigning within. It was an awful moment!

7. With a calm voice, breathing a subdued and confiding spirit, the teacher improved this opportunity to impress upon our young minds a great truth. -“Fear not, children,” said he, “it is your Heavenly Father that sends the storm as well as the sunshine and the gentle breeze. You have been just as much in his power all day, as you are at this moment. He has been as near you, supporting you, supplying you with breath, with life all through the pleasant morning; but then you did not see him. He is just as able to protect you now, for ‘not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice,’—and he ruleth the storm and ‘rideth upon the wings of the wind.’ We should ever feel willing to trust him; for he is ever able to grant us deliverance from all our dangers. God is here now to protect us.”

8. Just as he finished these words the rain began to fall. First the drops were few and scattered, but soon the windows of heaven were opened, and the thirsty ground was abundantly satisfied. The sound of the thunder became fainter and fainter as the cloud passed away; the sun burst out again in renewed splendor; the full drops glittered in his beams upon the grass; the birds began their songs; the rainbow spanned the eastern hills; and our hearts, taught by the timely instructions of a good man, began to expand with eager gratitude for our preservation by the hand of our Heavenly Father.

9. The remainder of the afternoon passed happily away; and when our books were laid aside, and we were ready to burst out of the room to enjoy the refreshing air and participate in the general joy, the teacher, taking the Bible from the desk, asked us to remain quiet a moment, while he read a few words that he hoped we should never forget.

He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day;—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

3. Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell;
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth;—bring him flowers, wild
flowers.

4. Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side;—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

5. Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift;—bring ye flowers, pale flowers.

6. Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer;
They are nature's offering, their place is *there*!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory;—bring flowers, bright flowers.

LXXI.—I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. I remember, I remember
The house where I was born —
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.
2. I remember, I remember
The roses—red and white ;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet !
3. I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing ;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !
4. I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ;

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

LXXII.—GOD CREATES NO BROKEN FORMS.

HUGH MILLER.

1. In the pages of no writer is the argument, drawn from the miracle of creation—if argument it may be termed—at once so ingeniously asserted and so exquisitely adorned, as in the pages of Chateaubriand. The passage is comparatively little known in this country, and so I quote it entire from the translation of a friend:

2. “We approach the last objection, concerning the modern origin of the globe. ‘The earth,’ it is said, ‘is an old nurse, whose decrepitude everything announces. Examine its fossils, its marbles, its granites, and you will decipher its innumerable years, marked by circle, by stratum, or by branch, like those of the serpent by his rattles, the horse by his teeth, or the stag by his horns.’ This difficulty has been a hundred times solved by this answer, ‘God *should* have created, and without question has created, the world with all the marks of antiquity and completeness which we now see.’

3. “Indeed, it is probable that the author of nature at first planted old forests and young shoots,—that animals were produced, some full of days, others adorned with all the graces of infancy. Oaks, as they pierced the fruitful soil, would bear at once the forsaken nest of the crow and the young posterity of the dove; the caterpillar was chrysalis and butterfly; the insect fed on the herb, suspended its

golden egg amid the forests, or trembled in the wavy air; the bee which had lived but a single morning reckoned its ambrosia by generations of flowers. We must believe that the sheep was not without its young, the fawn without its little ones,—that the thickets hid nightingales, astonished with their own first music, in warming the fleeting hopes of their first loves.

4. “If the world had not been at once young and old, the grand, the serious, the moral would disappear from nature; for these sentiments belong essentially to the antique. Every scene would have lost its wonders. The ruined rock could not have hung over the abyss; the woods, despoiled of every chance appearance, would not have displayed that touching disorder of trees bending over their roots, and of trunks leaning over the courses of the rivers.

5. “Inspired thoughts, venerable sounds, magic voices, the sacred gloom of forests, would vanish with the vaults which served them for retreats; and the solitudes of heaven and earth would remain naked and disenchanted, in losing those columns of oak which unite them. The very day when the ocean dashed its first waves on the shores, it bathed—let us not doubt—rocks already worn by the breakers, beaches strewn with the wrecks of shells, and headlands which sustained against the assaults of the waters the crumbling shores of earth.

6. “Without this inherent old age, there would have ~~been~~ neither pomp nor majesty in the work of the Eternal; ~~and~~, what could not possibly be, nature in its innocence would have been less beautiful than it is to-day amid its corruption. An insipid infancy of plants, animals, and elements, would have crowned a world without poetry. But God was not so tasteless a designer of the bowers of Eden as infidels pretend. The man king was himself born thirty years old, in order to

accord in his majesty with the ancient grandeur of his new kingdom; and his companion reckoned sixteen springs which she had not lived, that she might harmonize with flowers, birds, innocence, love, and all the youthful part of the creation."

7. This is unquestionably fine writing, and it contains a considerable amount of general truth. But not a particle of the true does it contain in connection with the one point which the writer sets himself to establish. There exists, as has been shown, a reason, palpable in the nature of things, why creation, in even its earliest dawn, should not have exhibited an insipid infancy of plants and animals; the animals otherwise could not have survived, and thus the great end of creation would have been defeated. But though there exists an obvious reason for the creation of the full-grown and the mature, there exists no reason whatever for the creation of the ruined and the broken.

8. It is a very indifferent argument, to allege that the poetic sentiment demanded the production of fractured shells on the shore, or of deserted crows' nests in the trees. If sentiment demanded the creation of broken shells that had never belonged to molluscous animals, how much more imperatively must it have demanded the creation of broken human skeletons that had never belonged to men; or, if it rendered necessary the creation of deserted crows' nests, how much more urgent the necessity for the creation of deserted palaces and temples, sublime in their solitude, or of desolate cities partially buried in the sands of the desert!

9. There is a vast deal more of poetry in the ancient sepulchres of Thebes and of Luxor, with their silent millions of the embalmed dead, than in the comminuted shells of sea-beaches; and in Palmyra and the pyramids, than in deserted crows' nests. Nor would the creation of the one

class of productions be in any degree less probable, or less according to the principles of human belief, than the other. And mark the inevitable effects on human conduct! The man who honestly held with Chateaubriand in this passage, and was consistent in the following out to their legitimate consequences of the tenets which it embodies, could not sit as a juryman in either a coroner's inquest or a trial for murder, conducted on circumstantial evidence.

10. If he held that an old crow's nest might have been called into existence as such, how could he avoid holding that an ancient human dwelling might not have been called into existence as such? If he held that a broken patella or whelk-shell might have been created a broken shell, how could he avoid holding that a human skull, fractured like that of the murdered Clark, might not have been created a broken skull? To him Paley's watch, picked up on a moor, could not appear as other than merely a curious stone, charged with no evidence, in the peculiarity of its construction, that it had been intended to measure time.

11. The entire passage is eminently characteristic of that magnificent work of imagination, "The Genius of Christianity," in which Chateaubriand sets himself to reconvert to Romanism the infidelity of France. He never attempts dealing by the reasoning faculty in his countrymen. As the Philistines of old dealt by the Jewish champion,—instead of meeting it in the open field, and with the legitimate weapons, he sends forth the exquisitely beautiful Delilah of his fancy to cajole and set it asleep, and then bind it as with green withes.

LXXIII.—BURN OF EATHIE.

HUGH MILLER.

1. We enter along the bed of a stream. A line of mural precipices rises on either hand—here advancing in ponderous overhanging buttresses, there receding into deep, damp recesses, tapestried with ivy, and darkened with birch and hazel. A powerful spring, charged with lime, comes pouring by a hundred different threads over the rounded brow of a beetling crag, and the decaying vegetation around it is hardening into stone.

2. The cliffs vary their outline at every step, as if assuming in succession all the various combinations of form that constitute the wild and the picturesque; and the pale hues of the stone seem, when brightened by the sun, the very tints a painter would choose to heighten the effect of his shades; or to contrast most delicately with the luxuriant profusion of brushes and flowers that wave over the higher shelves and crannies. A colony of swallows have built from time immemorial under the overhanging strata of one of the loftier precipices; the fox and badger harbor in the clefts of the steeper and more inaccessible banks.

3. As we proceed, the dell becomes wilder and more deeply wooded; the stream frets and toils at our feet—here leaping over an opposing ridge—there struggling in a pool—yonder escaping to the light, from under some broken fragment of cliff. There is a richer profusion of flowers, a thicker mantling of ivy and honey-suckle; and after passing a semi-circular inflection of the bank, that waves from base to summit with birch, hazel, and hawthorn, we find the passage shut up by a perpendicular wall of rock about thirty feet in height, over which the stream precipitates itself, in a slender column of foam, into a dark, mossy basin. The long arms of an

intermingled clump of birches and hazels stretch half-way across, tripling with their shade the apparent depth of the pool, and heightening in an equal ratio the white flicker of the cascade, and the effect of the bright patches of foam which, flung from the rock, incessantly revolve on the eddy.

4. Mark now the geology of the ravine. For about half-way from where it opens to the shore, to where the path is obstructed by the deep mossy pool and the cascade, its precipitous sides consist of three bars or stories. There is first, reckoning from the stream upwards, a broad bar of pale red; then a broad bar of pale lead color; last and highest, a broad bar of pale yellow; and above all, there rises a steep green slope that continues its ascent till it gains the top of the ridge.

5. The middle, lead-colored bar is an ichthyolite bed, a place of sepulture among the rocks, where the dead lie by myriads. The yellow bar above is a thick bed of saliferous sandstone. We may see the projections on which the sun has beat most powerfully, covered with a white crust of salt, and it may be deemed worthy of remark, in connection with the circumstance, that its shelves and crannies are richer in vegetation than those of the other bars. The pale red bar below is composed of a coarser and harder sandstone, which forms an upper moiety of the arenaceous portion of the great conglomerate.

6. Now mark, further, that on reaching a midway point between the beach and the cascade, this triple-barred line of precipices abruptly terminates, and a line of precipices of coarse conglomerate as abruptly begins. I occasionally pass a continuous wall, built at two different periods, and composed of two different kinds of material; the one-half of it is formed of white sandstone, the other half of a dark-colored

basalt; and the place where the sandstone ends and the basalt begins is marked by a vertical line, on the one side of which all is dark colored, while all is of a light color on the other.

7. Equally marked and abrupt is the vertical line which separates the triple-barred from the conglomerate cliffs of the ravine of Eathie. The ravine itself may be described as a fault in the strata, but here is a fault lying at right angles with it, on a much larger scale; the great conglomerate on which the triple bars rest has been cast up at least two hundred feet, and placed side by side with them.

8. And yet the surface above bears no trace of the catastrophe. Denuding agencies of even greater power than those which have hollowed out the cliffs of the neighboring coast, or whose operations have been prolonged through periods of even more extended duration, have ground down the projected line of the upheaved mass to the level of the undisturbed masses beside it.

9. Now mark further, as we ascend the ravine, that the grand cause of the disturbance appears to illustrate, as it were, and that very happily, the manner in which the fault was originally produced. The precipice, over which the stream leaps at one bound into the mossy hollow, is composed of granitic gneiss, and seems evidently to have introduced itself, with much disturbance, among the surrounding conglomerate and sandstones.

10. A few hundred yards higher up the dell, there is another much loftier precipice of gneiss, round which we find the traces of still greater disturbance; and higher still, yet a third abrupt precipice of the same rock. The gneiss rose trap-like, in steps, and carried up the sandstone before it in detached squares. Each step has its answering fault

immediately over it; and the fault where the triple bars and the conglomerate meet is merely a fault whose step of granitic gneiss stopped short ere it reached the surface.

LXXIV.—AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

ALICE CAREY.

1. O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.
2. Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.
3. Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!
4. These and the little house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,

And fair young faces all ablush ;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

5. Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;
Oh if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while !
I need not speak these foolish words :
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother : you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

6. Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir ; one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise :
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship " Commodore,"—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck :
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.

7. Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

8. Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And, over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

9. At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)~
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

10. You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee,
But, oh that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

LXXV.—SHALLOW SEA, IN SCOTLAND.

HUGH MILLER.

1. The first scene in the *Tempest* opens amid the confusion and turmoil of the hurricane—amid thunders and lightnings, the roar of the wind, the shouts of the seamen, the rattling of cordage, and the wild dash of the billows. The history of the period represented by the Old Red Sandstone seems, in what now forms the northern half of Scotland, to have opened in a similar manner. The finely-laminated lower tilestones of England were deposited evidently in a calm sea.

During the contemporary period in our own country, the vast space which now includes Orkney and Lochness, Dingwall and Gamrie, and many a thousand square mile besides, was the scene of a shallow ocean, perplexed by powerful currents, and agitated by waves.

2. A vast stratum of water-rolled pebbles, varying in depth from a hundred feet to a hundred yards, remains in a thousand different localities to testify of the disturbing agencies of this time of commotion. The hardest masses which the stratum encloses,—porphyries of vitreous fracture that cut glass as readily as flint, and masses of quartz that strike fire quite as profusely from steel,—are yet polished and ground down into bullet-like forms, not an angular fragment appearing in some parts of the mass for yards together. The *debris* of our harder rocks rolled for centuries in the beds of our more impetuous rivers, or tossed for ages along our more exposed and precipitous sea-shores, could not present less equivocally the marks of violent and prolonged attrition than the pebbles of this bed.

3. And yet it is surely difficult to conceive how the bottom of any sea should have been so violently and so equally agitated for so greatly extended a space as that which intervenes between Mealforvony in Inverness-shire, and Pomona in Orkney, in one direction; and between Applecross and Trouphead in another,—and for a period so prolonged that the entire area should have come to be covered with a stratum of rolled pebbles of almost every variety of ancient rock, fifteen stories' high in thickness. The very variety of its contents shows that the period must have been prolonged. A sudden flood sweeps away with it the accumulated *debris* of a range of mountains; but to blend together, in equal mixture the *debris* of so many ranges, as well as to grind down their roughness and angularities, and fill up the interstices with the sand and gravel produced in the process, must be a work of time.

4. I have examined with much interest, in various localities, the fragments of ancient rock inclosed in this formation. Many of them are no longer to be found *in situ*, and the group is essentially different from that presented by the more modern gravels. On the shores of the Frith of Cromarty, for instance, by far the most abundant pebbles are of a blue schistose gneiss; fragments of gray granite and white quartz are also common; and the sea-shore at half ebb presents at a short distance the appearance of a long belt of bluish gray, from the color of the prevailing stones which compose it.

5. The prevailing color of the conglomerate of the district, on the contrary, is a deep red. It contains pebbles of small-grained red granite, red quartz rock, red feldspar, red porphyry, an impure red jasper, red hornstone, and a red granite gneiss, identical with the well-marked gneiss of the neighboring sutors. This last is the only rock now found in the district, of which fragments occur in the conglomerate.

6. It must have been exposed at the time to the action of the waves, though afterwards buried deep under succeeding formations, until again thrust to the surface by some great internal convulsion of a date comparatively recent.

LXXVI.—ICHTHYOLITIC BEDS.

HUGH MILLER.

1. The period of this shallow and stormy ocean passed. The bottom composed of the identical conglomerate which now forms the summit of some of our loftiest mountains, sank throughout its wide area to a depth so profound as to be little affected by tides or tempests. During this second period there took place a vast deposit of coarse sandstone strata, with here and there a few thin beds of rolled pebbles.

The general subsidence of the bottom still continued, and, after a deposit of full ninety feet had overlain the conglomerate, the depth became still more profound than at first. A fine semi-calcareous, semi-aluminous deposition took place in waters perfectly undisturbed. And here we first find proof that this ancient ocean literally swarmed with life—that its bottom was covered with miniature forests of algæ, and its waters darkened by immense shoals of fish.

2. In middle autumn, at the close of the herring season, when the fish have just spawned, and the congregated masses are breaking up on shallow and skerry, and dispersing by myriads over the deeper seas, they rise at times to the surface by a movement so simultaneous that for miles and miles around the skiff of the fisherman nothing may be seen but the bright glitter of scales, as if the entire face of the deep were a blue robe spangled with silver.

3. I have watched them at sunrise at such seasons, on the middle of the Moray Frith, when, far as the eye could reach, the surface has been ruffled by the splash of fins, as if a light breeze swept over it, and the red light has flashed in gleams of an instant on the millions and tens of millions that were leaping around me, a handbreadth into the air, thick as hail-stones in a thunder shower. The amazing amount of life which the scene included has imparted to it an indescribable interest.

4. On most occasions the inhabitants of ocean are seen but by scores and hundreds; for, in looking down into their green twilight haunts, we find the view bounded by a few yards, or at most a few fathoms; and we can but calculate on the unseen myriads of the surrounding expanse by the seen few that occupy the narrow space visible. Here, however, it was not the few, but the myriads, that were seen—the innumerable and inconceivable whole—all palpable to the sight

as a flock on a hill-side ; or, at least, if all was not palpable, it was only because sense has its limits in the lighter as well as the denser medium—that the multitudinous distracts it, and the distant eludes it, and the far horizon bounds it. If the scene spoke not of infinity in the sense in which Deity comprehends it, it spoke of it in at least the only sense in which man can comprehend it.

5. Now, we are much in the habit of thinking of such amazing multiplicity of being, when we think of it at all, with reference to but the later times of the world's history. We think of the remote past as a time of comparative solitude. We forget that the now uninhabited desert was once a populous city. Is the reader prepared to realize in connection with the lower old red sandstone—the second period of vertebrated existence—scenes as amazingly fertile in life as the scene just described—oceans as thoroughly occupied with being as our friths and estuaries when the herrings congregate most abundantly on our coasts?

7. There are evidences too sure to be disputed that such must have been the case. I have seen the ichthyolite beds, where washed bare in the line of the strata, as thickly covered with oblong spindle-shaped nodules, as I have ever seen a fishing bank covered with herrings ; and have ascertained that every individual nodule had its nucleus of animal matter,—that it was a stone coffin, in miniature, holding enclosed its organic mass of bitumen or bone,—its winged or enameled or thorn-covered ichthyolite.

LXXVII.—THE GREATNESS OF SHAKSPEARE.

E. COLBERT.

[Eulogy pronounced at the Tercentenary Celebration, Chicago, April 23, 1864.]

1. The peculiar power of Shakspeare lies in the skill with which he *delineates human nature*. He does not attempt to create character, but to unfold it. He aims not to give to the world that which was *not*, but to reveal that which was and *is*, and ever shall be. He sought not the vain glory of a Faust who was swallowed up by his own creation, but to hold the mirror to already existing nature, to give herself undisguisedly, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice;" to present the image of the things themselves, and edify or amuse only by their comparisons or contrasts. Beyond this he had no ambition, he soared not after the illimitable, or even the difficult; his situations are all possible, his actions natural; the substantive is presented first, then the verb; the accessories are applied judiciously, never with a too lavish hand.

2. It is of the heart that Shakspeare speaks; he probes to its inmost recesses, and lays bare its most hidden workings. The subterfuges of the hypocrite are like plastic clay in his hands. At "one fell swoop" he dives deep and brings to the surface the leading trait, which, there fixed, is surrounded by its necessary adjuncts only. In each of his personalities one sees the innate character,—the primary motive of action; it shines out in every word, defying concealment. One touch, and the image is before you; not a thousand labored words, but one bold, truth-speaking line brings out in full relief all one needs to know. Another and another is treated with equal skill. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, the panorama is before you, its parts all separately introduced, yet so rapidly and so skillfully blended as to give the idea of complete, perfect oneness.

3. As he speaks of the heart, so he speaks to the heart. His portrayals are things of life—speaking likenesses. We appreciate them instantaneously. Not that it is given to any one man in any age to comprehend the inexhaustible variety of character to be found in his works, but that all not beyond our experience, and therefore above appreciation, is instantly recognized as a perfect personation. Hence the varying estimation in which Shakspeare is held. The most unlettered boor is melted to tears or carried away in raptures at a proper rendition of his characters, because there is a language of the heart which needs no learning to enable us to interpret.

4. But the boor comprehends not all. The more exquisite touches, the blendings of the natural with the artificial, are only to be duly appreciated as we rise in our knowledge of humanity. Our horizon is limited thus by what we know; but never yet has one attained to that elevation whence he could look down and beyond the confines of Shakspearian thought. He who knows most has always venerated the bard most highly, and inasmuch as the heart of man is substantially the same in all ages and under all conditions, variable only in its manifestation, the perfectly truthful is always recognizable under the shifting shams of civilized advancement. That which is true in one age is true in all; and the characters of Shakspeare will never die, never grow antiquated, but always retain the vigor and freshness of the Elizabethan age, so long as humanity itself endures.

5. The natal day of Shakspeare is also the day of St. George. While Englishmen may feel justly proud of his fame, they are only his more immediate neighbors. The whole world claims kin. A perfect cosmopolite in thought, he had made the learning of other people his own; he was equally at home in delineating the specialties of

men of foreign birth as of those who drew their first breath on his native soil.

6. Two hundred and forty-eight years have passed since the great one departed. He still lives—his memory shall never die. Far as the wide range of civilization extends, his works are read. The Hindoo and the Laplander, equally with ourselves, appreciate them. In his writings, the great Shakspeare flourishes in immortal youth. When the conquerors of earth shall have been forgotten, he who opened up a new universe of thought shall be cherished in the memories of a grateful world. Each succeeding age does him greater homage, and when man shall have attained to the highest possible perfection of intellectual culture, then, and then only, will the value of the services which he rendered to humanity be really appreciated. The noble thoughts to which he first gave expression, will form the axiomata of future ages, and their purifying, elevating, ennobling influence, will largely tend to bring about that for which all men pray—the good time coming. Then, and then only, will his eulogium be written; then only will the world know how largely it has been indebted to William Shakspeare.

LXXVIII.—THE HERITAGE OF CULTURE.

1. Compare the condition of Christendom to-day with what it was when Roger Bacon's knowledge of mathematics was taken for witchcraft. Let the comparison include the physical condition and the intellectual and moral character of the people. The vast advance made since that period has required time. It has been the work of six centuries; and what one of the six has not made liberal contributions towards the grand result?

2. One gave Europe the germ of those now ancient universities in which the hearts and intellects of nations have

been formed. Another gave the mariner's compass and the printing press, and almost doubled the terrestrial inheritance of man by the discovery of a new world. Another gave the discovery of Copernicus, the Protestant Reformation, and the universal awakening consequent thereupon. Another opened the eyes of men to the advantages of commerce and discovery, and began the overturn of the old despotic notions concerning government.

3. Another gave the American Declaration of Independence, and the discovery of the law of gravitation. And the present is continually astonishing us by its contributions to human wealth and knowledge in every form and in every department. And what shall be achieved in the next? and the next? Let us not despair. Surely the millenium is coming! The stream of history is flowing on to a glorious consummation, notwithstanding an occasional small eddy that seems to be setting backwards.

4. My friends, the theme upon which I have attempted to speak to you is one of the greatest that can engage the attention of men. It is no less than the history of human thought in its highest and noblest efforts. I know of nothing better fitted to impress upon one the conviction of his own insignificance, and yet of his great responsibility. Compared with the whole sum of human thought, how puny is that of an ordinary man,—or indeed of any man! And yet every man, and especially every scholar, comes into the line of succession, and is bound to transmit, unimpaired, and with whatever additions he may, the inheritance he has enjoyed.

5. I have touched upon a very few general facts, connected with the most prominent and best-known forms of civilization. But the subject needs to be examined in careful detail. To the scholar the study cannot fail of being in the highest degree interesting and stirring. The old Greeks thought that they

could best train their boys to virtue and valor, by placing before them the narrative of Homer, and requiring them to study his description of the heroes who "fought at Ilium, on each side mixed with auxiliar gods." And if characters like these, stained with blood and debased by ignoble passions, could inspire Grecian youth with a love of what was good and great, how much may the scholar of to-day be built up and strengthened by a study of the men and women to whom he may be introduced in this history of human culture.

6. The memories of the good and wise are the noblest inheritance that comes to us from the past. They are the educational forces of the ages. And the ancient world is not alone our benefactor here. We have maintained that Christianity has not been a failure; and to declare that antiquity is alone our teacher here, that modern history furnishes no names illustrious enough to be held up as examples to the men of present and future time, is to declare that Christianity has signally failed.

7. But it is not so. Where shall we find such a spirit of self-sacrifice,—of general love for man, as that which has characterized Christian societies from the fathers to the present times?—a spirit which has filled every Christian country with asylums and hospitals for the unfortunate, the erring, the sick, and insane. Christianity does not, like the Spartans, throw its feeble children to the wolves and birds of prey because the state needs only those of strong limbs and lusty sinews.

8. No; it lavishes upon the feeble ones its most abundant cares. It labors to supply what nature and circumstances have failed to supply, whether the defect be in physical, intellectual, or moral strength. And inasmuch as it is more blessed to give than to receive,—inasmuch as moral greatness

is more than intellectual,—we have here an element of greatness more glorious than anything of which the ancient world can boast.

9. Our heritage of culture comes to us from all the ages. It contains the good of all times. It offers for our use and enjoyment the profound meditations of the Orient, the chaste beauty of the Greek, the masculine energy of the Roman, the gorgeous speculation of the Arab, the serene self-denial of the Christian. It is the spur of our youth and the solace of our age. It kindles our aspirations and refines our souls. It establishes a bond between us and our kind through all time. It exalts our conception of common humanity by keeping before us the noblest results it has achieved.

10. And if fortune is to frown upon us at all, we bid her take our outward prosperity, our houses, our lands, our railways, and our shipping; let her derange our commerce, and suspend our business; yes, if the dire necessity comes, let her take from us even the institutions that have protected our infancy and nourished our manhood; but let her not rob us of that which underlies our institutions and is of more value than all our wealth,—that which pervades our very being and is the best part of our life,—the heritage of knowledge and culture which has descended from the good and great of bygone times.

LXXIX.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead ;
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

6. Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line,—and we raised not a stone
But left him alone with his glory.

LXXX.—VIRTUE TO BE LOVED AND SOUGHT FOR ITSELF.

FROM CLEVELAND'S CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

CICERO.

1. That everything which is honorable is to be sought for its own sake, is an opinion common to us with many other schools of philosophers. For, except the three sects which exclude virtue from the chief good, this opinion must be maintained by all philosophers, and above all by us, who do not rank anything whatever among goods except what is honorable. But the defense of this opinion is very easy and simple indeed; for who is there or who ever was there, of such violent avarice or of such unbridled desires, as not infinitely to prefer that anything which he wishes to acquire, even at the expense of any conceivable wickedness, should come into his power without crime (even though he had a prospect of perfect impunity) than through crime? And what utility or what personal advantage do we hope for, when we are anxious to know whether those bodies are moving whose movements are concealed from us, and owing to what causes they revolve through the heavens?

2. And who is there that lives according to such clownish maxims, or who has so rigorously hardened himself against the study of nature, as to be averse to things worthy to be understood, and to be indifferent to and disregard such knowledge, merely because there is no exact usefulness or pleasure likely to result from it? Or, who is there that—when he comes to know the exploits and sayings and wise counsels of our forefathers, of the Africani, or of that ancestor of mine whom you are always talking of, and of other brave men and citizens of pre-eminent virtue—does not feel his mind affected

with pleasure? And who that has been brought up in a respectable family, and educated as becomes a freeman, is not offended with baseness as such, though it may not be likely to injure him personally?

3. Who can keep his equanimity while looking on a man who, he thinks, lives in an impure and wicked manner? Who does not hate sordid, fickle, unstable, worthless men? But what shall we be able to say (if we do not lay it down that baseness is to be avoided for its own sake) is the reason why men do not seek darkness and solitude, and then give the rein to every possible infamy, except that baseness of itself detects them by reason of its own intrinsic foulness? Innumerable arguments may be brought forward to support this opinion; but it is needless, for there is nothing which can be less a matter of doubt than that what is honorable ought to be sought for its own sake; and, in the same manner, what is disgraceful ought to be avoided.

4. But after that point is established, which we have previously mentioned, that that which is honorable is the sole good, it must unavoidably be understood that that which is honorable is to be valued more highly than those intermediate goods which we derive from it. But when we say that folly and rashness and injustice and intemperance are to be avoided on account of those things which result from them, we do not speak in such a manner that our language is at all inconsistent with the position which has been laid down, that that alone is evil which is dishonorable.

LXXXI.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

ANONYMOUS.

“And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulcher to this day.”—*Deut. xxxiv : 6.*

1. By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,

In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

2. That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the day-light
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

3. Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

4. Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

5. Lo when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,

With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

6. Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

7. This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

8. And had he not high honor ?
The hill side for his pall ;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

9. In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay

Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
 Before the judgment day,
 And stand with glory wrapped around
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

10. O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
 O dark Beth-peor's hill,
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath his mysteries of grace,—
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

LXXXII.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1. Vital spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !
2. Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 " Sister spirit, come away ! "
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
3. The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

LXXXIII.—HISTORIC DOUBTS.

RICHARD WHATELY.

1. Still it will be said, that unless we suppose a regularly preconcerted plan, we must at least expect to find great discrepancies in the accounts published. Though they might adopt the general outlines of facts one from another, they would have to fill up the detail for themselves ; and in this, therefore, we should meet with infinite and irreconcilable variety.

2. Now this is precisely the point I am tending to ; for the fact exactly accords with the above supposition ; the discordance and natural contradictions of these witnesses being such as alone throw a considerable shade of doubt over their testimony. It is not in minute circumstances alone that the discrepancy appears, such as might be expected to appear in a narrative substantially true ; but in very great and leading transactions, and such as are intimately connected with the supposed hero. For instance, it is by no means agreed whether Bonaparte led in person the celebrated charge over the bridge of Lodi (for *celebrated* it certainly is, as well as the siege of Troy, whether either event really took place or no), or was safe in the rear while Augereau performed the exploit.

3. The same doubt hangs over the charge of the French cavalry at Waterloo. The peasant Lacoste, who professed to

have been Bonaparte's guide on the day of battle, and who earned a fortune by detailing over and over again to visitors all the particulars of what the great man said and did up to the moment of flight,—this same Lacoste has been suspected by others, besides me, of having never been near the great man and having fabricated the whole story for the sake of making a gain of the credulity of travelers.

4. In the accounts that are extant of the battle itself, published by persons professing to have been present, the reader will find there is a discrepancy of *three or four hours* as to the time the battle began!—a battle, be it remembered, not fought with javelins and arrows, like those of the ancients, in which one part of a large army might be engaged, while a distant portion of the same army knew nothing of it; but a battle commencing—if indeed it were fought at all—with the *firing of cannon*, which would have announced pretty loudly what was going on.

5. It is no less uncertain whether or no this strange personage poisoned, in Egypt, a hospital-full of his own soldiers, and butchered in cold blood a garrison that had surrendered. But not to multiply instances, the battle of Borodino, which is represented as one of the greatest ever fought, was unequivocally claimed as a victory by both parties; nor is the question decided at this day. We have official accounts on both sides, circumstantially detailed, in the names of supposed respectable persons professing to have been present on the spot, yet totally irreconcilable. *Both* these accounts *may* be false; but since one of them must be false, that one (it is no matter which we suppose) proves incontrovertibly this important maxim: that it is possible for a narrative—however circumstantial—however steadily maintained—however public and however important the event it relates—however grave the authority on which it is published—to be nevertheless an entire fabrication.

6. Many of the events which have been recorded were probably believed much the more readily and firmly, from the apparent caution and hesitation with which they were at first published, the vehement contradiction in our papers of many pretended French accounts, and the abuse lavished upon them for falsehood, exaggeration, and gasconade. But is it not possible,—is it not indeed perfectly natural,—that the publishers even of known falsehood should assume this cautious demeanor, and this abhorrence of exaggeration, in order the more easily to gain credit?

7. Is it not also very possible that those who actually believe what they published, may have suspected mere exaggeration in stories which were entire *fictions*? Many men have that sort of simplicity, that they think themselves quite secure against being deceived, provided they believe only *part* of the story they hear, when perhaps the whole is equally false. So that perhaps these simple-hearted editors who were so vehement against lying bulletins, and so wary in announcing their great news, were in the condition of a clown, who thinks he has bought a great bargain of a Jew because he has beat down the price, perhaps from a guinea to a crown, for some article that is really not worth a groat.

8. With respect to the character of Bonaparte, the dissonance is, if possible, still greater. According to some, he was a wise, humane, magnanimous hero; others paint him as a monster of cruelty, meanness, and perfidy; some, even of those who are most inveterate against him, speak very highly of his political and military ability; others place him on the very verge of insanity.

9. But allowing that all this may be the coloring of party prejudice (which surely is allowing a great deal), there is one point to which such a solution will hardly apply. If there

be anything that can be clearly ascertained in history, one would think it must be the *personal courage of a military man*; yet here we are as much at a loss as ever; at the very same times and on the same occasions he is described by different writers as a man of undaunted intrepidity, and as an absolute poltroon.

10. What, then, *are* we to believe? If we are disposed to credit all that is told us, we must believe in the existence, not only of one, but of two or three Bonapartes; if we admit nothing but what is well authenticated, we shall be compelled to doubt of the existence of any.

11. It appears, then, that those on whose testimony the existence and actions of Bonaparte are generally believed, fail in *all* the most essential points on which the credibility of witnesses depends; first we have no assurance that they have access to correct information; secondly, they have an apparent interest in propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, they palpably contradict each other in the most important points.

LXXXIV.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. After all, it may be expected that many who perceive the force of these objections, will yet be loath to think it possible that they and the public at large can have been so long and so greatly imposed upon. And thus it is that the magnitude and boldness of a fraud become its best support; the millions who for so many ages have believed in Mahomet or Brahma, lean, as it were, on each other for support; and not having vigor of mind enough boldly to throw off vulgar prejudices and dare be wiser than the multitude, persuade themselves that what so many have acknowledged must be true. But I call on those who boast their philosophical

freedom of thought, and would fain tread in the steps of Hume and other inquirers of the like exalted and speculative genius, to follow up fairly and fully their own principles, and, throwing off the shackles of authority, to examine carefully the evidence of whatever is proposed to them, before they admit its truth.

2. That even in this enlightened age, as it is called, a whole nation may be egregiously imposed upon, even in matters which intimately concern them, may be proved (if it has not been already proved) by the following instance: It was stated in the newspapers that, a month after the battle of Trafalgar, an English officer who had been a prisoner of war and was exchanged, returned to this country from France, and, beginning to condole with his countrymen on the terrible *defeat* they had sustained, was infinitely astonished to learn that the battle of Trafalgar was a splendid victory: he had been assured, he said, that in that battle the English had been totally defeated; and the French were fully and universally persuaded that such was the fact.

3. Now, if this report of the belief of the French was *not* true, the British public were completely imposed upon; if it *was* true, then both nations were, at the same time, rejoicing in the event of the same battle, as a signal victory to themselves; and consequently one or other at least, of these nations must have been the dupe of its government; for if the battle was never fought at all, or was not decisive on either side, in that case both parties were deceived. The instance, I conceive, is absolutely demonstrative of the point in question.

4. "But what shall we say to the testimony of those many respectable persons who went to Plymouth on purpose; and saw Bonaparte with their own eyes? Must they not trust their senses?" I would not disparage either the eyesight or

the veracity of these gentlemen. I am ready to allow that they went to Plymouth for the purpose of seeing Bonaparte; nay, more, that they actually rowed out into the harbor in a boat, and came alongside of a man-of-war, on whose deck they saw a man in a cockade hat, who, *they were told*, was Bonaparte. This is the utmost point to which their testimony goes; how they ascertained that this man in the cocked hat had gone through all the marvelous and romantic adventures with which we have so long been amused, we are not told. Did they perceive in his physiognomy his true name and authentic history?

5. Truly, this evidence is such as country people give one for a story of apparitions; if you discover any signs of incredulity, they triumphantly show the very house where the ghost haunted, the identical dark corner where it used to vanish, and perhaps even the tombstone of the person whose death it foretold. Jack Cade's nobility was supported by the same irresistible kind of evidence; having asserted that the eldest son of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was stolen by a beggar woman, "became a bricklayer when he came to age," and was father of the supposed Jack Cade; one of his companions confirms the story by saying, "Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not."

6. Much of the same kind is the testimony of our brave countrymen, who are ready to produce the scars they received in fighting against this terrible Bonaparte. That they fought and were wounded they may safely testify; and probably they no less firmly *believe* what they were *told* respecting the cause in which they fought; it would have been a high breach of discipline to doubt it; and they, I conceive, are men better skilled in handling a musket than in sifting evidence and detecting imposture. But I defy any one of them to come forward and declare, *on his own knowledge*, what was the cause

in which he fought,—under whose commands the opposed generals acted,—and whether the persons who issued those commands did really perform the mighty achievements we are told of.

7. Let those, then, who pretend philosophical freedom of inquiry,—who scorn to rest their opinions on popular belief, and to shelter themselves under the example of the unthinking multitude, consider carefully, each one for himself, what is the evidence proposed to himself in particular, for the existence of such a person as Napoleon Bonaparte;—I do not mean, whether there ever was a person bearing that *name*, for that is a question of no consequence; but whether any such person ever performed all the wonderful things attributed to him;—let him then weigh well the objections to that evidence (of which I have given but a hasty and imperfect sketch), and if he then finds it amounts to anything *more* than a probability, I have only to congratulate him on his easy faith.

8. But the same testimony which would have great weight in establishing a thing intrinsically probable, will lose part of this weight in proportion as the matter attested is improbable; and if adduced in support of anything that is at variance with uniform experience, will be rejected at once by all sound reasoners. Let us, then, consider what sort of a story it is that is proposed to our acceptance. How grossly contradictory are the reports of the different authorities, I have already remarked; but consider, by itself, the story told by any one of them; it carries an air of fiction and romance on the very face of it.

9. All the events are great and splendid and marvelous; great armies,—great victories,—great frosts,—great reverses,—“hair-breadth ’scapes,”—empires subverted in a few days; everything happening in defiance of political calculation, and

in opposition to the experience of past times; everything upon that grand scale, so common in epic poetry, so rare in real life; and, thus, calculated to strike the imagination of the vulgar, and to remind the sober-thinking few of the Arabian Nights. Every event, too, has that *roundness* and completeness which is so characteristic of fiction; nothing is done by halves; we have *complete* victories,—*total* overthrows,—*entire* subversion of empires,—*perfect* re-establishments of them,—crowded upon us in rapid succession.

10. To enumerate the improbabilities of each of the several parts of this history, would fill volumes; but they are so fresh in every one's memory, that there is no need of such a detail; let any judicious man, not ignorant of history and of human nature, revolve them in his mind, and consider how far they are conformable to experience, our best and only sure guide. In vain will he seek in history for something similar to this wonderful Bonaparte; "nought but himself can be his parallel."

LXXXV.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

1. Now, if a free-thinking philosopher—one of those who advocate the cause of unbiassed reason, and despise pretended revelations—were to meet with such a tissue of absurdities as this in an old Jewish record, would he not reject it at once as too palpable an imposture to deserve even any inquiry into its evidence? Is that credible then of the civilized Europeans now, which could not, if reported of the semi-barbarous Jews three thousand years ago, be established by any testimony? Will it be answered that "there is nothing *supernatural* in all this?" Why is it, then, that you object to what is *supernatural*—that you reject every account of *miracles*—if not because they are *improbable*?

2. Surely then, a story equally or still more improbable, is not to be implicitly received, merely on the ground that it is *not* miraculous; though in fact, as I have already shown from Hume's authority, it really is miraculous. The opposition to experience has been proved to be as complete in this case as in what are commonly called miracles; and the reasons assigned for that contrariety, by the defenders of *them*, cannot be pleaded in the present instance. If, then, philosophers who reject every wonderful story that is maintained by priests, are yet found ready to believe *everything else*, however improbable, they will surely lay themselves open to the accusation brought against them, of being unduly prejudiced against whatever relates to religion.

3. Is it then too much to demand of the wary academic a suspension of judgment as to the "life and adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte?" I do not pretend to *decide* positively that there is not, nor ever was, any such person; but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point, and one the more deserving of careful investigation, from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry. Far less would I undertake to decide what is or has been, the real state of affairs. He who points out the improbability of the current story, is not bound to suggest an hypothesis of his own; though it may safely be affirmed, that it would be hard to invent any one more improbable than the received one. One may surely be allowed to hesitate in admitting the stories which the ancient poets tell, of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions being caused by imprisoned giants, without being called upon satisfactorily to account for those phenomena.

4. I call upon those, therefore, who profess themselves advocates of free inquiry—who disdain to be carried along with the stream of popular opinion, and who will listen to no testimony that runs counter to experience,—to follow up their

own principles fairly and consistently. Let the same mode of argument be adopted in all cases alike, and then it can no longer be attributed to hostile prejudice, but to enlarged and philosophical views.

5. If they have already rejected some histories, on the ground of their being strange and marvelous—of their relating facts unprecedented, and at variance with the established course of nature,—let them not give credit to another history which lies open to the very same objections,—the extraordinary and romantic tale we have been just considering. If they have discredited the testimony of witnesses, who are *said* at least to have been disinterested, and to have braved persecutions and death in support of their assertions,—can these philosophers consistently listen to and believe the testimony of those who avowedly *get money* by the tales they publish, and who do not even pretend that they incur any serious risk in case of being detected in falsehood?

6. If, in other cases, they have refused to listen to an account which has passed through many intermediate hands before it reaches them, and which is defended by those who have an interest in maintaining it, let them consider through how many and what very suspicious hands *this* story has arrived to them, without the possibility, as I have shown, of tracing it back to any decidedly authentic source, after all, — to any better authority, according to their own showing, than that of an unnamed and unknown foreign correspondent;—and, likewise, how strong an interest, in every way, those who have hitherto imposed on them, have in keeping up the imposture. Let them, in short, show themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians as of priests.

7. But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same

evidence in *other* cases, which they yield to in *this*. If, after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.

LXXXVI.—THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies ;
 And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,—
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
 A simple name alone,
 To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
 Lean lovingly against the humble stone.
2. Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
 No man of iron mold and bloody hands,
 Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart ;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
 Gentlest in mien and mind
 Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame ;

One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;
Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

3. Nor deem that when the hand that molders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alone her task was wrought;
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

4. She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good in her great Master's name.

5. Her glory is not of this shadowy state,—
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!

How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
 And flowers of Heaven by shining hands were flung!
 And He who, long before,
 Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
 The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
 Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;
 He who, returning glorious from the grave,
 Dragged death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

6. See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
 Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
 O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
 Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.
 Brief is the time, I know,
 The warfare scarce begun;
 Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won;
 Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.
 The victors' names are yet too few to fill
 Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory
 That ministered to thee is open still.

LXXXVII.—INVECTIVE AGAINST CATILINE.

FROM CLEVELAND'S CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

CICERO.

1. How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience?
 How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To
 what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou
 nothing daunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the
 Palatium? Nothing by the city guards? Nothing by the
 rally of all good citizens? Nothing by the assembling of the
 senate in this fortified place? Nothing by the averted looks

of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the senate?—that we are all well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

2. Alas the times! Alas the public morals! The senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council; takes part in our deliberations; and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state, if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

3. Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless because forbearing. We have a decree—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard—a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late, than any man too cruelly.

4. But, for good reasons I will yet defer the blow, long since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the republic

without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream.

5. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason; the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state, than thou in plotting its destruction!

LXXXVIII.—SCENES FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKSPEARE.

ACT I, SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, AND SALANIO.

ANT.—In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR.—Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,

That court'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN.—Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALAR.—My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANT.—Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year;
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAR.—Why, then you are in love.

ANT.—Fy, fy!

SALAR.—Not in love neither? Then let's say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots, at a bag-piper:
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, AND GRATIANO.

SALAR.—Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR.—I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT.—Your worth is very dear in my regards.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALAR.—Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS.—Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say
when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

SALAR.—We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Exeunt SALARINO AND SALANIO.

LOR.—My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner time,
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

BASS.—I will not fail you.

GRA.—You look not well, signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world ;
They lose it. that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvelously changed.

ANT.—I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,—
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRA.—Let *me* play the fool ;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, “ I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark ! ”
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well, awhile ;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR.—Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA.—Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT.—Farewell; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA.—Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

Exeunt GRATIANO AND LORENZO.

ANT.—Is that anything now?

BASS.—Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
More than any man in all Venice. His reasons
Are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;
You shall seek all day ere you find them; and when
You have them they are not worth the search.

ANT.—Well, tell me now, what lady is this same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

BASS.—'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance,
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT.—I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

BASS.—In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a willful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT.—You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have;
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest into it; therefore speak.

BASS.—In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer, than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;

For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT.—Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea;
Nor have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be racked even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. (*Exeunt.*)

LXXXIX.—SCENES FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA AND NERISSA.

POR.—By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NER.—You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are ; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness,

therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR.—Good sentences and well pronounced.

NER.—They would be better if well followed.

POR.—If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree ; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me ! the word choose ! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ?

NER.—Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men at their death have good inspirations ; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ?

POR.—I pray thee overname them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and according to my description, level at my affection.

NER.—First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR.—Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself ; I am much afraid he would house me in a smithy.

NER.—Then, is there the county Palatine.

POR.—He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, “An you will not have me, choose:” he hears merry tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher, when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death’s head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER.—How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

POR.—God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan’s; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine. He is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER.—What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR.—You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man’s picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round-hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.

NER.—What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

POR.—That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear, of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER.—How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR.—Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER.—If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you would refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR.—Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER.—You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; ~~they~~ have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR.—If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NER.—Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

POR.—Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was called.

NER.—True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR.—I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now! What news?

Enter A SERVANT.

SERV.—The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

POR.—If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.

Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.—*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO AND SHYLOCK.

SHY.—Three thousand ducats,—well.

BASS.—Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY.—For three months,—well.

BASS.—For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY.—Antonio shall become bound,—well.

BASS.—May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer?

SHY.—Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS.—Your answer to that.

SHY.—Antonio is a good man.

BASS.—Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY.—Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient;

yet his means are in supposition ; he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad ; but ships are but boards, sailors but men ; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves ; I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient.—Three thousand ducats ; —I think I may take his bond.

BASS.—Be assured you may.

SHY.—I will be assured I may ; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio ?

BASS.—If it please you to dine with us.

SHY.—Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ? Who is he comes here ?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS.—This is signior Antonio.

SHY —[*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican He looks ! I hate him, for he is a Christian : But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe If I forgive him !

BASS.—Shylock, do you hear?

SHY.—I am debating of my present store ;
And by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft, how many months .
Do you desire ? Rest you fair, good signior ;
[*To Antonio.*]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT.—Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possessed
How much you would ?

SHY.—Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT.—And for three months ?

SHY.—I had forgot,—three months ; you told me so.
Well then, your bond ; and let me see,—But hear you :
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

ANT.—I do never use it.

SHY.—Three thousand ducats ; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT.—Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

SHY.—Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances ;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys ;" you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this :—

"Fair sir, you *spat on me on Wednesday last* ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

ANT.—I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends : for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHY.—Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

ANT.—This were kindness.

SHY.—This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANT.—Content, in faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS.—You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANT.—Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month
Before this bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY.—O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

ANT.—Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY.—Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

ANT.—Hie thee, gentle Jew.

The Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

BASS.—I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

ANT.—Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

XC.—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

2. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed ; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

3. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes ; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and

usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

4. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world :

5. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained ; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

6. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature ; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

7. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected ; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise ; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

8. He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

9. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

10. He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

11. For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government,

and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies :

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments :

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

12. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

13. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves, by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring, on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

14. In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms ; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

15. Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of

attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

16. We, therefore, the representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be FREE AND INDEPENDENT states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

XCI.—NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

JOHN PIERPONT.

1. O no, no—let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!

Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

2. From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O never let my spirit take her flight!

3. I know that Beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave;
I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

4. Some of these piles I've seen:
The one at Lexington, upon the green
Where the first blood was shed
That to my country's independence led;
And others, on our shore,
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill.

Ay, and abroad, a few, more famous still;
Thy "Tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.

5. And thine, too, have I seen,
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over, as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

6. Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But, as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No! Let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive

With kindred spirits—spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

7. And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!

8. And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed; the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,
And breathe a humbler prayer
That they may die like him whose bones are moldering
there.

XCII.—MEXICO.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

1. Had the question been asked, forty years ago, what country, beside our own, possessed the greatest natural advantages, and gave the best promise of future growth and

prosperity, very likely the answer would have been Mexico, which had then just thrown off the Spanish yoke and achieved national independence. Cast aside for a moment all modern ideas derived from her known weakness and anarchy, and see how great and manifold those apparent advantages and prospects were.

2. Situated where the continent of North America is narrowing, from the immense breadth of the United States and British America, to that thread of communication between continents, the Isthmus of Panama, on the one side its shores are washed by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico for more than sixteen hundred miles, and on the other by the tranquil Pacific for four thousand more.

3. Yet the distance from her great eastern port, Vera Cruz, to the old Spanish treasure-depot, Acapulco, on the western coast, is not, as the bird flies, more than three hundred miles: a distance scarcely greater than from Boston to New York, and which, with modern means of transit, might be traversed between sunrise and sunset. Thus, with one hand she seemed ready to grasp the wealth of the Indies, while with the other she welcomed all the products of European skill. This wonderful geographic advantage had, indeed, been rendered futile in the past by the jealous spirit and the exclusive enactments of her oppressors. But what might not be hoped in the future from a free people quickened into fresh life by the breath of liberty?

4. Then the marvelous resources of every description which nature had crowded into her soil. Perhaps there is not on the whole earth another strip of country extending north and south only a thousand miles, and varying in width from one to five hundred miles, where, side by side are all climates and all their products. On the coast the land is low, hot, vaporous, and luxuriant,—the native home of the richest

tropical growths. Travel inland but a few leagues, and you rise to a greater elevation, and find yourself beneath almost Italian skies, and inhaling Italian airs ; while all around is a new vegetation,—the vine, the olive, the tobacco, the banana, itself, perhaps, the most prolific and nourishing of all plants, and which, on the space where Indian corn would sustain but three lives, will nourish with its free bounty more than fifty.

5. A few miles more, and you stand on that great plateau, elevated, with but little variation, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and stretching on every side we know not over how many hundred thousands of square miles. There, under the tropics and beneath a tropical sun, is a temperate atmosphere, cool, salubrious, and bracing. There, almost within sight of the deadly miasma of the coast, is a new climate, which deals kindly even with a European constitution. There all the great cereals of the north, the wheat, the barley, the corn, come to their most luxuriant perfection.

6. And so it is literally true, that, traveling a few hundred miles from gulf to ocean, you pass through more climates and see a wider variety of vegetation than if you traversed our whole country from the great lakes in the north to the southernmost cape of Florida. Nay, so striking is this contrast of zones, that in that table-land itself are, it is said, deep valleys, where with one glance the eye may behold, far up, the deep shades of the pine, while below waves the feathery grace of the palm,—or where one may walk amid familiar waving grain, and see beneath him, descending in beautiful gradation, the cone, the olive, the sugar-cane, down to the depth where a torrid vine lavishes its full wealth of verdure.

7. Here, too, is the true Ophir ; here the rivers that roll down their yellow sands. For here are the veins of gold

that attracted the Spaniard with his fatal greed, and the mines of silver that for three hundred years have been yielding untold treasures, and to-day are as ready as ever to yield untold treasures more. With such germs of wealth hidden in her soil, what was needed to make Mexico one of the master-nations, but men? What to crowd her ports with ships, to make her borders pleasant with the hum of industry and to fill her storehouses with its products, but the same sagacity and energy which have made the sterile hills of New England populous, and which are now transforming the prairies of the West into one broad corn-field? Was it surprising, then, that fifty years ago men were dreaming great things of Mexico?

8. And it will not be denied that into man's estimate of her future some elements of romance entered, to blind their eyes and to distort their judgment. This was the land of Cortez and Montezuma. Here it was that the Spaniard, fresh from the conquest of fair Granada, found in the depths of the new world a barbarian civilization which mocked the pomp and luxury of the Moor. Here, on these plains, beneath these mountains, on the bosom of these tranquil lakes, was transacted that marvelous episode in history, which, on the pages of Prescott, looks like the creation of the fabled genii. Here an aboriginal race rose to more than aboriginal splendor; and here, beneath the conqueror's heel, they sank to unsounded depths of misery and servitude. He must have a prosaic nature to whom the memories and associations of such a land do not come glowing with the warm flush of sentiment and romance.

9. There was much, too, in the long and bitter struggle by which this people were winning their independence, which appealed to the sympathy of men who had just achieved their own freedom. Very likely, as we read now the history

of that struggle,—as we see how little of any broad and generous patriotism entered into it,—as we mark how every step was stained with blood and darkened by cruel passions,—as we behold, on every field, the selfish ambition of petty men taking the place of the self-devotion of great souls,—it will not look heroic. But it did once. Men saw it from afar off. They beheld in it the ancient conflict between liberty and oppression. It was the time-worn story of men in poverty, of men in exile, of men dying for freedom.

10. Thus, from one cause or another, from reasons of utility or from reasons of sentiment and imagination, it is certain that many cherished the highest hopes for Mexico, and saw before her a long future of prosperity and honor. “It is to Mexico,” writes a glowing admirer, “that we turn again with fond delight. We invoke the reader to ponder her present position, her capacity for future greatness, the career she has yet to commence and run. We look toward her, and we see the day-spring of a glorious national existence arising within her bounds.”

XCIII.—A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

DR. KANE.

1. On Saturday, October seventh, we had a lively sensation, as they say in the land of olives and champagne. “Nannook, nannook!”—“A bear, a bear!”—cried Hans and Morton in a breath!

2. To the scandal of our domestic regulations, the guns were all impracticable. While the men were loading and capping anew, I seized my pillow-companion six-shooter, and ran on deck. A medium sized bear, with a four-months’ cub, was in active warfare with our dogs. They were hanging on her skirts, and she, with wonderful alertness, was picking out

one victim after another, snatching him by the nape of the neck, and flinging him many feet, or rather yards, by a barely perceptible movement of her head.

3. Tudla, our master dog, was already *hors du combat* ; he had been tossed twice. Jenny, just as I emerged from the hatch, was making an extraordinary somerset of some eight fathoms, and alighted senseless. Old Whitey, staunch, but not bear-wise, had been the first in the battle ; he was yelping in helplessness on the snow.

4. It seemed as if the controversy was adjourned ; and nannook evidently thought so ; for she turned off to our beef barrels, and began in the most unconcerned manner, to turn them over and nose out their fatness. She was apparently as devoid of fear as any of the bears in the stories of old Barentz and the Spitzbergen voyagers.

5. I lodged a pistol ball in the side of the cub. At once the mother placed her little one between her hind legs, and shoving it along, made her way behind the beef-house. Mr. Ohlsen wounded her as she went, with my Webster rifle ; but she scarcely noticed it. She tore down, by single efforts of her forearms, the barrels of frozen beef which made the triple walls of the storehouse, mounted the rubbish, and, snatching up a half-barrel of herrings, carried it down by her teeth, and was making off. It was time to close, I thought. Going up within half pistol range, I gave her six buckshot. She dropped, but instantly rose, and getting her cub into its former position, moved off once more.

6. This time she would really have escaped but for the admirable tactics of our new recruits from the Esquimaux. The dogs of Smith's Sound are educated more thoroughly than any of their more southern brethren. Next to the walrus, the bear is the staple of diet to the north, and, except the fox, supplies the most important element of the wardrobe.

Unlike the dogs we had brought with us from Baffin's Bay, these were trained, not to attack, but to embarrass.

7. They ran in circles round the bear, and when pursued would keep ahead with regulated gait, their comrades effecting a diversion at the critical moment by a nip at her hind quarters. This was done so systematically and with so little seeming excitement, as to strike every one on board. I have seen bear-dogs elsewhere that had been drilled to relieve each other in the *melee*, and avoid the direct assault; but here, two dogs without even a demonstration of attack, would put themselves before the path of the animal, and, retreating right and left, lead him into a profitless pursuit that checked his advance completely.

8. The poor animal was still backing out, yet still fighting, carrying along her wounded cub, embarrassed by the dogs, yet gaining distance from the brig, when Hans and myself threw in the odds in the shape of a couple of rifle balls. She staggered in front of her young one, faced us in death-like defiance, and only sank when pierced by six more bullets.

9. We found nine balls in skinning her body. She was of medium size, very lean, and without a particle of food in her stomach. Hunger must have caused her boldness. The net weight of the cleansed carcass was three hundred pounds; that of the entire animal six hundred and fifty; her length but seven feet eight inches.

10. Bears in this lean condition are much the most palatable food. The impregnation of fatty oil through the cellular tissue, makes a well-fed bear nearly uneatable. The flesh of a famished beast, although less nutritious as a fuel diet, is rather sweet and tender than otherwise.

11. The little cub is larger than the adjective implies. She was taller than a dog, and weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds. Like Morton's bear in Kennedy's Channel, she

sprang upon the corpse of her mother, and raised a woeful lamentation over her wounds. She repelled my efforts to noose her, with great ferocity; but, at last, completely muzzled, with a line fastened by a running knot between her jaws and the back of her head, she moved off to the brig amid the clamor of the dogs. We have her now chained alongside, but snarling and snapping constantly, evidently suffering from her wound.

XCIV.—WINTER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old ;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare ;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;

2. All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams ;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight ;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipped
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;

3. Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear,
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one ;

4. No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice ;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

5. Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly;
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;

6. The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

7. But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

XCV.—SUMMER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
2. The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

3. Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebb'd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;

4. The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

5. Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

XCVI.—A BEE HUNT.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the Far West, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that, in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire.

2. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the moldering trees of their

forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets, and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

3. At present the honey-bee swarms in myriads, in the noble groves and forests which skirt and intersect the prairies and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the river. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enameled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

4. We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree, and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow in home-spun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles, for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arm, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

5. After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line almost with the velocity of a bullet. The

hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

6. Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the ax seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full-freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack which announced the disrapture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain; at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

7. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defense against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe and unsuspecting of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestations. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date and a deep brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells

was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

8. Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community; as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man. I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs; banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full-freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

9. It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic.

It was a scene on which the "melancholy Jacques" might have moralized by the hour.

10. We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers. "What vermin?" asked I. "Oh, bears and skunks and raccoons and 'possums. The bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws; and then they'll haul out honey, bees, and all."

XCVII.—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"
2. "Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

3. " Work—work—work

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work—work—work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam and gusset and band,

Band and gusset and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream!

4. " Oh, men with sisters dear!

Oh, men with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt!

5. " But why do I talk of death,

That phantom of grisly bone?

I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep;

O God! that bread should be so dear,

And flesh and blood so cheap!

6. " Work—work—work!

My labor never flags;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw,

A crust of bread—and rags;

That shattered roof—and this naked floor—

A table—a broken chair—

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there!

7. " Work—work—work
From weary chime to chime ;
Work—work—work
As prisoners work for crime !
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand !
8. " Work—work—work
In the dull December light ;
And work—work—work
When the weather is warm and bright ;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.
9. " Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet ;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet ;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !
10. " Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart ;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !"

11. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the rich ! —
She sang this “ Song of the Shirt ! ”

XCVIII.—THE BORROWED UMBRELLA.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

1. Bah ! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do ? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I 'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil ! Take cold, indeed ! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides he'd have better taken cold, than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle ? I say do you hear the rain ? Do you hear it against the windows ? Nonsense : you don't impose upon me ; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that ! Do you hear it I say ? Oh ! you *do* hear it ! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks ; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh ! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle ; don't insult me ; *he* return the umbrella ? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella !

2. There ; do you hear it ? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs ! and for six weeks ; always six weeks ; and no umbrella ! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather ; I am

determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn any thing (the blessed creatures!), sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children, ought never to be fathers.

3. But I know why you lent the umbrella; oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No; and I'll not have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice, high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least; sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I am sure *you* can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children, buying umbrellas!

4. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; 't is you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold; it always does, but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

5. Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't

I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gracious knows! it is n't often I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once; better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain! if it is n't enough to break in the windôws. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell, but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I'll not borrow an umbrella: no, and you sha'n't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street.

6. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! 't is all very well for you. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas. Men, indeed! call themselves lords of creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

7. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then, nicely my poor, dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella! You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care; 't is not so bad as spoiling your clothes; better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

8. And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we

sha'n't have at all; because we've no umbrella. The children too! (dear things) they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they sha'n't lose their learning; 't is all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Do n't tell me I said they should n't (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel); they shall go to school; mark that; and if they get their deaths of cold, 't is not my fault; I did n't lend the umbrella.

XCIX.—HATS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1. Spring has come. You will find some verses to that effect at the end of these notes. If you are an impatient reader, skip to them at once. In reading aloud, omit, if you please, the sixth and seventh verses. These are parenthetical and digressive, and, unless your audience is of superior intelligence, will confuse them. Many people can ride on horseback who find it hard to get on and to get off without assistance. One has to dismount from an idea, and get into the saddle again, at every parenthesis.

2. The old gentleman who sits opposite, finding that spring had fairly come, mounted a white hat one day, and walked into the street. It seems to have been a premature or otherwise exceptionable exhibition. When the old gentleman came home, he looked very red in the face, and complained that he had been "made sport of." By sympathizing questions, I learned from him that a boy had called him "old daddy," and asked him when he had his hat whitewashed.

3. This incident led me to make some observations at table the next morning, which I here repeat for the benefit of the

readers of this record. The hat is the vulnerable point in the artificial integument. I learned this in early boyhood. I was once equipped in a hat of Leghorn straw, having a brim of much wider dimensions than were usual at that time, and sent to school in that portion of my native town which lies nearest to this metropolis. On my way I was met by a "Port-chuck," as we used to call the young gentlemen of that locality, and the following dialogue ensued :

THE PORT CHUCK.—Hullo, you-sir, joo know th' wuz gon-to be a race to-morrah ?

MYSELF.—No. Who's gon-to run, 'n' wher's't gon-to be ?

THE PORT CHUCK.—Squire Mico 'n' Doctor Williams, round the brim o' your hat.

These two much-respected gentlemen being the oldest inhabitants at that time, and the alleged race-course being out of the question, the Port-chuck also winking and thrusting his tongue into his cheek, I perceived that I had been trifled with, and the effect has been to make me sensitive and observant respecting this article of dress ever since. Here is an axiom or two relating to it.

5. A hat which has been *popped*, or exploded by being sat down upon, is never itself again afterwards.

It is a favorite illusion of sanguine natures to believe the contrary.

Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat. There is always an unnatural calmness about its nap, and an unwholesome gloss, suggestive of a wet brush. The last effort of decayed fortune is expended in smoothing its dilapidated castor. The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of "respectability."

The old gentleman took all these remarks and maxims very pleasantly, saying, however, that he had forgotten most of his French except the word for potatoes,—*pummies de ture*.

Ultimum moriens, I told him, is old Italian, and signifies *last thing to die*. With this explanation he was well contented, and looked quite calm when I saw him afterwards in the entry with a black hat on his head and the white one in his hand.

C.—OLD AGE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1. "Stand in the light of the window, professor," said I. The professor took up the desired position. "You have white hairs," I said. "Had 'em any time these twenty years," said the professor. "And the crow's foot,—*pes anserinus*, rather." The professor smiled, as I wanted him to, and the folds radiated like the ridges of a half-opened fan, from the outer corner of the eyes to the temples. "And the calipers," said I. "What are the *calipers*?" he asked curiously. "Why, the parenthesis," said I. "*Parenthesis*?" said the professor, "what's that?" "Why, look in the glass when you are disposed to laugh, and see if your mouth isn't framed in a couple of crescent lines,—so, my boy ()." "It's all nonsense," said the professor; "just look at my *biceps*;"—and he began pulling off his coat to show me his arm. "Be careful," said I; "you can't bear exposure to the air, at your time of life, as you could once." "I will box with you," said the professor, "row with you, ride with you, swim with you, or sit at table with you, for fifty dollars a side." "Pluck survives *stamina*," I answered.

2. The professor went off, a little out of humor. A few weeks afterwards he came in, looking very good-natured, and brought me a paper, which I have here, and from which I shall read you some portions, if you don't object. He had

been thinking the matter over, he said,—had read Cicero “*De Senectute*,” and made up his mind to meet old age half way. These were some of his reflections that he had written down ; so here you have

THE PROFESSOR'S PAPER.

3. There is no doubt when old age begins. The human body is a furnace which keeps in blast three-score years and ten, more or less. It burns about three hundred pounds of carbon a year (besides other fuel), when in fair working order, according to a great chemist's estimate. When the fire slackens, life declines ; when it goes out, we are dead.

4. It has been shown by some noted French experimenters, that the amount of combustion increases up to about the thirtieth year, remains stationary to about forty-five, and then diminishes. This last is the point where old age starts from. The great fact of physical life is the perpetual commerce with the elements, and the fire is the measure of it.

5. About this time of life, if food is plenty where you live—for that, you know, regulates matrimony,—you may be expecting to find yourself a grandfather some fine morning ; a kind of domestic felicity that gives one a cool shiver of delight to think of, as among the not remotely possible events.

6. I don't mind much those slipshod lines Dr. Johnson wrote to Thrale, telling her about life's declining from *thirty-five* ; the furnace is in full blast for ten years longer, as I have said. The Romans came very near the mark ; their age of enlistment reached from seventeen to forty-six years.

7. What is the use of fighting against the seasons, or the tides, or the movements of the planetary bodies, or this ebb in the wave of life that flows through us ? We are old fellows from the moment the fire begins to go out. Let us always behave like gentlemen when we are introduced to new acquaintances.

HERE BEGINS THE ALLEGORY OF OLD AGE.

8. Old Age, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

OLD AGE.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

PROFESSOR (drawing back a little).—We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with every body you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

OLD AGE.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years*.

9. PROFESSOR.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

OLD AGE.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

PROFESSOR.—Where?

OLD AGE.—There, between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—“Old Age, his mark.” Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign-manual; that's the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

10. PROFESSOR.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

OLD AGE.—*Not at home*. Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six,—sometimes ten years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

11. We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again, — “Come, let us walk down the street together,” — and offered me a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of over-shoes. No, much obliged to you, said I. I don’t want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way, and walked out alone; — got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

CI.—THE PATRIOT’S ELYSIUM.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1. There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o’er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

2. The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven’s peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature’s noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation’s tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride;
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

3. Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
“ Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ? ”
Art thou a man ? — a patriot ? — look around !
Oh ! thou shalt find, howe’er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy *country* and that spot thy *home*.

CII.—A PAINFUL INCIDENT AT SEA.

C. C. FELTON.

1. After a day of the most painful experience, I sit down in the evening to continue my brief notice of events. I rose, as is my wont, at five o’clock. I went on deck, and took the usual rounds of the ship. The weather was a little overcast, and the sea ran high. After a while, Mrs. L. came up, and we sat talking in the wheel-house, from which we looked over the whole length of the ship. Suddenly, about twenty minutes past eight, the terrible cry of “ A man overboard ! ” came from the forecastle. He was lowering the fore-top-gallant-sail, about a hundred and ten feet above the deck, and fell, striking one of the lower sails, and then bounding into the sea.

2. The captain was just coming up with his quadrant, to take an observation. He sprang forward, and gave his orders like lightning. The ship was hoven to, but with a tremendous strain upon masts and rigging ; one of the boats was lowered, and three men jumped in. The sea was heavy, and the motion of the ship violent ; the boat capsized, throwing

the three men into the sea. One, the boatswain, caught hold of the tackle by which the boat was still held to the stern of the ship, and was drawn on board. The other two were struggling in the waves. A fourth stripped himself and clambered down into the boat, which had righted itself, but was nearly full of water.

3. Just at that moment, a tremendous lurch of the ship dashed the boat against her, broke the tackling, tore off the davit, and she again capsized, with such a weight hanging underneath that it was impossible for her to right herself again. The brave sailor managed to get upon her keel, but she floated away, at one moment poised on the top of a wave, and the next sinking out of sight. Another boat was lowered instantly, and the second mate, the boatswain, who had already come within a hair's-breadth of losing his life, and two young sailors, volunteered to man her, and attempt the rescue of their shipmates.

4. Away they went. But the waves seemed to rise higher and the wind to blow stronger. We watched both boats with straining eyes, and the most painful, even agonizing, feelings. I assure you, those noble fellows had not one chance in a thousand of ever reaching the ship again in safety. All the rest—four in number—had disappeared from sight, and there was not the shadow of a possibility of their surviving. Two awful hours passed, and then the captain called his crew aft, and asked them if they thought it best to continue the search. After a moment of sad silence, they said, "No, there is no hope;" and the signal was given for the boat to return.

5. But this was a difficult matter in such a sea. Without the most consummate seamanship, and the most absolute self-possession, as well as despotic command over others, on the captain's part, it could not have been done, and four more

gallant fellows would have followed their companions to the bottom. His presence was everywhere; his voice seemed to fill the ship; the men were puppets in his hands and did exactly his bidding. As the boat neared the ship, he ordered the men on board what to do. They obeyed implicitly and instantly, though the orders, as one of them has since told me, were directly contrary to their own rapidly formed plan. Ropes were thrown to them, and they were safely got on board, amidst the joyful congratulations of sailors and passengers. So unexpected was this marvelous rescue, that we, for the moment, forgot the poor fellows who had two hours since passed into eternity, under our very eyes. Then returned the solemn and awful sense of what had happened; and then the ship made sail, and all was over.

6. I need not say that this spectacle, which passed before my eyes, was the most terrible ever witnessed by me. But the skill, devotion, and energy shown by the captain, officers, and crew were sublime. In the midst of the horror, I could not help feeling *this*, too. I looked at the poor fellow, keeping his seat bravely on the keel of the distant boat; then at the four men in the second boat struggling to his rescue; then upon the captain, as he went aloft and gave his orders with the clearness of a trumpet; with a kind of spell-bound awe. But the might of the elements baffled the utmost that human skill, unconquerable devotion, and the noblest humanity could do. At eleven o'clock, a meeting was called in the cabin; and we passed resolutions and raised a subscription to procure some testimonial for those noble fellows who went out in the second boat.

CIII.—MEDIÆVAL ARMOR.

C. C. FELTON

1. Having finished all that I desired to do there, we left Constance for Zurich, passing through Zug, and by the lake

of Zug, one of those exquisite mountain lakes so numerous in Switzerland. The scenery all the way was beautiful. At Zurich we saw all that was to be seen,—not a great deal; but among other things, the Zeughaus, as they call it, or collection of ancient and Mediæval arms, some of them curious and valuable as memorials of the early wars of Switzerland against the Burgundians. Many complete suits of armor from the old battle-fields were there,—spears, battle-axes, and a peculiarly heavy lance, with a heavy head set all over with spikes, and called a *morning star*—a singular name for such a bloody and destructive instrument.

2. The place is not much visited; nobody else was there with us. I always try to vivify an idea, by embodying it in some manner. I had often tried to imagine how a knight of the Middle Ages would feel, buckled up in his “complete steel,” on a hot day. Being a middle-aged man myself, and the day being very hot, I asked permission of the keeper to try the experiment of equipping myself in one of those old Burgundian panoplies. He willingly complied with the request, looking, however, a little amused and surprised. I selected one of the two largest in the collection, and, the keeper acting as squire, I was soon encased from head to foot, like the ghost of Hamlet’s father, “armed *cap-a-pie*.”

3. I could, however, just squeeze myself into it; it pinched in many places; and as this belonged to one of the stoutest knights of the Burgundian host, it is very evident that the notion of the greater size of the warriors of the Middle Ages as compared with our own, is, like that of the greater size of Englishmen as compared with Americans, a mere superstition. I had the most difficulty in getting the helmet on; but at last pushed my head into it, buckled it securely, took off my spectacles, and drew the visor down. Next, I seized a

huge battle-ax, and then marched across the hall, while G—— and the girls were sitting down and laughing.

4. I could walk well enough, except that I seemed to be a little stiff in the joints; there was also a slight difficulty in breathing through the visor, and a little hardness of hearing through the iron side-pieces. I could not see much, except directly in front, and there only in spots. Add to this, the heat was excessive, and the weight of the armor was rather more than one wants in a summer day. The battle-ax was something of a load too — about as much as Satan's spear in Milton, taller than "the mast of some great ammiral."

5. With these exceptions, the armor was comfortable enough; and I think our ancestors must have had a cosy time, after they got used to it. I walked about in it for several minutes, swinging the ax in the most formidable manner, and could have borne it a good while longer. But having satisfied my wish to embody an idea, I requested my squire to help me out of the harness, and I must confess I breathed more freely. It was easier walking, seeing, hearing, talking; I could wear my spectacles, which I could not under the visor; and, upon the whole, I congratulate myself on having been born in the present age, rather than in the time of Charles the Bold of Burgundy.

CIV.—MORAL RECTITUDE ESSENTIAL TO THE CITIZEN.

NEWTON BATEMAN.

1. Moral rectitude is also an essential attribute of a good citizen,—one that must be kept steadily in view, or our public schools will assuredly fail of their high end. It is not adversity, but prosperity, that tries most severely the moral strength of individuals and nations. The man who has passed through

the ordeal of wealth and influence and honor and power, for a long series of years, without deteriorating in character, without so much as the smell of fire upon his garments, has given the highest proof of the rectitude and stability of his principles of which the case is susceptible.

2. So of nations. In the moral battle-fields of earth, where defeat slays its thousands, success slays its tens of thousands. This is lamentable, but it is true. Great prosperity begets pride, presumption, audacity, vice. Why should the strong and well think of a physician, or trouble themselves about the laws of health? It is when the grasp of mortal disease is upon them that they turn for refuge to those blessed laws of physical economy, a more timely regard for which would have averted the blow.

3. And why should men and states pause to think of moral questions while all seems to be well enough without such troublesome and disagreeable reflections—while trade and commerce thrive—while gold pours into their coffers—while their ships and trains come and go, and not a ripple disturbs the surface to remind them of the whirlpools that boil below? Not till commerce dies, and the golden streams cease to flow, and the gulf of bankruptcy yawns, and the wolf is at the door, and the roar of the tempest is heard, and public virtue perishes, and fraud, speculation and profligacy are the order of the day, and universal shipwreck and ruin impend, and the avalanche of retribution begins to descend, and society itself with all its treasures, and all government and all law and all order and all faith and hope and truth seem ready to sink into one abyss of irretrievable perdition,—not till then will the mass of men bethink them, that, having sown the wind, it is meet and inevitable that they should reap the whirlwind, and that the only refuge from destruction is in a general return to those immutable principles of rectitude and justice

which are the stability alike of all divine and human governments.

4. During the infancy of this nation, the divine law, more generally and reverently than now, was acknowledged as the only standard of public virtue, and its Author solemnly recognized as the almighty and beneficent Arbiter of human events. Poor and feeble, menaced by powerful enemies and purified by terrible sufferings and sacrifices, our fathers leaned upon the arm of Jehovah, and devoutly laid the beams of the great temple of civil and religious liberty. In their weakness they were strong. For generations, the nascent empire of the West presented the grandest spectacle of integrity and rectitude that the world ever saw.

5. But alas! history must have another victim. Enemies more formidable than foreign fleets and armies assailed the fortresses of the Republic. Wealth, luxury, selfishness, greed, have done their fell work. The outposts of public virtue have crumbled, one by one, till the citadel itself is tottering to its fall. The picture of moral ruin which I have drawn fails to portray the sad reality. It is not extravagant to say that the annals of civilization will be searched in vain for examples of public wickedness and profligacy so stupendous and appalling as those which preceded and have attended the revolt of the Southern States. The fearful truth can only be epitomized by the terrible words, "Sin when it is *finished* bringeth forth *death*."

6. But such colossal crimes are not the growth of a day—slowly, insidiously, for years, the moral cancer has been gnawing at the vitals of the nation. In our effort to escape from the imaginary danger of puritan rigor, we have drifted steadily towards the real peril of unbridled license. Where is the simple truthfulness, the tender conscientiousness, that should make beautiful the lives of our children? What

precociousness in vice, what defiant spurning of moral restraints do we find at the fireside and in the school-room. What eye now moistens at the touching story of George Washington and his little hatchet?

7. What are our public schools doing to arrest this destructive tendency? Are educational men sensible of their responsibility in this matter? Can that culture be complete—can it be *safe*,—which ignores the moral nature? Is it not practicable to bring the school children of the state more directly and powerfully under the influence of right moral ideas and principles? Is it not a *necessity*? Have we any security at all, without this, that they will become upright and virtuous citizens?

8. Let it not be said that what is here recommended would conflict with the undoubted right of each individual to prescribe what sentiments shall be imparted to his children in matters of religious faith. Nothing sectarian should find a place in the instruction of our public schools. But the moral and preceptive parts of the Gospel are not sectarian. If they are, then charity is sectarian, purity is sectarian, forgiveness is sectarian, forbearance is sectarian, all things lovely and of good report are sectarian; earth, air, fire, water, sun, moon, stars, and heaven itself are sectarian, and nothing is left for humanity at large, but the devil!

CV.—OUR SCHOOLS MUST IMPART MORAL CULTURE.

NEWTON BATEMAN.

1. It should be proclaimed in every school that there are original, immutable, and indestructible maxims of moral rectitude,—great lights in the firmament of the soul,—which no circumstances can affect, no sophistry obliterate. That to

this eternal standard every individual of the race is bound to conform, and that by it the conduct of every man shall be adjudged. It should be proclaimed that dishonesty, fraud, and falsehood are as despicable and criminal in the most exalted stations as in the most obscure, in politics as in business. That the demagogue who tells a lie to gain a vote, is as infamous as the peddler who tells one to gain a penny.

2. It should be taught that an editor who wantonly maligns an opponent for the benefit of his party, is as vile as the perjured hireling who slanders his neighbor for pay. That the corporation or the man who spawns by the thousand his worthless promises-to-pay, under the name of banking, *knowing* them to be worthless, is as guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses, as the acknowledged rogue who is incarcerated for the same thing under the name of swindling. That the contractor who defrauds the government under cover of the technicalities of the law, is as much a *thief* as he who deliberately and knowingly appropriates to his own use the property of another.

3. In a word, let it be impressed in all our schools that the vocabulary of heaven has but *one word* for each willful infraction of the moral code, and that no pretexts or subterfuges or sophistries of men can soften the import or lessen the guilt which that word conveys. Tell the school children that the deliberate falsifier of the truth is a *liar*, whether it be the prince on his throne, or the beggar on his dunghill, — whether it be by diplomatists for reasons of state, or by *chiffonniers* for the possession of the rags in the gutter. Tell them that he who obtains money or goods under false pretenses is a *swindler*, — no more nor less, — be the man and the circumstances what they may.

4. Tell them that he who irreverently uses the name of the Deity is a *blasphemer*, whether he be a congressman or a

scullion. Tell them that he who habitually drinks intoxicating liquors to excess is a *drunkard*, whether it be from goblets of gold in the palatial saloon, or from tin cups in a grog-shop. Tell them that he who speaks lightly or sneeringly of the honor of woman is a *calumniator*, be his pretensions to gentility what they may. And so with the whole catalogue of vices and crimes, till the line of demarcation between good and evil shall be graven so deeply upon the mind and conscience that it can never be obliterated.

5. Let our public schools do this, and the life-giving influence shall be felt through every vein and artery of the body politic. A divine fire shall be kindled that will purge the foul channels of business, finance, and politics, and consume the subtle network of sophistries like stubble. Let our public schools do this, and a generation of men shall come upon the field of active life, who will bring back in the administration of public and private affairs, the purer days of the Republic,—men in whom the high crimes and misdemeanors, the frauds and peculations which now disgrace and ruin the country shall be unknown.

6. And, while vice is stripped of its specious disguise and denounced in all its forms under its own hateful names, let our schools fail not to point the young to those substantial and enduring honors which cluster in eternal loveliness upon the brow of virtue. While the youthful citizen is taught to detect and detest the former, let him be allured and ravished by the ineffable attractiveness of the latter. Lead him to the mount of transfiguration and show him the moral and spiritual brightness that may encircle a human being, even in this life. Tell him that the conquest of self is more glorious than victories by land or sea. Tell him that there are laurels which will be green and fadeless when the chaplets of conquerors shall have crumbled to dust, and their names and deeds be forgotten.

7. Teach him that there is a power in the *simple truth* which no verbal gloss or exaggeration can enhance,—that there is a well-spring of happiness in a straightforward, unswerving honesty, to which the crooked paths of deceit and cunning can never conduct. Bid him seek for that daily joy, that peace of conscience, that rest of heart, that serene and tranquil old age, that favor of God, which attend and crown the life of him, and of him only, who with patient fidelity and enduring rectitude has filled his allotted sphere.

8. Is it said that this is visionary? No, it is not. It is practical and practicable, and that without disturbing the ordinary routine of school work;—not in the form of set lectures or homilies, for that is not the true way to instruct the young in morals; but by the power of a living example in the teacher, and by the earnest and skillful use and improvement of the innumerable incidents and occurrences in the daily life of the school and of the community; by the reverent reading of the simple words of Jesus; by subsidizing the impressive events of Providence, the pomp of nature, the changing seasons, the opening and the dying year; by the timely word when the soul of the pupil is calm and subdued; by the hint, story, or incident, from the affluent treasures of biography and history; by the power of sympathy, the pathos of sorrow, the might of love, and the inspiration of joy and hope. Oh, there are resources of influence over the ingenuous natures of children, if the teacher's own heart is warm and true, which not one child in a thousand can resist.

9. Grant that *all* can not be done that has here been marked out; enough can be done to infuse the leaven of truth and rectitude into tens of thousands of minds and hearts, to check the profligate tendencies of the times, and give an impulse in the right direction to a whole generation of the youthful citizens of the state.

10. And grant, too, that a few moments may sometimes be taken from intellectual drill to impress a moral sentiment or enforce the law of love; will the child be the loser? Will he suffer wrong? Is a child all intellect? Is the brain only to be developed? Is life filled with nothing but grammar and rhetoric, arithmetic and geometry; or with beating hearts, wants and woes, rights and wrongs, as well? When will men believe that *scholarship alone* is powerless to make a good man or a good citizen?—that with *knowledge* there must be a disposition to make a *right use* of it, or it will not add one jot to the welfare of the state—nay, will only precipitate its ruin?

11. If the increase of brain power, of mere intellectual acquisitions, is to be the exclusive province and result of public education, the blotting of the entire system from the statutes, and the conflagration of all its school houses, would hardly be a calamity. The *exclusive* culture of the intellectual forces is unnatural, monstrous, criminal. It is lighting a fire which the whirlwind may scatter in devastation among our dwellings. It is evoking a spirit which may prove a demon that will not “down” at our bidding. An incarnate fiend might take the highest honors of a university in *science* and *letters*, and, if that were all, be only the more a fiend.

12. Clear and cold and passionless, pure intellect looks down from its calm heights upon surging, pulsating humanity, immovable as the snow-crowned crest of Mont Blanc while whelming avalanches thunder below. No warm flush of sympathy prompts to fly to the rescue and assuage the woe. Grand and wonderful indeed is reason; but as one star differs from another in glory, so does the moral and spiritual nature of man transcend the intellectual, in its relations to the happiness and destiny of the race. Without an earnest

and practical recognition of this fact, our public schools will fail to achieve their chief end,—that of sending forth from year to year those who shall be, in the best sense, *good citizens*. To a prompt and cordial submission to rightful authority must therefore be added uncompromising moral rectitude.

CVI.—APPROACHING THE ALPS.

C. C. FELTON.

1 But this is a digression from the Alps. The road up St. Gothard is a wonderful piece of engineering, mounting apparently inaccessible heights by a series of terraces or *tourniquets*, so that carriages are very easily driven up. The Reuss flows down, and the sound of the water is heard, the whole distance, though the river is sometimes so deep below the road that one can scarcely see it. Then the rocky walls rise steep and bare on either side, seeming to rest on the deep foundations of the earth, and to support the sky on their summits.

2. I walked a considerable part of the way, to enjoy the wonderful scene more completely. It was a good day's journey to the Hospitenthal, or valley of the hospice, on the height of the pass. This valley is a beautiful spot, green and lovely in itself, though at so immense a height, and surrounded by snow-capped pinnacles. We spent the night here.

3. The next morning we started for the Furca Pass, and the Grimsel; but no more carriage roads. I was strongly tempted to walk the whole distance, from the Hospitenthal to Meyringen; but reflected that I was twenty years older than I was twenty years ago, and much heavier than when I was much lighter,—so I finally decided to compromise the

matter by taking one horse for myself and our courier. The rest of the party had each a horse, and two men were employed to take Edie the whole distance, some fifty miles, in a chair.

4. Now, if I were animated by the proper traveler's spirit, I should rise into the sublime, in my description of the appalling dangers from which we miraculously escaped. I should make each particular hair stand on end, by telling you what dizzy heights we scaled by paths scarce a foot in width, along the edges of perpendicular precipices, ten thousand feet or more in depth. I should freeze your blood with horror, by depicting the mountainous masses of rock just tottering to their fall, by which we had to pass. I should make you shudder to think of the mighty glaciers we crossed, and the yawning crevices a thousand feet deep, over which we were obliged to jump. I should thrill you with the thunder of the descending avalanche that came within a hair's breadth of burying us five hundred feet deep in snow. I should—— But enough of these awful adventures, that trip so freely from the pens of summer tourists.

5. In plain prose and rigid truth, the whole journey was exciting in the highest degree. The path *does* wind along the edge of tremendous precipices, and above it the rocky mountain sides *do* rise sheer and awful up to heaven. Sometimes the path descends so steeply that it seems impossible to go down without breaking your neck; again it seems to go straight up into the air, and the wonder is, how any four-footed beast can possibly climb it, without rolling over backwards. If you look up, you half believe the mountain is coming down upon you; if you look down, you are struck by the exceeding probability that you may reach the bottom a great deal sooner than you intend. With all this, you have an abiding confidence in your sure-footed and faithful beast, and you know that he will carry you safely through.

6. I walked about half the whole distance, but it so happened that I rode over the worst parts of the way. I felt astonished, delighted, and constantly amazed by the grandeur of the gigantic scenery; and only once did I feel in the least startled with any sense of danger. In one place, in the steep side of an enormous rock, a way is scooped out, just deep enough for a horse to pass, and high enough for the rider if he stoops. The side of the road towards the abyss is guarded by a wooden railing. Near this spot a beggar girl had placed herself; and as my horse entered this rather critical passage, she came up and spoke in the peculiar, inarticulate whine they all employ, standing between the horse and the rocky side. The horse shied an instant, pressed my leg against the slender railing, and I looked over into what really seemed a fathomless abyss. There was no actual danger, for the horse knew his footing exactly; but the appearance of danger set my blood in motion for a moment, and made my pulse beat at a pretty rapid rate. Agassiz will remember this spot.

CVII.—HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed.

To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven

Far flashed the red artillery.

5. And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow;
And darker yet shall be the flow

Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

CVIII.—PRESENTATION TO A KING AND QUEEN.

C. C. FELTON.

1. Since I began this letter, I have been more closely than ever occupied with my studies. But before I enter into any

particulars, I must tell you of my *presentation*. This morning I attended church; after church, took a long walk, and, as the weather was superb, lingered longer than usual from spot to spot, tracing the vestiges of the ancient wall of Athens, so that I did not reach my room until five o'clock.

2. Arriving there, I found a notice on my table that their Majesties would receive me at seven o'clock this evening. So I had to examine my wardrobe, brush my coat, fit my gloves, make sure of my white cravat,—the same I bought for the Gran Scala at Milan,—get a hurried dinner, order a carriage, and dress. You would have laughed, I think, at the sight.

3. Well, I accomplished these multifarious duties in a very short time. I do not think you would have known my coat, hardly me, so spruced up were both of us. Dr. King went with me to the palace, to present me to the grand chamberlain,—a son of old General Colletti, one of the heroes of the revolution.

4. We went up the grand staircase, into the ante-chamber, and in a moment the chamberlain appeared, to conduct me into the royal presence. The hall of reception—the throne room—is as handsome as any I saw in Western Europe. There was no other person to be presented, and I confess that my experience with our republican court at Washington, was not a very useful guide in circumstances so novel. The door opened and in I must go. The grand chamberlain stopped at the door; the *grande maitresse* was visible in the distance, near the other end of the hall. As soon as I was inside the door, I bowed—I had been told a little what to do—to their Majesties, who stood about a third the length of the room from the door, and, advancing to the presence, bowed two or three times more before I got within hailing distance.

5. My reception by both king and queen was most gracious, and the conversation went on as smoothly as possible. After

some words of salutation (you know the person presented, like a ghost, never speaks until he is spoken to), the queen asked, "Have you been long in Greece?" "About three months, your Majesty."

KING.—"You are occupied with the study of the Greek language?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"With the modern as well as the ancient?"

"Yes, your Majesty, that is the principal object of my travels in Greece."

"The pronunciation of the Greek is very different in America and England from the pronunciation here."

"Yes, your Majesty, so different that the Greek seems like two languages."

6. QUEEN.—"How many students have you in the University of Cambridge?"

"Exactly the same number, your Majesty, as are now in the University of Athens."

"The same number? But you have many universities in America?"

"Yes, ~~we~~ have many."

KING.—"What are the principal subjects or branches studied in the American universities?"

"The general studies, your Majesty, are the classics, the mathematics, physics, philosophy."

KING.—"Which of the professions attracts most of the young men?"

"The law, I think, since that is the profession which opens a political career."

KING.—"In Greece, the study of medicine and theology are favorite studies."

"Yes,—the Greek physicians have always been very distinguished."

"In what departments do your writers excel?"

"Your Majesty, we have many writers in various departments. We have poets" (I thought of asking if he had ever heard of Longfellow), "we have historians, &c."

"Are the sciences much cultivated?"

"They are,—especially the natural sciences. Since Professor Agassiz has resided in the United States, he has given an extraordinary impulse to the department, and excited an ardent scientific spirit."

7. Some things more were said; his Majesty bowed, saying, "I am delighted to know you." I bowed my thanks, and, backing carefully toward the door, bowed every two or three steps; their Majesties receded bowing; then I, peeping over my shoulder and seeing that I was near the door, bowed very low and vanished from the presence. It is not so difficult to get into the royal presence, but to get out again is a matter of no small delicacy. However, I got out without any catastrophe, and, to tell the truth, a good deal pleased with the amiable manners of their Hellenic Majesties. The queen is a little past her beautiful prime, being now about thirty-six years old; but she is a very fine woman, and in her port and attitude every inch a queen.

CIX.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

JOHN PIERPONT.

1. The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er

Still roll in the bay and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;

Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below,—

When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

2. The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide ;

And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—

As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen and then withdrawn.

3. The Pilgrim exile—sainted name !—
The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now ;

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the Pilgrim—where is he ?

4. The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;
When summer's throned on high,

And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;

And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

5. The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore

Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

CX.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

1. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathan, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,

And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou ;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime,—
 The image of eternity,—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

6. And I have loved thee, ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers,—they to me
 Were a delight ; and, if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear ;
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CXI.—THE TWO RACES.

CHARLES LAMB.

This selection is a genial and humorous piece of irony. Let the pupil point out the true state of things at different points in the story.

1. The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who*

borrow, and the men who lend. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

2. Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley; what a family likeness in all four! What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! What a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*—to the extent of one half of the principle, at least.

3. He is the true taxpayer, who "calleth all the world up to be taxed"; and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted between the Augustan majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem! His exactions, too, have a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochials or state-gatherers,—those inkhorn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in

their faces ! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt ; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveler, for which sun and wind contended !

4. He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth ! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim whom he delighteth to honor, struggles with destiny ; he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man ordained to lend, that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and Dives ! but when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice ! See how light *he* makes of it ! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

5. Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who parted this life on Wednesday evening ; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues ; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing ; for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse, and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished by the very act of disfurnishment, getting

rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,

he set forth like some Alexander upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow"!

6. In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated; but, having had the honor of accompanying my friend divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

7. With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days, stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot); some he gave away; the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious—into ponds or ditches or deep holes, inscrutable cavities of the earth; or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest,—but out away from him it must

go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency.

8. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick, jovial eye, a bold forehead, just touched with gray (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you that he expects nothing better, and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

9. When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I have fallen into the society of *lenders* and *little men*.

CXII.—THE UNHAPPY LOT OF A SCHOOL-MASTER.

CHARLES LAMB.

The following selection exhibits the relations between teacher and pupil as they were many years ago. In recent years, the teacher and pupil have come much nearer to each other.

1. Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a school-master? Because we are conscious that he is not

quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward and out of place in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*.

2. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes. The jests of a school-master are coarse or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal or dictative hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations. He is forlorn among his coëvals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

3. "I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate, hearts, but *we* can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. '*How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings!*' my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men whom I have educated, return after some years' absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart.

4. "This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reprov'd him; but he did never *love* me;—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the scenes of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms of the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence.

5. "My wife, too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a school-master. When I married her,—knowing that the wife of a school-master ought to be a busy, notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear, bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death,—I expressed my fears that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation.

6. "She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not woman's love perform? My house is managed with a propriety and decorum unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation—and all this performed with a careful economy that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna! When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really

useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task.

7. " Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys she never appears other than the *master's wife*, and she looks up to me as the *boys' master*, to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this* my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it?"

CXIII.—THE TRUE TEACHER.

J. G. HOLLAND.

1. I hold the teacher's position second to none. The Christian teacher of a band of children combines the office of the preacher and the parent, and has more to do in shaping the mind and the morals of the community than preacher and parent united. The teacher who spends six hours a day with my child, spends three times as many hours as I do, and twenty fold more time than my pastor does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of your office.

2. Still less have I words to express my sense of the importance of having that office filled by men and women of the purest motives, the noblest enthusiasm, the finest culture, the broadest charities, and the most devoted Christian purpose. Why, sir, a teacher should be the strongest and most angelic man that breathes. No man living is intrusted with such precious material. No man living can do so much to set human life to a noble tune. No man living needs higher qualifications for his work. Are you "fitted for teaching"? I do not ask you this question to discourage you, but to stimulate you to an effort at preparation which shall continue as long as you continue to teach.

CXIV.—THE MORAL DIGNITY OF THE EDUCATIONAL PROFESSION.

W. E. CHANNING.

1. One of the surest signs of the regeneration of society will be the elevation of the art of teaching to the highest rank in the community. When a people shall learn that its greatest benefactors and most important members are men devoted to the liberal instruction of all its classes,—to the work of raising to life its buried intellect,—it will have opened to itself the path of true glory.

2. There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth; for there is nothing on earth so precious to the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed.

3. Here they should be lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart.

CXV.—THE SOLDIERS' RALLY.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

1. Oh rally round the banner, boys, now freedom's chosen sign !

See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine !
The despot's doom, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the foe !

God's voice rings down the brightening path !
Say, brothers, will ye go ?

2. " My father fought at Donelson ; he held at dawn of day
That flag full blown upon the walls, and proudly passed away."

" My brother fell on Newbern's shore ; he bared his radiant
head,

And shouted ' On ! the day is won !'—leaped forward and was
dead."

" My chosen friend of all the world hears not the bugle-call ;
A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall."

But seize the hallowed swords they dropped, with blood yet
moist and red !

Fill up the thinned, immortal ranks, and follow where they
led !

For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our
cause,—

The grand old cause our fathers loved,—Freedom and Equal
Laws !

3. " My mother's hair is thin and white ; she looked me in
the face,

She clasped me to her heart and said, ' Go take thy brother's
place !' "

" My sister kissed her sweet farewell ; her maiden cheeks were
wet ;

Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure
yet."

"My wife sits by the cradle's side, and keeps our little home,
Or asks the baby on her knee, 'When will thy father
come?' "

Oh, woman's faith and man's stout arm shall right the ancient
wrong!

So, farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and
strong!

The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet fly,
The heavens and earth may mingle grief, the gallant soldier
die;

But while a haughty rebel stands, no peace, for peace is war;
The land that is not worth our death is not worth living for!

4. Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth
nigh!

See where above the clouds of war its seamless glories fly!

Peace hovering o'er the bristling van, waves palm and laurel
fair,

And victory binds the rescued stars in freedom's golden hair!

CXVI.—SLAVERY.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1. O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

2. There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart ;
It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own ; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

3. Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him and tasks him and exacts his sweat
With stripes that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.

4. Then what is man ? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation, prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

5. We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

CXVII.—THE TRUE MAN DOES NOT WISH TO BE
A CHILD AGAIN.

J. G. HOLLAND.

1. It is very natural that a man should be blinded and pained by passing from a shaded room into dazzling sunlight. It is a serious thing to leap from a luxurious enervating warm bath into cold water. All sudden transitions are shocking ; and God has contrived the transitions of our lives so that they may be mainly gradual. It is not to be wondered at that many men and women, by having the responsibilities of men and women thrust upon them too early, are shocked, and look back upon the shady places they have left, and long to rest their eyes there. It is not strange that men recoil from a plunge into the world's cold waters, and long to creep back into the bath from which they have suddenly risen.

2. But that men or women should desire to become children again is impossible. It is only the half-developed, the imperfectly nurtured, the mean-spirited, and the demoralized, who look back to the innocence, the helplessness, and the simple animal joy and content of childhood with genuine regret for their loss. I want no better evidence that a person's life is

regarded by himself as a failure, than that furnished by his honest willingness to be restored to his childhood.

3. When a man is ready to relinquish the power of his mature reason, his strength and skill for self-support, the independence of his will and life, his bosom companion and children, his interest in the stirring affairs of his time, his part in deciding the great questions which agitate his age and nation, his intelligent apprehension of the relation which exists between himself and his Maker, and his rational hope of immortality—if he have one—for the negative animal contents, and frivolous enjoyments of a child, he does not deserve the name of a man;—he is a weak, unhealthy, broken-down creature, or a base poltroon.

4. Yet I know there are those who will read this sentence with tears and with complaint. I know there are those whose existence has been a long struggle with sickness and trial,—whose lives have been crowded with great griefs and disappointments,—who sit in darkness and impotency while the world rolls by them. They have seen no joy and felt no content since childhood, and many of them look with languid pity upon children, because the careless creatures do not know into what a heritage of sin and sorrow they are entering. I have only to say to them that the noblest exhibitions of manhood and womanhood I have ever seen, or the world has ever seen, are among their number.

5. A woman with the hope of heaven in her eyes, incorruptible virtue in her heart, and honesty in every endeavor, has smiled serenely a million times in this world, while her life and all its earthly expectations were in ruins. Patient sufferers upon beds of pain have forgotten childhood, years ago, and, feeding their souls on prayer, have looked forward with unutterable joy to the transition from womanhood to angelhood. Men utterly forsaken by friends, contemned,

derided, proscribed, persecuted—have stood by their convictions with joyful heroism and calm content. Nay, great multitudes have marched with songs upon their tongues to the rack and stake. The noblest spectacle the world affords is that of a man or woman rising superior to sorrow and suffering—transforming sorrow and suffering into nutriment—accepting those conditions of their life which Providence prescribes, and building themselves up into an estate from whose summit the step is short to a glorified humanity.

6. Before me hangs a portrait of an old man—the only man I have ever loved with a devotion that has never faded, though long years have passed away since he died. His calm blue eyes look down upon me, and I look into them, and through them. I look into a golden memory,—into a life of self-denial,—into a meek, toiling, honest, heroic Christian manhood,—into an uncomplaining spirit,—into a grateful heart,—into a soul that never sighed over a lost joy, though all his earthly enterprises miscarried. The tracery of care and sickness is upon his haggard features, but I see in them, and in the soul which they represent to me, the majesty of manliness. While I look, the kittens still play at the door, and the noise of shouting children is in the street; but ah! how shallow is the life they represent, compared with that of which this dumb canvas tells me! It is better to be a man or a woman than to be a child. It is better to be an angel than to be either. Let us look forward—never backward.

CXVIII.—YOUTH IS STRONG.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. Next I mention that youth is strong by its generosity and sensitiveness to honor. Not that men are not selfish when they are children; they are. But in age, selfishness

takes on the form of reason. Men say they have found out human life. They have learned men. They have come to suspect them. They have come to measure them. And they justify their various ways of selfishness by pleading discretion and prudence. It is judgment in them. There is animal selfishness in the young; this is a general tendency in them. But the young, being untaught and unacquainted with the ways of the world, are usually generous, frank, confiding, and disposed to think well of men and to trust them.

2. And it is a noble trait. It is a sad thing when a man loses faith in man. Next to the want of faith in God is the disaster of want of faith in man. Nothing can be more damaging to the moral constitution than to have an operative skepticism of mankind. For though men are bad, though there is a great deal in all men that is bad, though there is not one single faculty that has not felt the touch and taint of imperfection and sin; yet with all their sinfulness and weaknesses there is something divine in them; and no man can afford to lose the habit of reposing confidence in them. A youth is strong because he is genial and generous and frank, and overflowing in his confidence.

3. Then, next, from such conditions, as we might anticipate, springs a much abused but admirable quality of youth—I mean enthusiasm. Enthusiasm has such an intense interest in anything which addresses us, as brings an overflow of zeal to it. It is a term that characterizes degree of feeling. Later in life men restrain and measure their feelings. They are disposed to be no spendthrifts of their emotions. But early in life feeling seems to flow from an inexhaustible fountain. Where a bucket of water would turn the wheel, youth is not disposed to turn it by just enough, but pours forth a whole river, that both turns the wheel and floods

it. And it is this abundance, this overplus of feeling that constitutes enthusiasm.

4. And it is more than useful. It is so indispensable that we can scarcely imagine youth to ~~be~~ worth much without it. In some degree caution may ~~pr~~event evil, but caution never worked out one positive good in the world. Enthusiasm may drive men into some evils; but it drives them into thousands of benefits, positive and assured. Enthusiasm develops latent powers of the soul; it concentrates and pushes on secret forces; it gives unbounded faith in success; it redeems disaster by promise of victory; it inspires sublime courage, and carries men over troubles and over dangers on which cold calculation would never venture, and from which caution would absolutely flee.

5. It may be a mistake in youth to count this the chiefest virtue, and to despise sober and thoughtful experience and steadiness of principle; but it is an equal mistake, or a worse one, to disesteem or undervalue enthusiasm. And where we are to propagate new views, or old views that are disesteemed, there is nothing comparable to enthusiasm. It is infectious. It is that which enables man to overcome false ideas and influences, more than any other one element of the human mind. Youth is eminently strong in its honest enthusiasms.

6. And how pitiable it is to see man attempt to strip all these things from the young! For there is an impression, ridiculous and mischievous, that family government means to bring up old men on young stalks. But the qualities of age should never be sought in children. It wants men and women to have those qualities. With all its imperfections, youth has its traits of excellence and strength, which should not be ignored. Let our maidens be girls and not women; and let our young men be *young* men.

7. For, of all things in the world, to see the precision and stiffness and dryness and hardness of an old man,—one that

is precise and stiff and dry and hard,—developed in a young man, is the most pitiable. A petrified young man! There are some young men who think that trees are prettier when they are trimmed up; and so you see in many villages maple trees, that, as they attempt to throw out branches low down and form their own beautiful shape, are cut up till they assume the pattern of a broom, and stand lean and lank, with but a few limbs up at the top. And I have seen just such young men!

8. Consider how noble is the sight of such vigorous health, budding with promise, full of kindly influences, overflowing with superabundant spirits, genial, generous, trustful, truthful, asking always for the right and the true, and ambitious of good, with full faith in their power to attain anything and everything. Consider how noble a nature is if it be enlightened by the revelation of a divine truth, if it feel the inspiration of infinite and spiritual conceptions, if it be purified and elevated by the love of Christ, and if it be called and sealed to the work of God in the world. Is there anything more beautiful than the sight of young men banded together for good?

9. Now there needs only a corresponding share and opportunity for the fullest development of those powers, to make the view sublime. If the young men of our nation and our time have the qualities of strength that have been stated, it only needs that there should be given to them an appropriate sphere in which to act, and in which to develop their powers, to make a spectacle as sublime as any that was ever beheld!

CXIX.—HIGHER VALUE OF INVENTIONS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. Never before were all secular professions raised so high, and made to have such moral bearings, unconsciously, by

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influences within themselves, rather than by the voluntary efforts of those in such professions. Simple industry, unskilled labor, has a power to build up the family, that never was known before, and to send cohorts of children to honor and usefulness. A simple day-laborer, that earns his one or two dollars a day, lives better than the nobles in the court of Queen Elizabeth, has more luxuries than they had, and is more refined than they were. His children are within the reach of common schools. And it is in the power of simple industry, unskilled, but ~~inspired~~ by diligence and integrity, to build the noblest thing that any man can build—the temple of the family—and to send forth from it bands of children, every one of whom may become an aspirant for the highest spheres that are open for any.

2. But when you come to skilled labor, inventors and mechanics enjoy opportunities such as no other class of men ever enjoyed. When a man invents a new process or a new principle, it is a very narrow way of looking at it to say, "He has made a fortune." He has made a million fortunes. A man that makes a better harrow takes away so much drudgery from a million hands. The man that makes a saw that cuts better, may make his own fortune; but he makes the ease and comfort of myriads of men. The man that makes a sewing-machine is the Moses of seamstresses, and leads them out of bondage. To be sure they have to go through the wilderness before they get to the promised land, if they will sew, but by-and-by it will be given them to do it. In other words, necessity will drive them away from such injurious occupations, and they will be compelled to find other employment.

3. The man that invents a better machine for making screws, or a better screw, is a great public benefactor. Once they bored with a gimlet a hole in which to insert the screw. Then they made a better gimlet with which they could bore

more easily. Then they made a screw that *was* a gimlet, and that only required to be driven home with a screw-driver, the necessity for the use of a gimlet being obviated. Only a little time was saved in putting in one screw ; but if a man can put in fifty screws now in the time that he then required to put in twenty, the benefit to all who use screws throughout the United States and the world over, must be very great.

4. And what must be the sum of the gain, in the abbreviation of these little processes, when it comes, not to one alone, but to all that belong to mechanic arts, making labor easier? What is it but emancipating man? There is a process of emancipation going on which lightens toil, shortens the period of work, gives more hours for study, and leaves a constitution that is not taxed and worn out. Such is the process of coupling manhood to knowledge and opportunity. And though they that invent do not know it, God knows it and means it—that mechanical and skilled labors are all working for the elevation of the race.

CXX.—SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

ANDREWS NORTON.

1. The rain is o'er.—How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky !
2. In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing ; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.
3. The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;

The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

4. Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

5. The sun breaks forth: from off the scene
Its floating vale of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

6. Now gaze on nature—yet the same,—
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
Fresh in her youth from God's own hand.

7. Hear the rich music of that voice
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

8. Drink in her influence: low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

CXXI.—PARTING OF HECTOR FROM ANDROMACHE.

HOMER, TRANSLATED BY POPE.

1. Hector, this heard, returned without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scaean gate.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir ;
(Cilician Thebé great Aëtion swayed,
And Hypoplacus' wide extended shade.)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces pressed,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

2. To this loved infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honored stream ;
Astyanax the Trojans called the boy,
From his great father, the defense of Troy.
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resigned
To tender passions all his mighty mind :
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labored with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

3. " Too daring prince ! ah, whither dost thou run ?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
Oh grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb !
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.

4. " No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

The fierce Achilles wrapped our walls in fire,
Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire !
His fate compassion in the victor bred ;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,—
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile ;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned ;
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd ;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

5. “ By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell ;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell :
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed
Amid their fields, the hapless heroes bled !
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hypoplacia's sylvan lands :
Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah ! oppressed by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

6. “ Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee :
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy dangers share :
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy :
Thou from this tower defend the important post ;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

7. The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the luster of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

8. "And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.

The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name !
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay !
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

9. Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child ;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer :

10. " O Thou ! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son !
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age !
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame :
While pleased, amidst the general shout of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

11. He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms :
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.

The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued :

12. " Andromache ! my soul's far better part !
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?
No hostile band can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb ;
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth ;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save ;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men ;
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."

13. Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That streamed at every look : then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran ;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

CXXII.—RAISING THE FLAG AT SUMTER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From an address delivered at Fort Sumter, April 14, 1865, soon after its recapture by the United States. The fort had been taken by the rebels at the very beginning of the war. Indeed, its capture was one of the first acts of war.

1. On this solemn and joyful day, we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now again the banner of the *United States*, with the fervent prayer that God will crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem the night from darkness and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving! Once and but once has treason dishonored it. In that same hour when the guiltiest and bloodiest rebellion of time hurled its fires upon this fort, you,* Sir, and a small heroic band, stood within these now crumbled walls, and did gallant and just battle for the honor and defense of the nation's banner!

2. In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down. A gallant hand, in whose care this day it has been, plucked it from the ground and reared it again—"cast down, but not destroyed." After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart, you withdrew it from its height, closed its wings, and bore it far away, sternly to sleep amid the tumults of rebellion, the thunder of battle. The first act of war had begun. The long night of four years had set in. While

*Gen. Robert Anderson, who, being then a major, had defended the fort at the time of its capture by the rebels, April 14th, 1861.

the giddy traitors whirled in a maze of exhilaration, dim horrors were already advancing, that were ere long to fill the land with blood.

3. To-day you are returned again. We devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God, that he has spared your honored life and vouchsafed to you the glory of this day. The heavens over you are the same; the same shores are here; morning comes and evening as they did. All else how changed! What grim batteries crowd the burdened shores! What scenes have filled this air and disturbed these waters! These shattered heaps of shapeless stone are all that is left of Fort Sumter. Desolation broods in yonder sad city*—solemn retribution hath avenged our dishonored banner! You have come back with honor, who departed hence four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts, as the flag came down, are dead or scattered or silent; and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. Rebellion has perished. But there flies the same flag that was insulted. With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for that banner that supplanted it, and sees it not. You that then, for the day, were humbled, are here again to triumph once and forever. In the storm of that assault, this glorious ensign was often struck, but, memorable fact, not one of its *stars* was torn out by shot or shell. It was a prophecy.

4. It said, "Not one state shall be struck from this nation by treason." The fulfillment is at hand. Lifted to the air to-day it proclaims that after four years of war, "Not a state is blotted out." Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years black with the tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to **peace**

* Charleston, S. C., then in the possession of the United States forces.

without dismemberment! And glory be to God, who above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace!

5. Wherefore have we come hither, pilgrims from distant places? Are we come to exult that Northern hands are stronger than Southern? No; but to rejoice that the hands of those who defended a just and beneficent government are mightier than the hands that assaulted it! Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen. We sorrow with the sorrowful. We sympathize with the desolate. We look upon this shattered fort and yonder dilapidated city, with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason, and glad that God hath set such a mark upon treason that all ages shall dread and abhor it.

6. We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not, as we devoutly believe, that *our* will is done, but that *God's* will hath been done! We should be unworthy of that liberty intrusted to our care, if, on such a day as this, we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance; and equally unworthy, if we did not devoutly thank Him who hath said, *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay saith the Lord*, that He hath set a mark upon arrogant rebellion, ineffaceable while time lasts!

7. Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood and is glutted. Millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass as the prophet said: *The sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood*. The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals

corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole states ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour.

8. That long night is ended! And for this returning day we have come from afar, to rejoice and give thanks. No more war. No more accursed secession! No more slavery that spawned them both!

CXXIII.—MY COUSIN BRIDGET.

CHARLES LAMB.

1. It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have for her associates and mine, free-thinkers,—leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

2. We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this,—that in matters of fact, dates and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long-run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

3. I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading

in company; at which time she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question without fully understanding its purport,—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

4. Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst comes to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

5. In a season of distress she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit, but best when she goes a journey with you.

CXXIV.*—AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

T. M. EDDY.

1. Patriotism is the love of country. It has ever been recognized among the cardinal virtues of true men, and he who was destitute of it has been considered an ingrate. Even among the icy desolations of the far north we expect to find, and *do* find, an ardent affection for the land of nativity, the HOME of childhood, youth, and age. There is much in our country to create and foster this sentiment. It is a country of imperial dimensions, reaching from sea to sea and almost "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." None of the empires of old could compare with it in this regard. It is washed by two great oceans, while its lakes are vast inland seas. Its rivers are silver lines of beauty and commerce. Its grand mountain-chains are the links of God's forging and welding, binding together North and South, East and West.

2. It is a land of glorious memories. It was peopled by the picked men of Europe, who came hither "not for wrath, but conscience' sake." Said the younger Winthrop to his father, "I shall call that my country where I may most glorify God and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends." And so came godly men and devoted women, flying from oppressive statutes, where they might find

"Freedom to worship God."

There are spots on the sun, and the microscope reveals flaws in burnished steel, and so there were spots and flaws in the character of the early founders of this land; but with them all, our colonial history is one that stirs the blood and quickens the pulse of him who reads.

* From the "Patriotism of Illinois."

3. And then the glorious record of that Revolutionary struggle gives each American a solid historic platform on which he may plant his foot. It was an era of high moral heroism, and for principle against theoretical usurpation, rather than practical, (though of the latter there wanted not enough to give to our fathers' lips a full and bitter cup,) the men of the Revolution drew their swords, and entered the field against the most powerful nation of the world, and fought on and on, through murky gloom, until triumph came. It was also an era of Providential agencies and deliverances, and each right-feeling American realizes that not more truly did God raise up Moses and Aaron and lead Israel with the pillar of cloud and fire, than He raised up *our* leaders and led *our* fathers. And reverent is our adoration when we remember how he guided the deliberations of our Constitutional Convention and poured the peaceful spirit, in answer to ascending prayer, down upon that august convocation.

4. There are later memories, when, again measuring strength with Britain, our gallant tars showed on the sea and on the lakes that the empire of the deep was not henceforth to be conceded to the so-called "Mistress of the Seas." It was a new sensation experienced by the old nations, when the youngest of them all dared lift the glove of the power which "ruled the waves," and defy her on the field of her greatest prowess. Yet so it was, and the achievements of Decatur, McDonough, Paul Jones, and Porter gave luster to our navy, to be brightened by Foote, Farragut, Porter, Dahlgren, and Worden in our own times. For it is no idle boast to say that to-day the United States floats the most powerful navy of the world. These and other memories invest our land with sacredness, and commend it to the reverent love of its sons, native or adopted.

5. Its institutions of civil and religious freedom, guaran-

teeing the rights of citizenship, education, and worship, extending the blessings of beneficent law silently and widespread as the atmosphere about us, demand our love. True, one dark blot, one iron limitation, one cruel exception, was in our organization, one tolerated by our fathers in the faith that it would soon die, endured as a necessary but transient evil, but which from toleration soon claimed protection, equality, and from equality, supremacy; one deplored by the good, and destined to bring its terrible harvest upon us, reminding the world that, as truly of nations as of individuals, is it written that whatsoever is sown shall be reaped, and "with what measure ye mete shall it be measured to you again." But with this, there was much that was great and elevating in our institutions, so that with more than ancient Roman pride could the traveler in far-off lands exclaim, "I am an American citizen."

6. It is a land of innumerable resources. Extending through so many parallels of latitude, and isothermal lines, its soil yields almost an infinite variety of productions. It gives the fruits and grains of all zones. Within its bosom lie hid all minerals; the iron, the copper, vast fields of coal, the gold, the silver, the platina, the quicksilver, while the very "rock pours out rivers of oil." Its forests are rich in exhaustless stores of timber, while its prairies are the granaries of the world.

7. It is the land of the free school, the free press, and the free pulpit. It is impossible to compute the power of this trio. The free schools, open to rich and poor, bind together the people in educational bonds, and in the common memories of the recitation-room and the play-ground; and how strong *they* are, you, reader, well know, as some past recollection tugs at your heart-strings. The free press may not always be altogether as dignified or elevated as the more highly cultivated may desire, but it is ever open to the com-

plaints of the people ; is ever watchful of popular rights and jealous of class encroachments, and the highest in authority know that it is above President or Senate.

8. The free pulpit, sustained not by legally exacted tithes wrung from an unwilling people, but by the free-will offerings of loving supporters, gathers about it the millions, inculcates the highest morality, points to brighter worlds, and when occasion demands will not be silent before political wrongs. Its power, simply as an educating agency, can scarcely be estimated. In this country its freedom gives a competition so vigorous that it must remain in direct popular sympathy. How strong it is, the country saw when its voice was lifted in the old cry, " Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft." Its words started the slumbering, roused the careless, and called the " sacramental host " as well as the " men of the world to arms." These three grand agencies are not rival but supplementary, each doing an essential work in public culture.

9. Ours, above all others, is the land of homes. Local attachment is essential to patriotism. Give a man a bit of ground and let him build a house, though it be scarce larger than Queen Mab's, and he becomes a permanent part of the country. He has something to live for, vote for, fight for. Here there is no system of vast land-ownerships, with lettings and sub-lettings, but, on the contrary, the abundance and cheapness of land, and the prevalence of wise home exemptions, give a large portion of the population proprietary interests.

10. To all this add the freedom of the elective franchise, which invests the humblest citizen with the functions of sovereignty, and opens to his competition the highest places of trust and profit, and is there not reason for loving such a country ? Is there not reason why its home-born sons should swear upon its holy altars that this trust, received from their

fathers, shall be transmitted, pure and whole, to their children? Is there not reason why each adopted son should see that the land which gives him sanctuary, refuge, and citizenship shall not be rent in twain? Especially that it shall not be divided in the interest of class-distinctions, of distinction between labor and capital, based upon a difference of birth and ancestry.

11. Above all, we assume the higher doctrine that civil government is divinely appointed, "that the powers that be are ordained of God," and thus make the maintenance of lawfully established government duty. God, the King of nations, summons us to prevent its overthrow, and He declares that in the hour when it is imperiled the magistrate shall not bear the sword in vain, but shall be "the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil," and that they who rise up against lawful authority and "resist the power resist the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Patriotism, then, comes to the baptism of Christian duty, and for the hour when just government and righteous authority are periled, the duty is one of sternness, and the sword of the magistrate is its symbol.

CXXV.—PATRIOTISM.

WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such their breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

CXXVI.—HOUSE-CLEANING IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

1. The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture—paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie huddled in heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows, chairs, and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden-fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, petticoats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There a closet has disgorged its bowels—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of tea-pots, and stoppers of departed decanters—from the rag-hole in the garret, to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged.

2. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to

judgment. In this tempest, the words of *King Lear* unavoidably present themselves, and might with little alteration be made strictly applicable.

“—————Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pothor o'er our heads
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice—————
—————Close pent up guilt,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace.”

3. This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes, dipped into a solution of lime called WHITE-WASH; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stone-cutter's sand.

4. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

5. I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but after long argument it was determined that no damages could be awarded; inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. And so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

6. These smearings and scratchings, these washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch—recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleansing match. The

misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things *clean*. It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles suffer mutilation or death under the operation. A mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made *clean* at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention.

7. For instance: a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; a number of smaller prints are piled upon it, until the super-incumbent weight cracks the lower glass—but this is of no importance. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, till the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and deface the engraving—no matter! If the glass is clean and the frame shines, it is sufficient—the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made a calculation, founded on long experience, and proved that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

8. This cleansing frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance; the storm abates, and all would be well again: but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should pass over without producing some consequences. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, sore throats, or severe colds, occasioned by exhalations from wet floors and damp walls.

9. I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, that I call a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result

and brushes—takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*, to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. I can give you an instance.

13. A gentleman was sued at law, by the executors of a mechanic, on a charge found against him on the deceased's books to the amount of £30. The defendant was strongly impressed with the belief that he had discharged the debt and taken a receipt; but as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt. The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment should be obtained against him. He then sat down seriously to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied and displayed on a table for the purpose. In the midst of his search he was suddenly called away on business of importance. He forgot to lock the door of his room.

14. The house-maid, who had been long looking for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and with great alacrity fell to cleaning the room and *putting things to rights*. One of the first objects that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table. These, without delay, she huddled together like so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which unfortunately happened to be the very receipt in question.

15. As it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in a dust-pan to the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his books. The defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt amongst the dirt in the yard.

QUESTIONS.—Who was “King Lear” mentioned in the second paragraph? Who wrote the poetry there quoted? What does the word “continents” mean in the quoted lines? The word “rive”? Explain the whole passage quoted. Under what circumstances are the words represented as having been uttered? What is the general character of this piece? How then should it be read?

CXXVI.—SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

1. Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

2. And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

3. But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;

Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

4. Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

5. Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept by, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

6. The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both;
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs;
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

7. Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters bold and bright,
 "Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

NOTES,

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, ETC.,

EXPLANATORY OF ALLUSIONS IN THE EXERCISES.

Nothing is inserted in these Notes that can be determined by a reference to the latest edition of the Unabridged Dictionaries. Every young person should have daily practice in the use of these invaluable books. All their marks should be fully learned by the pupil, so that he can readily use them.

EXERCISE I.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a celebrated American philosopher and statesman, was born in Boston in 1706, and died in Philadelphia in 1790. He is famous for having proved the identity of electricity and lightning; for the important services he rendered the Americans in the war of Independence by his negotiations in their behalf with the French government, and by other civil services; and for the numerous maxims, useful and practical, which he published under the assumed name of Richard Saunders, or Poor Richard. Dr. Franklin stands at the head of the practical philosophers of modern time. His native city, Boston, has erected near the city hall, a bronze statue to his memory.

EXERCISE II.

PETER THE HERMIT was a zealous promoter, and, indeed, in some sense, the originator, of the first crusade. He was an enthusiastic monk, who went about, in a coarse dress, through Italy, France, and some other countries, preaching everywhere the necessity of rescuing the holy sepulcher from the Turks. He died A. D. 1115.

THE BLACK-HOLE at Calcutta, in Hindostan, was a close dungeon twenty feet square, in which one hundred and forty-six Englishmen were confined, through an intensely hot night, by the guards of the infamous Surajah Dowlah. Only twenty-three survived the terrible sufferings of that night; the others had all died, and before morning their bodies had begun to decay. This occurred on the 20th of June, 1756. Surajah Dowlah was a Mahometan prince, who had attacked and taken the English settlement, in the hope of plunder.

NIOBE, in Grecian mythology, was the daughter of Tantalus, king of Lydia. She had twelve children, and boasted of her superiority over Latona, who had only Apollo and Diana. These, to avenge their mother, slew all the children of Niobe, and she, in her grief, wept herself to stone.

AJAX TELAMON was one of the Greek heroes in the Trojan war, famous for his physical prowess. He fought with Hector. His shield was noted for its strength and thickness, being made of seven bull-hides.

EXERCISE III.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, an American poet, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. From 1835 to 1854 he was professor of modern languages and *belles-lettres* in Harvard College. Since that time he has lived in retirement. He occupies a high rank among American poets. His poetry is characterized by beauty, gentleness, quaintness of illustration, and a catholic humanity.

For BISHOP OF BINGEN, see EXERCISE XXXI.

EXERCISE IV.

OLIVER CROMWELL, lord protector of the English Commonwealth, was born in 1599, and died in 1658. He was probably the ablest Englishman of his time, and had more personal influence in determining political and military events

in the troublous times in which he lived than any other one man. He possessed a strong intellect, clear insight into the motives and characters of men, indomitable courage, great love of his country, and a generous affection for his friends and family. His character has been a theme of much debate, between the friends of popular liberty and those of kingly prerogative,—the former defending and the latter denouncing him.

EXERCISE V.

CHARLES II., king of England, son of Charles I., was called to the throne of his fathers by Parliament, in 1660, less than two years after the death of Cromwell. For fifteen years he had been an exile and a wanderer. Great expectations were entertained as to the good to come from his accession. But the nation was doomed to a sad disappointment. He had most of the vices, and none of the virtues, of his father, who had been beheaded in 1649. He was a man of good abilities and shrewd sense, but destitute of the nobler feelings that dignify humanity. His reign was the most disgraceful and disastrous of which we have a record in English history. General Monk was the most influential man in calling Charles to the throne.

WHITEHALL, a palace in Westminster, used as a residence first by the archbishops of York, and afterwards by the English sovereigns. It was first called York Place. It became the royal palace in Henry VIII.'s time.

SIR HENRY VANE, an English statesman, and governor of the colony of Massachusetts, was born in 1612, and executed on Tower Hill, London, in 1662. He was an unwavering opponent of Charles I., but was not friendly to Cromwell.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, a building in Westminster, in which British sovereigns and other eminent men are buried. It was formerly used for religious purposes.

TYBURN, a place in London where criminals were executed

JOHN PYM, an English statesman and orator, was born in 1584, and died in 1643. He was an indefatigable opponent of the arbitrary measures of Charles I., and was a man of good abilities and of immense influence with the people. He was particularly influential in the impeachment of Strafford, in 1640.

WILLIAM LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in 1573, and was executed on Tower Hill in 1645. He was very rigorous in the execution of the laws against dissenters, and in all his ecclesiastical and political measures was an intolerant and bigoted churchman, and a supporter of King Charles's tyrannical measures.

EXERCISE VI.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, an American physician and poet, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He is professor of anatomy and physiology in Harvard College. But his fame chiefly rests upon his literary labor. His lyric pieces are spirited, and are among the best in the language; and his prose writings are a constant succession of sparkling thoughts. Dr. Holmes has been a contributor to many of the best periodicals in our country, and his works have been reprinted in England. He is among the most popular of American writers. In Dr. Holmes's humorous pieces we frequently find the sad and the sportive blended in the most inimitable manner, and yet quite naturally—tears and laughter mingling as they do in the experiences of real life.

EXERCISE VII.

WILLIAM H. MILBURN, known as the blind preacher, is a celebrated American clergyman, born in 1823. He is remarkable for his eloquence, both as a preacher and lecturer. He has never, from early childhood, possessed the power of

clear and ready vision, and the perseverance with which he has overcome this important hindrance to his literary labors and intellectual progress entitles him to great praise. He has traveled in England, addressing vast audiences in the chief cities. His experience as an itinerant preacher in different parts of the country has furnished materials for several published volumes. Among them are the following: "Rifle, Ax and Saddlebags," "Ten Years of Preacher Life," "The People and Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley."

THE PERSECUTIONS of the Christians under the Roman Empire are usually considered as ten in number. Some of these were cruel and bloody. At first the new sect was looked upon with contempt, which saved them from harm; but as soon as they became numerous and somewhat influential, the Roman power was made to bear upon them with terrible force. But in a little less than three centuries from the death of its Founder, Christianity had taken possession of the empire; and, not long after, the pagans began to be the objects of penal legislation.

EXERCISE VIII.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet, critic, and satirist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. He is now professor of modern languages and *belles-letters* in Harvard college. He is also editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. An English critic, editor of an English reprint of his works, says: "The tone of his compositions is singularly high-minded, vigorous, and pure. Many of his pieces impress us forcibly with the idea of great power, of imagination scattering its wealth with singular profuseness, and of a daring originality of conception." Mr. Lowell's writings are very popular in the United States, and breathe forth a truly national and freedom-loving spirit.

EXERCISE IX.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, an American author, was born in Connecticut in 1812. Her principal work is "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published in weekly chapters in the "*National Era*," and afterwards (1852), in two volumes, in Boston. This work enjoyed an unexampled popularity. It has been translated into all the European and some of the Asiatic languages, and has been very extensively dramatized. It undoubtedly exerted a great influence in arousing the people of the United States to a hatred of negro slavery, and a disposition to destroy it. Mrs. Stowe's pen has not been idle in later years. Her writings are characterized by a fervid earnestness, a racy vigor, and a devotion to freedom, personal, spiritual, and intellectual. She is a sister of the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher.

EXERCISE XV.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, a British author and poet, was born in Ireland in 1728, and died in London in 1774. His life was a constant struggle with want, induced chiefly by his own improvidence. He was an unpromising student, and his whole life was marked by irregularities. He traveled on foot through several countries of Continental Europe, maintaining himself by disputing at the universities, by singing, and by playing on his flute. His writings are characterized by great purity, simplicity, and eloquence. They are eminently worthy of the study of every young person who would become master of a good style. In his later years he was intimate with Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, and other celebrated men. Among his works are, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted Village*, from which the above extract is taken, *The Traveler*, and *a History of England*.

EXERCISE XVI.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, an American lawyer and statesman, sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, in 1809, and was killed at Washington by an assassin in the interest of the great rebellion of the Southern States, on the 14th day of April, 1865. He was born of humble parents, and was compelled to win his own way in the world. His early years were devoted to hard manual toil, and his educational advantages were very limited. But he persisted in his efforts at self-culture, and finally became an eminent lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. He was especially successful as an advocate in criminal cases. In 1858 he canvassed the State as a candidate for the office of United States Senator, in company with Judge Douglas, his competitor. Their debates became famous in the political history of the times, and Mr. Lincoln, although defeated in the canvass, found his reputation greatly enhanced by them. The discussion turned chiefly upon negro slavery in its various aspects,—its prohibition in the territories, and its abolition in the District of Columbia. In 1860 Mr. Lincoln was elected President of the United States, as an advocate of restricting slavery to the area it then occupied. He had never favored any proposition looking to any interference with the institution in the states where it was established. But the Southern States made his election a pretext for taking up arms against the general government, and the result was four years of war on the most extensive scale of any in modern time. Mr. Lincoln's name is rendered forever glorious by his proclamation of January first, 1863, forever liberating the slaves in the parts of the country then in insurrection. Before his death he had the happiness of seeing the power of the rebellion broken, its armies scattered,

and its chief a fugitive, soon to be captured. His assassination was a most dastardly and horrible act, and filled the world with consternation.

EXERCISE XVII.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR, an American poet, is a native of New Hampshire, and a resident, at present, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Her poems have been largely published in the newspapers and in some of the periodicals of the country. They are characterized by vigor, beauty, and a fervid enthusiasm in the cause of country and of right. A volume of them is about to be issued.

The POTOMAC is a river flowing in a south-easterly direction, and forming the boundary between Maryland and Virginia. It passes by Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. In some parts of its course it is a stream of great beauty.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, a celebrated American general and statesman, the national leader in the Revolutionary war, and first President of the United States, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, in 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, in December, 1799. General Washington is an illustrious example of the truth that the highest success in life comes from the sturdiest adhesion to principle. He was, from a child, distinguished from others more by his unflinching uprightness than by any other quality. Intellect he had of a high order, but his moral stature exceeded his intellectual. He possessed the confidence of all that knew him, and those, before the close of his life, included all the world. How nobly he merited the character attributed to him of being "the greatest of good men, and the best of great men"! The legacy which Washington has left to the young men of America, in his character, exceeds in value that which he has left in the political institutions of the country.

The SANGAMON is a river in Illinois, flowing in a direction a little south of west, and emptying into the Illinois. It passes near the city of Springfield, and the burial place of Lincoln.

MOUNT ZION is a hill on which was built the southwest part of the city of Jerusalem. The tomb of the Savior, now called the Holy Sepulcher, is near it.

JERUSALEM was the capital of the Jewish commonwealth and kingdom, the seat of their temple, and therefore the great center of all that interests the Jews.

BETH-PEOR was a town in the ancient land of Moab, near the northern extremity of the Dead Sea, and in the vicinity of the mountains Nebo and Pisgah.

EXERCISE XVIII.

HENRY CLAY, an American statesman, was born in Virginia in 1777, and died at Washington in 1852. He was in public life, in one capacity or another, for fifty years, having been elected to the legislature of Kentucky about the year 1802. In 1806 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, for a brief term. In every position he occupied, he distinguished himself, whether as a member of the legislature or of Congress; as the presiding officer of the Kentucky house of representatives or of that at Washington; or as the American minister in forming the treaty of Ghent;—in every office and every place, his shining qualities made him conspicuous, and his genial, hearty manners, gallant bearing, and fervid eloquence, always magnetized men, and secured for him hosts of friends. Mr. Clay was urged for the Presidency by a large and enthusiastic party, and his great talents and brilliant reputation certainly pointed him out as eminently fitted for that exalted position. But political events defeated his aspirations in this direction.

This extract from a generous and eloquent speech in behalf of a feeble people, fighting for their liberties, is a good illustration of Mr. Clay's character.

In 1821, the people of Greece, after long and cruel oppression by the Turks, broke out into rebellion. The struggle was long and arduous, and the war was conducted by the Turks with the most cruel bloodshed. Generous men everywhere sympathized with the Greeks, and among other eloquent appeals in their behalf was this of Mr. Clay, delivered in the American House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824. Greece was declared independent in 1827.

THE "HOLY ALLIES" were Alexander I. of Russia, Francis I. of Austria, and Frederick William III. of Prussia. The ostensible object of the alliance was to regulate the political relations of European states on Christian principles, but the real object was to maintain their own power.

The "gentleman from Massachusetts" was Mr. Webster, who had introduced a resolution in favor of appointing a commissioner to Greece.

EXERCISE XX.

HORACE GREELEY, an American editor and author, was born in New Hampshire in 1811. He is remarkable for his minute and extended knowledge of political affairs, for his untiring industry, his persistence in adhering to what he considers right, his devotion to the interests of the working classes, and his advocacy of schemes for their elevation. His pen has been a very prolific one, and most of his works are certainly creditable to both his head and his heart. He was the founder of the *New York Tribune*, and has been its chief editor from its commencement in 1841. His last great work, is *The American Conflict*—a history of the strifes that have agitated the United States on the slavery question, and it is

chiefly devoted to the great rebellion. Mr. Greeley was a member of Congress for a brief period in 1848-9, and distinguished himself by his opposition to the abuses of the mileage system.

EXERCISE XXI.

GEORGIUS SECUNDUS, or George the Second of England, belonged to the German family known as the house of Brunswick. German families have, by intermarriage, given princes to many European thrones.

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE of 1755 was very destructive to that city. About sixty thousand persons lost their lives by it.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT was a memorable event in the French and Indian war, preceding the American Revolution. General Braddock, an English officer, unacquainted with the country and the people, was sent against the French at Fort Du Quesne, with a force of colonial militia and two regiments of British regulars, and by his arrogant self-conceit and contempt for the colonies, and for Col. (afterwards Gen.) Washington, caused the utter destruction of the whole army. The defeat occurred near the present site of Pittsburgh, Pa., July 9th, 1755.

EXERCISE XXII.

CARTE DU PAYS (Kärt du pâ), a French phrase, signifying a map.

VALET DE PLACE (Valâ dẽ pläs), a French phrase, meaning a stranger's guide.

MELROSE ABBEY, a celebrated ruin, on the Tweed, in Scotland, 37 miles southeast of Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott has described its appearance by moonlight, in the second canto of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. It is a fitting description of a scene almost unequalled for its sad beauty.

EXERCISE XXIV.

Doctor FAUSTUS, a character in the popular tales of Germany, is represented as having lived about the time of Luther, from 1580 to 1638. The legends say that he agreed with the Evil One, in consideration of receiving demoniac aid in securing worldly honor and sensual enjoyments for twenty-four years, that his soul should be given up at the end of that time to eternal torments. The contract was signed with his blood, and was fully carried out, although, near the close of the allotted period, he was seized by remorse, and sought to annul the bargain.

MONTGOMERY PLACE was the place of the poet's residence in Boston.

There is a story that COLUMBUS at one time evinced his superiority over a large company of *savants* by making an egg stand on its end when none of the others could do it. This was accomplished by striking it gently against the table.

JOHN MILTON (See Note on EXERCISE XLVII.) was one of the most learned and gifted men of his time.

SOLOMON, king of Israel, came to the throne about 1015 B. C., and has ever since been famous for his wisdom.

SALMON is a fish much esteemed as an article of food, and regarded as an attractive dish at a feast.

ROGER BACON, an English monk of the thirteenth century, was famous for his knowledge of mathematics and natural science, and was supposed to be skilled in magic. He anticipated much of the learning of modern times, but was in advance of his own age. He spent most, if not all, of the last ten years of his life in prison in Paris, on a charge of heresy and magic.

For FRANCIS BACON, see Note on EXERCISE XLVI.

LOCHINVAR is a character in a song by Sir Walter Scott. On being informed that the lady he loved was to be

married to another, that was unworthy of her, the hero came to the wedding, ostensibly to "tread one more measure" with his "lost love," but, really, to carry her away with him.

EXERCISE XXV.

DANIEL WEBSTER, an American statesman and jurist, was born in New Hampshire in 1782, and died at Marshfield, Mass., in 1852. He was a man of great intellectual power, and this power was particularly conspicuous in his use of language. No man ever wrote or spoke the English with more force and effect than he. He occupied the very highest position as a lawyer, an orator, and a writer. He was long employed in the public service. He was first elected to the national House of Representatives from New Hampshire in 1812, and continued a member until 1816. In 1822 he was again elected to the same House from Boston. In 1827 he was elected to the Senate of the United States from Massachusetts, and during the remainder of his life was either a member of that body, or of the cabinet as secretary of state.

THOMAS SUMTER, a general in the Revolutionary war, was born in South Carolina in 1734, and died in the same state in 1832. He exhibited great bravery, endurance, and much cheerful patience under severe trials. He was afterwards a member of the national House of Representatives, and still later of the U. S. Senate.

FRANCIS MARION was also a Revolutionary general, born in South Carolina in 1732, and died in 1795. His military career was a remarkable one. He accomplished great results with slender means, conducted for years a partisan warfare against the British army, attacking them in unlooked-for places, and subsisting his men in a manner that seemed miraculous.

HENRY LAURENS, an American Revolutionary statesman, was born in South Carolina in 1724, and died in 1792. He

was sent as minister to Holland, during the war, but was captured by the British, and confined in the Tower of London for 15 months. On his release he was appointed one of the commissioners for negotiating peace. His associates were Franklin and Jay.

JOHN LAURENS, son of the preceding, was a brave young officer in the Revolutionary war. He was born about 1756, and was killed in battle on the Combahee in 1782, while his father was in the Tower.

JOHN RUTLEDGE, an American statesman and jurist, was born in South Carolina in 1739, and died in 1800. He rendered important services during the war, and in 1795 was appointed Chief Justice of the United States by President Washington, but the Senate, for political reasons, refused to confirm him. He had been one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice of South Carolina.

EDWARD RUTLEDGE was a brother of the foregoing, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY, an American statesman, and a colonel in the Revolutionary army, was born in South Carolina in 1746, and died in 1825. In 1796 he was appointed minister to France. On his return from that country, he was appointed a major general in the United States army. In 1800 he was an unsuccessful candidate for President. There were other eminent men belonging to the Pinckney family, among whom was Thomas, a brother of Charles, who was governor of South Carolina, minister to Great Britain, &c.

BOSTON is famous for the spirited and honorable part it played in the Revolutionary war. It was marked out by the British ministry and Parliament for their especial vengeance. In 1770 occurred the Boston massacre, in which three persons were killed and eight wounded by the British soldiery.

John Hancock and Samuel Adams, citizens of Boston, were specially excepted from offers of pardon. By the Boston Port Bill an attempt was made to destroy its commerce.

CONCORD, a town of Massachusetts, is one of the three county towns of Middlesex county. Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, and on the same day at Lexington, the first blood of the Revolutionary war was shed, and the first armed resistance to British power offered.

BUNKER HILL, or more accurately Breed's Hill, in Charlestown, Mass., was the scene of the first regularly fought battle of the American Revolution. The fight occurred on the 17th of June, 1775. Although technically a defeat, it was really a victory to the Americans, inasmuch as it demonstrated their courage and cool steadiness in battle. A plain granite monument, 220 feet high, has been erected on the summit of the hill to commemorate the event. See EXERCISE XXXIX.

EXERCISE XXVI.

HIPPOCRENE was the fabled fountain made on Mount Helicon when Pegasus struck the ground with his feet. Its waters were therefore thought to be a source of inspiration to poets.

"THE PRAYER OF AJAX" is an allusion to the fight of Ajax Telamon in defense of the dead body of Patroclus, in the seventeenth book of the Iliad. Jupiter covered Mount Ida and the Trojans with darkness so as to make them invisible to Ajax and the Greeks. Ajax prays to him to enable the Greeks to see their foes.

EXERCISE XXVII.

ORMSBY M. MITCHEL, an American astronomer and general, was born in Kentucky in 1810, and died at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1862. He was a graduate of West

Point, of the class of 1829. In 1834 he was appointed professor of philosophy and astronomy in the Cincinnati college. Here he rendered himself eminent by the enthusiasm and success with which he pursued astronomical investigations, and interested the public, by his lectures, in the science. On the breaking out of the rebellion, he entered the national army, and became, ultimately, a major-general. At the time of his death he was commander of the department of the south. This selection is an extract from a lecture delivered in New York, in 1859.

EXERCISE XXVIII.

THOMAS HOOD, an English poet, was born in London in 1798, and died in the same city in 1845. This poet has contributed largely to the amusement and delight of all who speak the English language, but his own life and character were tinged with a gentle melancholy which finds expression in such effusions as *The Song of the Shirt*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, &c. This author is largely read, and is in all respects worthy of his great popularity. Several editions of his works have been published in the United States.

SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, an English astronomer, was born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1790. His father, Sir William Herschel, was an eminent astronomer, and the discoverer of the planet Uranus. Sir John has made many valuable contributions to astronomical science, having visited Southern Africa, and remained there four years, for the purpose of making observations. He is also a gentleman of modesty and worth, and highly respected. He has received the highest scientific honors, and his works on astronomy, optics, and other branches of natural philosophy, are universally reckoned among the highest authorities on those subjects.

VENUS was the goddess of love in the Greek and Roman mythology. The second planet in order from the sun is also called Venus. It appears as the morning star during a part of the year, and as the evening star during the remainder.

CHARLES THE MARTYR is a name given to Charles I. by his admirers. Charles's Wain is really the churl's or countryman's wain or wagon. But the poet, in the selection entitled the Comet, playfully assumes that the constellation was named after Charles I.

EDMUND HALLEY, an English astronomer, was born near London in 1656, and died near Greenwich in 1742. In 1681 he discovered the comet now known by his name, and predicted its return. This was the first prediction of the kind ever made and fulfilled, and its fulfillment was a brilliant triumph of science, which, however, he did not live to see. The comet has appeared twice since his death, viz: in the years 1759 and 1835. Its period is about 75 years. In 1703 he became professor of astronomy in Oxford. In 1720 he was appointed astronomer royal.

TYCHO BRAHE, a Danish astronomer, was born in Sweden in 1546, and died in Prague in 1601. He was employed by the Danish king as an astronomer, and the island of Huen was given to him for the erection of an observatory. He was an accurate observer of the heavens, and left extensive data from which Kepler and others drew important inferences.

BERENICE'S HAIR is a cluster of stars in the sign Leo, and so named in compliment to Berenice, daughter of Magas, king of Cyrene, and wife of Ptolemy Euergetes, king of Egypt.

The **GREAT BEAR** is a well known constellation near the North Pole. Also called the Dipper and Charles's Wain.

VAUXHALL is a suburb of London, and contains Vauxhall gardens, to which the inhabitants of London often resorted for amusement. They were closed in 1859.

EXERCISE XXX.

For HENRY CLAY, see EXERCISE XVIII.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, lived in the fourth century before Christ. By skill in council and valor in war, he acquired entire control of the states of Greece, which had previously been independent. He was a man of eminent abilities, great energy, and unscrupulous ambition.

ALEXANDER, the son and successor of Philip, perpetuated his father's power in Greece, and achieved a military reputation, by foreign conquests, which almost obliterate his father's fame. He set out upon his career of conquest in 334 B. C., at 22 years of age, with a small army and a slender treasury, and in less than ten years all the principal nations of the world were at his feet. But as his dominions increased, he became more and more addicted to despotic ways and luxurious living, and at last demanded to be worshiped as a god. His death, which occurred at Babylon 323 B. C., was caused, in part, at least, by his excesses.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, the final destroyer of the Roman republic, and founder of the empire, was born in 100 B. C., and assassinated 44 B. C. He was a man of extraordinary mental endowments, but deficient in moral principle, and addicted, during a part of his life at least, to vicious courses. He was governor of Gaul, now France, under the Roman senate. But when he was recalled by that body he refused to obey, and, after some slight hesitation, marched his army upon the city of Rome.

The RUBICON was a river forming a part of the boundary of Cæsar's province; and the turning point in his rebellion against the lawful authority of his country was the marching of his army across that stream. He soon overthrew the authority of the senate by military force, but used the powers thus gained in reforming the government and improving the condition of the people. He was assassinated by a

band of senators, the most famous of whom were Brutus and Cassius.

MADAME DE STAEL (mädüm dē stäl), an eminent French writer, was born in 1766, and died in 1817. She was a lady of rare endowments and high culture, and remarkable for her brilliant powers in conversation. For many years, she was a leader of public sentiment on political affairs in Paris, whence she was banished by Napoleon Bonaparte, because she freely criticized his claims and measures. Her most famous work is "Corinne," a novel containing eloquent descriptions of scenery in Italy. She was the daughter of Necker, the famous banker, and her first husband was a Swedish nobleman, the Baron De Staël-Holstein.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, a man who, in French history, played a part not unlike that enacted in Rome by Julius Cæsar, was born in Corsica in 1769, and died at St. Helena in 1821. He was the most extraordinary man of modern times, especially when considered in respect to his military achievements. By his military successes he so dazzled the French people that he became, step by step, absolute ruler of the nation, under the title of Emperor. He then aimed at universal dominion, and in the attempt to secure it deluged Europe with blood for some ten years. His success in this attempt was extraordinary, and, had he been willing to set *any* bounds to his ambition, he might have lived and reigned the greatest monarch of his time. But his attempt to penetrate the extreme north, by making himself master of Moscow, was the beginning of his reverses. From this time on, his course was downward. In 1813 the allied powers entered Paris, and Napoleon was banished to Elba, to exercise on that little island the prerogatives of sovereignty. Leaving Elba and assuming again the sovereignty of France, he raised a new army, but was defeated at Waterloo by the Duke of

Wellington, in 1815. Upon this he was exiled to the island of St. Helena, where he died.

ST. CLOUD, a small village near Paris, where the French assembly sat for a time. It contains a palace, which has been the abode of several of the French monarchs.

EXERCISE XXXI.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, an English poet, was born in 1774, and died in 1843. He was a voluminous writer, remarkable for his industry, the elaborateness of his versification, the gorgeous splendor of his imagery, and the high moral tone of his poetry. At different periods of his life, he entertained very different theories on social and political subjects, which makes his early and later productions seem very contradictory. He was a man of genial and kindly spirit, and was very happy in his family relations. At the time of his death Mr. Southey was poet laureate.

EXERCISE XXXII.

EDWARD EVERETT, an American orator and statesman, was born in 1794, and died in 1864. Mr. Everett was eminent among Americans for the vigor, finish, and good taste of his oratory. He was a man of dignified bearing and courteous address, averse to angry discussion. He held many positions of honor and trust,—was governor of Massachusetts, member of both houses of Congress, minister to England, and national secretary of state. The years 1856-7-8 and 9, were to a great extent devoted by Mr. Everett to raising funds for the erection of a monument in honor of Gen. Washington, and the amount paid over by him to the treasurer of the association reached nearly 100,000 dollars. After the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr. Everett rendered noble service, by word and deed, to the cause of the government, and this circumstance greatly enhanced his popularity in some portions of the country.

MICHAEL ANGELO, an Italian architect, sculptor, and painter, was born in 1474, and died in 1563. His most famous work is the church of St. Peter, at Rome, which was planned and begun under the auspices of Pope Julius II. But he executed many works of art, any one of which would have secured fame to other and less gifted men. His productions continue to the present time to be regarded as master-pieces. He continued an active student and worker to the end of his life, which terminated in his 88th year.

PERICLES, a celebrated Athenian statesman and orator, was born at Athens about 495 B. C., and died there in 429 B. C. By his talents and personal influence he maintained a sway over the city of Athens for forty years, during fifteen of which he ruled alone. He beautified the city with many magnificent public buildings, among which was the temple of Minerva, called the Parthenon. He appears to have actually ruled the Athenians by the worth of his character, and not to have been their slave. He restrained them in their unreasonable rage, and rebuked them for their faults.

PHIDIAS was an architect and sculptor employed by Pericles to plan the public buildings in Athens, and superintend their construction, and to execute the statues with which they were adorned. His works have ever since been regarded as models.

THEMISTOCLES, an Athenian general, was born about 514 B. C., and died in 449 B. C. He was a man of great ability and intense ambition. He was the originator of the naval power of Athens; and it was by his advice that they undertook the building of the Piræus, or the famous harbor of that city. He was very efficient in the war against the Persians, and was the real hero of the naval battle of Salamis. In later life, however, having been banished from Athens on account of his inordinate ambition and avarice, he offered his services to the Persian king, and promised to subjugate

Greece for him. But he is said to have poisoned himself because he could not fulfill his promises. In his earlier political career, he was the opponent of Aristides, who was banished at his instigation.

THE CERAMICUS is a name applied to that part of the city of Athens where the public buildings were situated in ancient times. The trophies taken by victorious Athenian generals were here deposited.

DEMOSTHENES, an Athenian orator and statesman, was born about 385 B. C., and died 321 B. C. He is celebrated for his efforts against the schemes of Philip of Macedon for the conquest of Greece. His orations against this monarch are so excellent of their kind, that denunciatory harangues have come to be known as philippics. These orations exhibit the genius and patriotism of Demosthenes, but they failed in checking the career of Philip, who soon mastered all Greece. He was equally unsuccessful against Alexander, and finally died by poison administered by his own hand.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, an English philosopher and mathematician, was born in 1642, and died in 1727. He is celebrated for the discovery of the law of gravitation, or the fact that the force which regulates the movements of the planets is the same as that which causes bodies to fall to the earth. His experiments in respect to the laws of light were carefully and successfully conducted; and although some of his conclusions have not been confirmed by recent investigations, yet their value in advancing the science of optics can scarcely be overestimated. Sir Isaac was a man of varied learning, and his principal works were written in Latin. His great generalizations in astronomy give him a high position among scientific men, and La Place assigns to his *Principia* a "preëminence above all other productions of the human intellect."

For BUNKER HILL, see Note on EXERCISE XXV.

MOUNT AUBURN is a beautifully situated burial ground near Boston. It contains the graves of many eminent men, with monuments erected to their memories.

JOHN WINTHROP, one of the early settlers of Massachusetts, was born in 1588, and died in 1649.

JAMES OTIS, one of the most prominent patriots in Boston at the time of the American Revolution, was born in 1725, and died in 1783. He was famous for his fervid eloquence, and his fearless resistance to British tyranny.

JOSEPH WARREN, a physician in Massachusetts in the time of the Revolution, and an earnest and devoted patriot, was born in 1741. He was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill.

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, an American mathematician, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1773, and died in 1838. He translated La Place's *Mécanique Céleste* into English, and wrote Bowditch's Navigator.

JOSEPH STORY, an American jurist, was born in Marblehead, Mass., in 1779, and died in 1845. He was an eminent writer upon law, and published a commentary on the constitution of the United States. From 1811 to his death he was one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. His standing in his profession was very high.

For FRANKLIN, see Note on EXERCISE I.

For WEBSTER, see Note on EXERCISE XXV.

MILTIADES, a celebrated Athenian general, lived in the latter part of the sixth, and first part of the fifth, century B. C. He is chiefly renowned for his success against the Persians at the battle of Marathon, where, with ten thousand Greeks, he defeated an army of one hundred thousand Persian invaders.

EXERCISE XXXIII.

For HENRY CLAY, see EXERCISE XVIII.

The "VETO" here referred to is that of the United States Bank by President Jackson in 1832.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, an American poet, was born in 1807. He was employed in labor upon a farm until his eighteenth year, and his early educational advantages were limited. Mr. Whittier has always been an earnest and consistent advocate of freedom, and many of his poems are a vigorous, fearless, and glowing protest against every form of oppression. There is in his poetry a manly ring that never fails to stir the feelings and arouse the manliness of the reader. He stands very high as a poet, but his poetry is sometimes made subordinate to his ever-gushing philanthropy.

EXERCISE XXXV.

For EDMUND BURKE, see EXERCISE XLVI.

EXERCISE XXXVII.

For JOHN G. WHITTIER, see EXERCISE XXXIV.

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, an English statesman, was born in 1639, and beheaded in 1683. Lord Russell opposed very firmly, but moderately, the tyrannical measures of Charles II., and his trial and execution were in flagrant violation of every principle of law and justice. His wife, Lady Rachel Russell, attended him during his trial and confinement in the Tower, and exhibited the same heroic and noble spirit with himself. She was a faithful wife, and an exemplary woman. His father, after the revolution of 1688, was, in consideration of his son's noble character and unjust execution, created Duke of Bedford. From this Duke, Lord John Russell is descended.

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

CHARLES SUMNER, an American statesman, was born in Boston in 1811. He enjoyed in early life the best educational opportunities, and was graduated at Harvard college in 1830. In his law studies he was a pupil of Judge Joseph Story, of the U. S. Supreme Court. Mr. Sumner first engaged in political discussion in 1844, when he began an earnest opposition to the annexation of Texas. The first public office to which he was elected was that of United States senator, in 1850, and in this position he has ever since been continued. He has been conspicuous for the courage, eloquence, and learning with which he has, at all points, fought the institution of negro slavery. On account of a speech of great power, which he delivered in the senate in 1856, against the measures of the administration in reference to Kansas, he was assaulted by P. S. Brooks, of South Carolina, while sitting at his desk, and so brutally beaten with a gutta percha cane that he did not recover his health for nearly four years. At present, however (1865), he is in the full tide of a successful career, and is chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations.

LA FAYETTE, a French statesman, and a general in the American Revolutionary war, was born in France in 1757, and died in 1834. He belonged to a family of high rank among the French nobility, but was so earnestly devoted to the cause of liberty, that he was ready at any time to make any sacrifice in his power in its behalf. He left an immense estate and the most flattering prospects, to join the Americans in the darkest period of their Revolutionary struggle, and did not shrink from the severest trials of that contest. His services were entirely gratuitous. After the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, he labored for the enfranchisement of his own country, and through all her

struggles, to the day of his death, was always an able, fearless, and effective advocate of constitutional liberty. In 1824, by invitation of Congress, he revisited the United States, and traveled through the principal cities. He was everywhere received with the most unbounded demonstration of gratitude and affection.

CHARLES X., king of France, brother of Louis XVI., and of Louis XVIII., came to the throne in 1824. He appears to have been wanting in most of the qualities that fit men to govern nations. His tyranny and misgovernment brought on a revolution in 1830, which drove him into exile.

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE is the principal of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at South Boston, Mass. He is eminent for his philanthropic labors, and especially for his efforts in behalf of the blind, deaf and dumb, and idiots.

LOUIS PHILIPPE was made king of the French on the expulsion of Charles X. in 1830. His government was much more equitable and able than that of his predecessor, but in 1848, he was in turn banished from the country. His policy was peaceful and mild, and in his private relations he was much esteemed. He died in England in 1850, at the age of 77.

EXERCISE XXXIX.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS, an American merchant and author, was born in New York city in 1818, and has always resided there. He has been a contributor to the Knickerbocker Magazine and to Putnam's Magazine, and his works have been published separately.

CAMBRIDGE is a city near Boston, celebrated for being the seat of Harvard College. Here Washington took command of the American army. It is now the residence of many persons eminent in literature and science.

LOUISBURG was a strongly fortified French town on the island of Cape Breton, and was taken by a New England

expedition under Sir William Pepperell, in 1745. The event caused great rejoicing in England, as well as in her American colonies. Col. Gridley, who planned the batteries for taking Louisburg, also planned the works on Bunker Hill.

QUEBEC is a large and very strongly fortified city of Canada, on the north side of the St. Lawrence river. It was taken from the French by the English under Gen. Wolfe in 1759.

LIVELY, FALCON, and CERBERUS were names of English ships of war.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, an American officer in the Revolutionary war, was born in 1726, and died in 1795. He was a man of undoubted patriotism and courage. He commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill, and his conduct on that occasion has always been a subject of praise. He was grandfather of W. H. Prescott, the historian.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, an American general in the Revolutionary war, was born in 1718, and died in 1790. He was famous for his personal courage, and rendered many valuable services during the Revolution, but was compelled, by ill health, to retire from active life before the close of the war.

EXERCISE XL.

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States, was born in North Carolina in 1767, and died in Tennessee in 1845. His parents were emigrants from the north of Ireland, and were too poor to afford him anything but the merest rudiments of an education. But, by his native energy, he succeeded in becoming a very successful lawyer in Tennessee, and his state papers have a vigor and directness which mark him as a clear thinker, and as a master of the language necessary for his purpose. Previous to his election to the Presidency, his fame was chiefly military,

although he had been a member of both houses of Congress, and held other civil positions of considerable importance. As a military commander, he was celebrated for daring intrepidity, and an unbounded influence over his men. His most brilliant achievement was the defeat, at New Orleans, of the English army under Packenham, on the 8th of January, 1815, in which he displayed great skill, as well as courage. He was President of the United States for eight years, and acquired a powerful hold upon the confidence and affections of the people, the ground of which was the belief that he was honest. He was a man of fiery temper, and many of his actions are entirely indefensible, but there can be no doubt of his patriotism and his ability.

EXERCISE XLI.

For **RUTLEDGES** and **SUMTERS**, see Note on **EXERCISE XXV.**

EXERCISE XLII.

For **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**, see Note on **EXERCISE XVI.**

EXERCISE XLIII.

For **ROBERT SOUTHEY**, see Note on **EXERCISE XXXI.**

ABERBROTHOCK, or **Arbroath**, is a town on the eastern coast of Scotland.

EXERCISE XLIV.

ANDREW MARVELL, an English writer and statesman, was born in 1621, and died in 1678. He was a man of liberal culture and a lover of liberty. For eighteen or twenty years, he represented the town of Hull in the House of Commons. He was remarkable for his incorruptible integrity, and his devotion to the interests of his constituents. His satirical attacks upon the court and its party were irresistibly diverting, and exerted a powerful influence upon the people.

"**BULKY DUTCHMAN**,"—Johann Gutenberg, the inventor of the printing-press. The art of printing was invented about the year 1436.

EXERCISE XLV.

For **JOHN G. WHITTIER**, see Note on EXERCISE XXXIV.

"**STONEWALL JACKSON**," a name applied to Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, an officer in the service of the southern rebels. He was a man of great earnestness of purpose, and characterized by the most unflinching courage. He was mortally wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863. He was called "Stonewall" because of the firmness with which he resisted a Federal attack at Bull Run.

The events mentioned in this poem occurred in September, 1862, during the great rebel raid into Maryland.

EXERCISE XLVI.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, Baron, an English writer and statesman, was born in Leicestershire in 1800, and died in Kensington in 1859. Lord Macaulay was a man of brilliant powers and unquestioned integrity. In Parliament he was an earnest and able advocate of reform and liberal measures. Though not an extreme radical, he was always the enlightened and judicious friend of the people. During his four years of residence in India, he devoted his time to the improvement and codification of the laws of that vast province of the British Empire. In his code, among other excellent provisions, there was one for securing justice to the natives by enabling them to take an appeal to the highest courts. But the code was not popular among the English officials in India, and was not adopted. Lord Macaulay occupied the highest rank, both as a speaker and a writer, a union rarely exhibited among Englishmen. His

most important work is his History of England, covering the English Revolution of 1688.

WARREN HASTINGS, Governor General of British India, was born in 1732, and died in 1818. He was a man of high intellectual powers, of indomitable will and unflagging industry. In private life he was amiable, unselfish, and free from any of the ordinary vices, but in his political relations he was unscrupulous. He started in life with the determination of restoring the family estates, which had been entirely squandered by his reckless ancestors; and to this purpose, which he finally achieved, everything else was compelled to bend. The penniless boy became Hastings of Daylesford. He governed India with unmatched ability, but with little respect for moral obligations. Provinces were laid waste, and their inoffensive inhabitants driven forth homeless wanderers; high dignitaries were executed on frivolous charges; princesses were put to the torture; the vilest men were bribed, and clothed with high authority;—simply that he might establish the British power in India. Such an administration of public affairs, as a matter of course, was the cause of much misery to its author. His trial cost him 76,000 pounds sterling, or nearly 400,000 dollars, and left him almost destitute. By the aid of his friends in the India House, however, he was partially remunerated for his losses.

WILLIAM RUFUS was the son of William the Conqueror, and the second king of England in the Norman line. He was a tyrannical and vicious man. He built the hall afterwards used for the sessions of the House of Commons, intending it for a banqueting hall.

FRANCIS BACON, Viscount St. Albans and Baron Verulam, an English philosopher and statesman, was born in London in 1561, and died in 1626. He was a man of great abilities and extended attainments, and is usually regarded as the

profoundest thinker of the time in which he lived. He taught his countrymen and the world the right method of investigating the phenomena and establishing the laws of the natural world. He is usually regarded as the founder of the "inductive philosophy," but this is not fully true. He greatly improved upon his predecessors in the developing of this philosophy and in defining its methods, but the methods had been in use before. His *Novum Organum*, or New Method, gave an impetus to the true study of nature which is more potent in our time than ever before. As a politician his record is far less creditable than as a philosopher. He was charged before the House of Lords with habitual bribery and corruption, and made a full confession. In this respect, however, Lord Bacon differed from his contemporaries in being detected and punished rather than in being more guilty than they. He lived in corrupt and servile times. His virtues were his own; his vices those of his age.

LORD JOHN SOMERS, an English statesman and jurist, was born about 1650, and died in 1716. He is pronounced by Lord Macaulay, "the greatest man, in some respects, of that age, equally eminent as a jurist, a politician, an orator and a writer." He was a leader of the whig party in what is known as the English Revolution, and took an active part in the convention of 1688 by which the crown was transferred from the Stuart family to that of the Prince of Orange. This made him very odious to the tories, or friends of the Stuarts and favorers of high royal prerogatives, and on their coming to power, an attempt was made by them to impeach him, but it was not successful.

CHARLES I., king of England, son of James I., and second English king of the house of Stuart, was born in 1600, came to the throne in 1625, and was beheaded in 1649. He was a man of good character in private life, but tyrannical, short-sighted, and perfidious in his political relations. He had

high notions of his own rights and prerogatives, and wished to restore the royal authority to what it was in the days of Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth. But the principles of freedom had made great progress among the English people, and in Charles's time there was a general demand for an extension of the rights of the people, and a curtailment of the prerogatives of the king. This antagonism between the king and people took the form of civil war, which was waged with varying success until about 1648, when the royal armies were entirely defeated, and Charles taken and executed. The most prominent men who opposed him were Pym, Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell. Charles met his death with so much fortitude and dignity, and his hard fate excited so much pity, that most men were ready to forgive his false dealing and misgovernment, and to regard him as an innocent victim of party fury.

GEORGE ELIOTT, Lord Heathfield, an English general, was born in 1718, and died in 1790. He was an accomplished and successful commander, and his defense of Gibraltar in 1782 was regarded as one of the greatest military achievements of modern time. He was rewarded at first with the thanks of Parliament and a knighthood, and afterwards with a peerage.

THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK was a family so called from one of its German possessions. During the reign of William III. it was ordained by act of Parliament that in case William, Mary his wife, and Anne, afterwards queen, should all three die childless, the English crown should devolve upon the princess Sophia, daughter of Elizabeth, who was the daughter of James I. of England and wife of Frederick the Elector Palatine. Sophia had married Ernst Augustus, of the House of Brunswick, and in consequence of the above arrangement, his son, George Louis, became king of England,

on the death of Anne, in 1714, under the title of George I. George III., husband of the queen here referred to, was the third in descent from George I., being the son of Frederic, Prince of Wales, who was the grandson of George I.

EDWARD GIBBON, an English historian, author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was born in 1737, and died in 1794. His great work is a monument of industry and learning systematically applied, almost, if not quite, unparalleled among historians. He spent a large part of his life in Switzerland, where most of his history was written. The work is marred by the false light in which he presents the Christian religion,—not by falsifying or misquoting facts, but by the cold and sneering tone which he adopts in his account of it.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, a Roman orator, statesman, and philosopher, standing confessedly at the head of the eminent men of his country, was born B. C. 106, and assassinated B. C. 43. His writings are still preserved and valued, and are considered the best illustrations of pure latinity. He was endowed with many and rare virtues,—patriotism, purity of private character, unbending integrity as a public officer, generosity and constancy in his intercourse with friends. His chief weaknesses were an inordinate vanity and an excessive timidity. The great event of his political life was the suppression of Catiline's conspiracy. In this transaction, the public necessities and Cicero's love of approbation overcame, for the time, his timidity and want of decision, and his measures were taken with a promptness and vigor that made their author illustrious.

VERRES, a Roman governor of Sicily, was put to death in 43 B. C. During his term of office, he amassed enormous wealth and desolated the island. He was prosecuted by the Sicilians, and Cicero was employed to conduct the case before the Senate. Verres fled before the trial was over.

CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS, a Roman historian and orator, was born about 50 A. D., and died about 120 A. D. He was the author of several biographical and historical works relating to the Roman Empire, and of an account of the manners and customs of the Germans. He distinguished himself as an orator in the prosecution of Marius Crispus for maladministration as proconsul of Africa. The Roman Senate at this time, though stripped by the Emperors of most of its ancient powers, was yet a much more respectable and influential body than it afterwards became. The works of Tacitus are quite superior in style and character to most of the literature of his time, though inferior, as examples of Latin, to the best of the age of Cicero.

EDMUND BURKE, a British statesman, orator, and writer, was born in Dublin in 1730, and died near London in 1797. Mr. Burke rose, by his talents and industry, to the highest position among British statesmen. He was a member of Parliament for many years, and always a leader. His influence was always exerted on the side of justice and freedom, and against injustice and tyranny. He was eminent also for his unflinching adherence to principle, and for his incorruptible honesty. He repeatedly sacrificed his own interest to the public good, as he understood it. His friends appointed him paymaster of the forces, and one of his first acts after his appointment was to do away with various perquisites which a corrupt custom had attached to the office, and to diminish its annual income by about 230,000 dollars. He took an active part in the impeachment of Hastings, because he looked upon the latter as a great criminal, and considered that justice to India and a regard to the honor of the English nation demanded his punishment. Mr. Burke felt the same interest in preventing injustice to the people of India that he would if they had been Englishmen. The fact that they had no

votes to give was in his mind no cause for neglecting them. His liberal course in Parliament did not satisfy his wealthy constituents at Bristol, and he was not reëlected from that city. One paragraph in his address to them at that time is pronounced by some critic the most eloquent in all literature. It will be found in Exercise xxxvi. of this book. It begins with the words, "And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, &c."

The term INDIA is used to designate the two great peninsulas in south-eastern Asia. Much of Hindostan was, in 1785, subject to the English East India Company. Since that time the English dominions have been greatly enlarged.

MRS. SHERIDAN, wife of R. B. Sheridan, the orator, was a very beautiful lady and an accomplished singer.

SAINT CECILIA is the patroness of music, and in her pictures is represented as very beautiful. Mrs. Sheridan was painted for St. Cecilia by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, an English painter, was born in 1723, and died in 1792. He was very successful in painting portraits, and he left the pictures of many of the prominent men of his time. He was president of the Royal Academy from 1769 to his death.

The EAST INDIA COMPANY of England is an organization originally formed for trading in India, and empowered to govern the territories to be acquired by it from the natives. These, in process of time, became a vast empire, and the company became more powerful than many European governments. At the close of the rebellion of 1857, it was stripped of its political power.

EXERCISE XLVII.

JOHN MILTON, an English poet, was born in London in 1608, and died in 1674. His great epic, *Paradise Lost*, from which this selection is an extract, is a work of the very

highest order. He wrote much beside this, in prose and verse, and was the author of many political pamphlets. He was an earnest and unswerving friend of liberty, and was the ablest defender of the Parliament against the tyranny of Charles I., then living. The close of his life was rendered unhappy by domestic infelicities, by blindness, and by the defeat of those political principles that he held most dear. The reign of the profligate Charles II. was indeed a dark time for the poet. Old, blind, and persecuted by the malignant minions of a court reeking with vice, his fate seemed a sad one. But the poet was at peace within, and during these very years, he wrote his noblest works.

“**STYGIAN POOL**,”—the Infernal Regions, which the poet had been describing. It is so called from the river Styx, in the classic mythology.

ORPHEUS was a famous poet and musician, in the classic mythology. He is represented as using the lyre in his performances. Hence “**Orphean lyre**.”

THAMYRIS was an ancient Thracian bard, remarkable for his skill on the lyre, and for the beauty of his person. He was struck blind, according to the legend, for challenging the muses to a contest of skill.

MÆONIDES, a surname of Homer, which see, in Note on **EXERCISE CXXI**.

TIRESIAS, in the classic mythology, was a blind prophet of Thebes in Bœotia.

PHINEUS, in the classic mythology, a royal prophet of Thrace, who was blind.

EXERCISE XLVIII.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, an American statesman, was born in Vermont in 1813, and died in Illinois in 1861. Mr. Douglas was an eminent example of the power of genius and

a vigorous will to triumph over difficulties. His early education was acquired in the common schools of his native state, with a few terms additional at one or two academies. He was always a leader wherever he found himself placed. During the latter years of his life he exerted a constant and powerful influence upon the national legislation. The restriction upon the introduction of slavery into all territory north of the southern line of Missouri, was removed by his influence, and the question left to the decision of the settlers. But, just before his death, when traitors were striving to rend the nation in two, he spoke noble words in favor of the union of all good men in behalf of the government. At the time of his death he was a member of the United States Senate for Illinois. He had resided in that state since 1833.

EXERCISE L.

ROMULUS AND REMUS were the legendary founders of Rome. According to the story, they were for a time nourished by a wolf; but afterwards, becoming known as royal princes, they founded Rome, but quarreled about the location of it. This question was decided in favor of Romulus; and Remus, feeling hostile to the enterprise on this account, contemptuously sprang over the wall, and was in consequence killed. The author, in this selection, makes a fine use of this legend.

TIBER is the river on which Rome is built, called, on account of the mud it brings down with it, the "Yellow Tiber."

ALBIC is, English, or relating to England. It is derived from "Albion," one of the names of England.

EXERCISE .LI.

PLUTARCH was a Greek philosopher, and writer of biographies. He flourished during the latter part of the first

century after Christ. The persons of whom he writes are made, in his works, to appear quite superior to ordinary men, and hence "Plutarch's men" would mean characters unattainable, or very rarely attainable, in this world.

EXERCISE LII.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, an American poet and journalist, was born in 1802. He has been connected with various literary journals, but his fame chiefly rests upon his lyric poetry. Several of his pieces have acquired great popularity, among which the chief is the song entitled "Woodman, spare that Tree," of which several million copies have been sold.

MAHON, or PORT MAHON, is the capital of the island of Minorca, one of the Balearic isles. Its harbor is said to be the finest in the Mediterranean.

EXERCISE LIII.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, third President of the United States, was born in Virginia in 1743, and died on the fourth of July, 1826. He was educated first by private tutors, and afterwards at the college of William and Mary, at Williamsburg. Mr. Jefferson rendered very important service in the liberation of the colonies from the British rule. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, and of important documents in Virginia preceding the Declaration. He was secretary of state during Washington's first administration. In 1800 he was elected President of the United States, over John Adams, his former co-laborer in procuring the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. He was elected after a very severe contest in the House of Representatives. This contest led to a change in the national constitution in respect to the mode of choosing President and Vice President. In 1804 he was reelected by the people by a large majority.

EXERCISE LV.

JOHN BUNYAN, an English preacher, was born in 1628, and died in 1688. He is famous chiefly as the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, from which this selection and the next succeeding are taken. It describes, under the form of an allegory, the progress of the soul in the spiritual life,—its trials and struggles, and its final triumph. This work, written by an unlearned peasant, and for one hundred years read only by people of the same class, now takes rank among the very noblest productions in the language. It is read and cherished by high and low, learned and ignorant, and is likely to continue in favor as long as the language continues to be spoken.

EXERCISE LX.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, an English poet, was born in 1809. Her early culture was severe and masculine. She ranks very high among English poets. She was a woman of deep and earnest nature, full of sympathy for all kinds of human suffering. Much of her later life was spent in Italy, and she died in Florence in 1861.

EXERCISE LXIII.

HUGH MILLER, a Scotch geologist, was born in 1802, and died in 1856. He spent his early life in rough and laborious occupations, and for seventeen years wrought as a stonemason. But he had a strong desire to study natural phenomena, particularly in the field of geology, and his trade furnished him extensive and varied opportunities of indulging it. The stones that he quarried and shaped he also studied, and thus accumulated a vast store of geological facts, of which his after thinking made effective use. In his childhood and youth, he was an indefatigable reader, and before reaching maturity had mastered many valuable works. His

own writings are marked by unusual vigor and clearness, great descriptive power, careful thought, and high finish. His interest in human affairs was hardly exceeded by his devotion to science. But his labor was too intense for his physical frame; his overworked brain became disturbed; and he died by his own hand in a fit of terrible mental gloom. During his life, he was held in the highest estimation by all who knew him.

EXERCISE LXVI.

HORACE MANN, an American statesman and educationist, was born in 1796, and died in 1859. His early life was spent in labor upon a farm, but by indefatigable industry and perseverance, he succeeded in entering Brown University, where he graduated with high honors in 1819. He was a man of fine abilities and thorough culture, and his powers were all consecrated to the highest uses. From the day of his graduation, he devoted himself to the cause of human progress, and although the brightest prospects, professional and political, opened before him, he persisted in giving his time and energies to the work of educating the children of our country, as the surest means of improving the race. He accepted the post of secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, when it promised little honor and less profit, and labored faithfully in it for twelve years. His reports, issued during that time, are regarded as of the highest authority on the subject of education. During the later years of his life he was president of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Mr. Mann was wonderfully successful in imparting his own glowing enthusiasm to a large number of young men, who have carried his spirit into the schools of many states and countries. He doubtless did more for the general improvement of education than any other man of his time.

EXERCISE LXVIII.

FELICIA HEMANS, an English poet, was born in 1794, and died in 1835. She began the writing of poetry quite early in life, and, after one or two failures, succeeded in gaining the public ear. Her poetry breathes a spirit of purity, and is marked by a gentle sweetness that has scarcely been equaled by any other author. Her works have been very popular in the United States.

EXERCISE LXIX.

DAVID P. PAGE, an American educationist, was the first principal of the New York State Normal School, which was established in Albany in 1844. He was very successful as a teacher, and as a lecturer on education, and was also highly respected as a man.

EXERCISE LXXII.

CHATEAUBRIAND, a French statesman and author, was born in 1768, and died in 1848. He passed through many political changes, and experienced in his own mind some changes of opinion. He was a prolific writer and stands high as an author. Most of his works have been translated into English, German, and other European languages.

EXERCISE LXXIX.

CHARLES WOLFE, a British clergyman and poet, was born in 1791, and died in 1823.

SIR JOHN MOORE, an English general, was born in 1761, and died at Corunna, in Spain, in 1809. His reputation as a military commander was very high. In the battle of Corunna, in which he was killed though his army was victorious, he had for an opponent the celebrated Marshal Soult, with a French army much larger than his own.

EXERCISE LXXXI.

MOSES, the law-giver of the Israelites, and the founder of the Jewish commonwealth, lived, according to the common chronology, from about 1571 to 1451 before Christ. His personal history will be found in the first five books of the Old Testament, especially in the first chapters of Exodus, and the last of Deuteronomy.

NEBO was the ancient name of a mountain near the northern extremity of the Dead Sea.

JORDAN is a river flowing from the north into the Dead Sea. "This side of Jordan" was the east side, because the Israelites approached it from that direction.

For **BETH-PEOR**, see Note on EXERCISE XVII.

MOAB was an indefinite region on the east side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

EXERCISE LXXXIII.

RICHARD WHATELY, archbishop of Dublin, was born in 1787, and died in 1863. He was graduated at Oriel college, Oxford, England, in 1808. He is characterized, as a writer, by good sense, accurate scholarship, and a clear and vigorous style. In theology his position was what is called "low church," or liberal, and he was distinguished for his freedom from bigotry and an unreasonable reverence for forms. He was long identified with the national system of education in Ireland. His works are well worth studying, and their simple and clear style makes them intelligible to ordinary readers.

LODI is the capital of a province of the same name in Italy. It is situated on the river Adda, about 18 miles from Milan. It is celebrated for the victory gained by Bonaparte, in 1796, over the Austrians.

AUGEREAU, a French general, noted for his intrepidity. He was born in 1757, and died in 1815. He served with brilliant success under Napoleon.

BORODINO, a Russian village, some distance to the southwest of Moscow, famous for a very bloody battle between the French under Napoleon and the Russians under Kutusoff, Sept. 7th, 1812. The French were victorious, and Moscow fell into the hands of Napoleon as a consequence of the battle.

MAHOMET or MOHAMMED, an Arabian enthusiast, the founder of the religion that bears his name, was born in Mecca about the year 570, and died in 632. He and his followers propagated the new faith by the sword. His system was derived from a study of the Jewish and Christian religions.

BRAHMA is a Hindoo divinity,—that one of their trinity that performed the work of creation. The other two are Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. From him the Hindoo religion is called Brahminism, and the priests are known as Brahmins.

TRAFALGAR is a cape on the S. W. coast of Spain, off which was fought a memorable naval battle on the 21st of October, 1805, between the English under Lord Nelson, and the combined fleets of France and Spain. The genius of Nelson, on this occasion, achieved one of the most brilliant victories recorded in history.

DAVID HUME, a Scottish philosopher and historian, was born 1711, and died in 1776. In religion he was a sceptic, and his writings contain arguments against the truth of the New Testament miracles. He pronounced them unworthy of credence because, as he affirmed, they are contrary to human experience. It is this opinion of Hume that Dr. Whately attacks in this selection.

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an American poet, was born in Cummington, Mass., in 1794. His poetic genius was early manifested. Lines written by him at ten years of age were thought worthy of being printed, and two poems written at fourteen, went through two editions. Mr. Bryant's poetry is characterized by loftiness of sentiment and purity of diction, as well as by the most accurate description of natural scenery. On the whole, he stands in the very front rank of American poets, and enjoys a high reputation abroad; where, as well as at home, he has been a frequent traveler. As a man, he is very highly respected for his kindly and benevolent disposition and his unbending integrity. Since the year 1826 he has been connected as editor with the New York *Evening Post*, of which he has for many years been chief editor and proprietor. On the seventieth anniversary of his birth, a very pleasant meeting of his friends, poets and others, was held in his honor.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

LUCIUS SERGIUS CATILINA, a Roman conspirator, was killed in 62 B. C. He was a man of exceedingly profligate life, and when reduced to the lowest point, in purse and reputation, he engaged in a conspiracy to exterminate the ruling powers of Rome, and to take all authority into his own hands and those of his followers. In this he was foiled by Cicero, who was then consul.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the most eminent of English dramatists, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564, and died there in 1616. He was probably educated at the grammar school of his native town, and his scholastic attainments were limited. At about twenty-five years of age he went to

London, where he joined himself to a theater in a subordinate capacity. But his talents were not long hidden. His ability to meet the constant and pressing demand for new plays of a higher character than those previously presented on the stage, soon gained him a high reputation, and enabled him to secure a fortune. And his reputation has never waned, but, on the contrary, has grown brighter with every century since his death. His works are eminently worthy of study. The thorough, thoughtful reading of Shakspeare affords mental discipline of the highest order, for it fully taxes the thinking powers, and brings the reader into contact with some of the most exquisite beauty to be found in literature.

JANUS was a Roman deity, who presided over the beginnings of things. He was usually represented with two faces, one looking to the past and the other into the future. Images were often made by the ancients with two faces, one young and the other old and wrinkled. Hence, "two-headed Janus."

ANDREW was probably the name of a ship, so called it may be, from Andrew Doria, the great Italian admiral, who was born in 1468 and died in 1560. "Wealthy Andrew" implies that the ship is loaded with rich merchandise.

"VEILING her high top" is bowing or bending down to meet the water. Hence, "to kiss her burial."

NESTOR was a hero in the ancient mythology,—the counselor and sage of the Grecian army at the siege of Troy. He was remarkable for his gravity, and would therefore not be addicted to jokes.

PORTIA, the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus, was a woman of strong mind, pure affections, and heroic firmness. Her father was eminent for his virtue, courage and patriotism.

COLCHOS was a country somewhere on the eastern shore of the Euxine, now the Black Sea. It was celebrated in Greek mythology as the place to which Jason and his associates went in the Argonautic expedition, which they undertook in search of the golden fleece. Written also Colchis.

SIBYLLA, or **SIBYL**, was one of several prophetesses in the ancient mythology, who were represented as old and wrinkled, but very wise.

DIANA was a female deity in the ancient mythology, represented as never having married. She was the goddess of light and of hunting.

ABRAHAM was the ancestor of the Hebrew nation, and was eminent for his faith in God and his trust in the divine promises, and also for his obedience to the divine commands. See an account of him in the book of Genesis, from the 11th chapter to the 23rd, inclusive.

RIALTO is a bridge across the Grand Canal in Venice, and is the most beautiful in the city. Merchants were accustomed to meet upon it for the transaction of business.

EXERCISE XCI.

JOHN PIERPONT, an American clergyman and poet, was born in 1785, at Litchfield, Conn. Much of his poetry is characterized by great beauty of thought, and smoothness of versification. He has been largely identified with anti-slavery and temperance enterprises.

LEXINGTON is a town about eleven miles northwest from Boston, famous as the scene of the first conflict in the Revolutionary war.

THE BATTLE MONUMENT at Baltimore is a fine structure erected in memory of those who fell in defending that city against the British, in Sept., 1814.

For **THEMISTOCLES**, see Note on EXERCISE XXXII.

SALAMIS is an island in the *Ægean Sea*, ten miles west of Athens. It is famous for the naval victory won by the Greeks over the Persians, in 480 B. C., through the skill and courage of Themistocles.

PATROCLUS was one of the Grecian heroes in the Trojan war.

TROY, according to the legend, was a city near the eastern coast of the Hellespont. It was taken and destroyed by the Greeks after a war of ten years.

EXERCISE XCII.

OPHIR is mentioned in the Old Testament Scriptures as a region rich in gold. Its location is very uncertain.

HERNANDO CORTES, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, was born in 1485, and died in 1547. He possessed high abilities, indomitable courage and perseverance, but was totally unprincipled and unscrupulous. The great battle that decided the fate of Mexico was fought in July, 1520.

MONTEZUMA was the native emperor of Mexico at the time of Cortes's arrival in the country. The people whom he governed were far in advance of the ordinary nations of North America in civilization.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, an American historian, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1796, and died in Boston in 1859. He was a laborious and highly successful writer of histories, having reference mostly to Spain and her American conquests. His style is clear and pleasing, and his temper impartial. His works are universally regarded as valuable additions to our literature. For many of his later years he was nearly blind, on account of an accident during his college life; and his literary labor was, in consequence, performed under great disadvantages. Among his works are, *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Conquest of Peru*, and *Philip II.*

EXERCISE XCIII.

ELISHA KENT KANE, an American explorer, was born in Philadelphia in 1820, and died in Havana, Cuba, in 1857. He was a man of great energy and persistence of purpose. He traveled largely in various parts of the world, but his fame chiefly rests upon his arctic explorations, and especially upon the discovery of an open sea around the North Pole. The expedition during which this discovery was made, was undertaken for the purpose of finding Sir John Franklin, an English explorer, who had attempted to find a "Northwest Passage" between North America and the Arctic Ocean. Dr. Kane and his men were subjected to the severest hardships during the voyage, which lasted from May, 1853, to October, 1855. No traces of Franklin were found.

EXERCISES XCIV AND XCV.

For JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, see Note on EXERCISE VIII.

EXERCISE XCVI.

WASHINGTON IRVING, an American author, was born in New York in 1783, and died in 1859. He stands very high among literary men, and his works are eminently worthy of perusal, for the grace and correctness of their style, their genial and kindly humor, and their moral purity. Mr. Irving was the first American who, as an author, commanded the respect and admiration of European readers. Some of his works are unique in plan and execution, as the Knickerbocker History of New York. His longest and last production is his Life of Washington, a work of the highest merit, both as to style and historical accuracy.

EXERCISE XCVII.

For THOMAS HOOD, see Note on EXERCISE XXVIII.

EXERCISE XCVIII.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS JERROLD, an English author, was born in 1803, and died in 1857. His fame rests upon his humorous productions. For many years he was a regular writer for *Punch*, a weekly humorous publication in London.

EXERCISE XCIX.

For OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, see Note on EXERCISE VI. "This metropolis" is Boston. The author's birthplace was Cambridge.

EXERCISE CI.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, an English author and poet, was born in 1771, and died in 1854. He is famous chiefly for his sacred poetry, though he wrote much of a secular character. He was a man of gentle yet earnest character, and the style of his writings is a model of clearness and simplicity. He was earnest in his efforts in behalf of the abolition of slavery, and of liberal measures in the government of England. He was twice, in 1794 and 1796, imprisoned for articles published in the paper he edited,—articles of which few would now think of complaining.

EXERCISE CII.

CORNELIUS C. FELTON, an American author, and president of Harvard college, was born in 1807, and died in 1862. He was eminent for his attainments in the Greek language, and in the history of the Greek people. For many years he was Eliot Professor of the Greek language and literature in Harvard college, and he is the author of many works bearing upon that subject. He was held in high repute as a man, and filled many honorable positions. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution. The extracts from his writings, in this book, are from his *Letters from Europe*.

EXERCISE CIII.

BURGUNDIANS were the inhabitants of an ancient province of France called Burgundy, situated in the eastern part of what is now France. Charles the Bold, who was killed in 1477, was its last duke or sovereign. At his death the territory was annexed to France.

EXERCISE CIV.

NEWTON BATEMAN, an American educator, is the superintendent of public instruction for the state of Illinois. His able reports to the governor on the condition of schools in the state have given him a very high position among the educators of the country.

EXERCISE CVI.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, an American naturalist, was born in Switzerland in 1807. He was for some years professor of natural history in the Academy of Neufchatel, in Switzerland. Since 1846 he has resided at or near Cambridge, Mass. Since 1847 he has been professor of zoölogy and geology in the Lawrence scientific school in Cambridge. He is now engaged in a scientific exploration of Brazil. Professor Agassiz has made many contributions to science, any one of which would secure fame to most *savants*. Among his most important labors have been, his investigation of the fresh-water fishes of Europe, his researches upon fossil fishes, his observations on the Alpine glaciers, his examinations of the region of Lake Superior and of the territory covered by the Eastern and Southern United States. In his work on fossil fishes he proposed a new principle of classifying animals, which has since been generally accepted. He is now engaged in publishing contributions to the natural history of the United States, in ten large volumes, magnificently illustrated. The subscription list includes 2,500 names. Prof. Agassiz is doubtless the first of living naturalists.

EXERCISE CVII.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, a British poet, was born in 1777, and died in 1844. The Pleasures of Hope, his first long poem, was published in his twenty-second year, and enjoyed a popularity unparalleled, perhaps, by a first effort. His poetry is characterized by a melodious and polished diction, and is full of humane and generous sentiments. He spent some time in traveling on the continent, and witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which was fought in 1800, between the French and Austrians,—the former under Moreau, and the latter under the archduke John. The French were victorious.

EXERCISE CVIII.

GRAN SCALA is a theater in Milan, said to be the largest in the world, capable of holding about four thousand persons. Its musical audiences are said to be very critical.

The king and queen spoken of in this selection were Otho I., a Bavarian, and his Queen, Frederica Amelia. Otho was born in 1815 and became king of Greece in 1835. But he was never popular with the Greeks, and, in 1862, was banished forever from the country. The present king is George I., a Danish prince.

EXERCISE CX.

LORD BYRON, an English poet, was born in 1788, and died in 1824. As a poet he occupies a high rank, but as a man he had many very serious faults. He indulged in a morbid misanthropy, both in his writings and his social intercourse, which rendered his example and teachings very pernicious in their influence. He died in Greece, while attempting to aid that people in gaining their independence.

EXERCISE CXI.

CHARLES LAMB, an English author, was born in 1775, and died in 1834. His writings have a charm not found in

any other author. They are representatives of his own character,—genial, kindly, unique. From 1792 to 1825 he was employed as an accountant by the East India company, with a gradually increasing salary. A beautiful trait in his character was exhibited in the affectionate care he took of his sister Mary, who was insane much of the time.

ALCIBIADES, a Greek statesman and general, was born in 450 B. C., and died 404 B. C. He was a man of the highest abilities and of rare accomplishments, but destitute of virtue.

FALSTAFF is a humorous character in several of the plays of Shakspeare,—in the two parts of Henry IV., Henry V., and the Merry Wives of Windsor. He is represented as witty, but of very dissolute morals.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, an English author in the time of Queen Anne, was born in 1675, and died in 1729. He was a man of sparkling wit, genial manners, but very dissipated habits.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, an English writer and politician, was born in 1751, and died in 1816. He was a man of brilliant powers, and stood almost unrivaled as an orator; but he ruined himself by his dissipation. He was a prominent member of Parliament, and was associated with Burke in the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

PROPONTIC is the sea of Marmora, anciently called Propontis. It is remarkable for its great depth, and for never having any tides, and therefore never ebbing.

EXERCISE CXII.

SAMUEL GULLIVER was the hero of Swift's romance of Gulliver's Travels. He is made to visit fabulous regions of dwarfs, giants, rational horses, &c. The object of the story is to satirize the follies and vices of society in Europe.

EXERCISE CXIII.

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND, an American author, was born in Massachusetts, in 1819. He is associate editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. He is the author of several popular works, mostly in the form of novels, but having a didactic aim.

EXERCISE CXIV.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, an American clergyman and author, was born in Rhode Island in 1780, and died in Vermont, in 1842. He was eminent for the fervor of his preaching, the purity of his character, his lively interest in all matters relating to human progress, and his refined and cultivated taste.

EXERCISE CXVI.

WILLIAM COWPER, an English poet, was born in 1731, and died in 1800. He was a man of the purest character, and his poetry is marked by naturalness and moral purity. His letters are pronounced the best in the language. He was, during a large part of his life, subject to fits of great mental depression, and these fits were several times so severe as to reduce him to actual insanity. But, notwithstanding his gloomy tendencies, he had a lively and playful humor, as is evinced in his famous poem, *John Gilpin*.

EXERCISE CXVIII.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, an American clergyman and author, was born in Connecticut in 1813. Mr. Beecher has exerted a powerful influence upon the public sentiment of the United States. His powers as an orator are of the first rank. He has little sympathy with mere forms, in church or state, and, in his addresses from the pulpit and elsewhere, always goes directly to his point. In political affairs he has always taken the liveliest interest, having freely spoken and written against slavery and other political evils. He has

been served as a pastor three times,—at Lawrenceburg, Ind., ten years beginning in 1837, at Indianapolis eight years, and for the Plymouth church of Brooklyn, N. Y., since 1847.

EXERCISE CXX.

ANDREW NORTON, an American theologian, was born in Massachusetts in 1756, and died in 1853. He possessed the most exquisite taste, and was a profound and accurate scholar. His *work* is an elaborate treatise on the Genuineness of the Gospels and other works on kindred topics.

EXERCISE CXXI.

ALEXANDER POPE, an English poet, was born in 1688, and died in 1744. His early education was quite irregular, and mainly conducted by himself. But he was an admirer and diligent reader of the English authors of the age preceding his own. His poems are remarkable for the correctness of their versification, and for much poetic power. In his time, he stood at the head of English poets, and posterity has also assigned him a high and permanent position, though, perhaps not the highest.

HOMER was the reputed author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*,—two poems the first descriptive of the Trojan war, and the other of the voyage of Ulysses to his home in Ithaca after participating in the destruction of Troy. The very existence of Homer, however, has been denied, and the poems passing under his name are by some supposed to be compilations made from the poetic utterances of many rhapsodists. But this view is not so probable as that a man of this name actually lived. He probably flourished about the 9th century B. C. Seven cities contended for the honor of being his birthplace: among these were Athens, Chios, Colophon, and Smyrna.

THE TROJAN WAR is a legendary event said to have occurred in the 12th century B. C. Paris, son of the Trojan king, Priam, was entertained at the house of Menelaus, king of Sparta; and, during the absence of his host, induced the beautiful Helen, wife of Menelaus, to elope with him to Troy. For the purpose of recovering her the Grecian kings united their forces, crossed the Ægean Sea, attacked Troy, which was situated near the eastern shore, just south of what is now called the Dardanelles Straits, and after a war of ten years razed it to the ground. One of the gates of Troy was called the Scæan Gate. It faced the sea and the Grecian camp.

THEBE was a city of Mysia, a little to the southeast of Troy, of which Aëtion was king. It was taken by Achilles during the Trojan war. The plain on which it was situated was called Hypoplacus, or the Hypoplacian plain, because it lay at the foot of a mountain called Placus.

ACHILLES was the king of Phthiotis in Thessaly, and the son of Peleus, king of that country, and Thetis, a sea-nymph. He was the greatest of the Grecian heroes.

JOVE, or **JUPITER**, was the king of the gods in the Roman mythology. The Greeks called him Zeus.

HECTOR was the son of Priam, king of Troy, and the chief of the Trojan heroes. It had been foretold that Troy should never fall while Hector lived, and the Greeks accordingly made great efforts to kill him. This was finally done by Achilles.

SCAMANDER was a river near Troy, now called Bounarbachî.

DIANA'S BOW.—The sudden death of women was attributed by the ancient mythology to darts from the bow of Diana, the sister of Apollo, and goddess of hunting.

AGAMEMNON, king of Mycæne, in the Peloponnesus, now Morea, was a brother of Menelaus, and the commander of the Grecian armies encamped against Troy.

TYDIDES was a name given to Diomedes, on account of his being the son of Tydeus. He was king of Ætolia, and one of the bravest of the Grecian chiefs in the Trojan war.

AJAX.—See Note on EXERCISE II.

ANDROMACHE was the wife of Hector, and was represented as a virtuous woman of domestic habits, greatly attached to her husband.

ARGIVE LOOMS, or the looms of Argos. Grecian women wove the fabrics used in the clothing for themselves and their families. Female slaves taken in war were much employed in such labor.

HYPERIA'S spring, a fountain of Thessaly, from which the female slaves taken in the Trojan war, would be likely to be required to bring water.

The story of the Trojan war being a myth or poetic fable, all the accounts of persons, in the Notes on this exercise, are of the same character. The stories are told as they are related in the *Iliad*.

EXERCISE CXXVII.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, an American painter and poet, was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1822. He has resided at Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and at Florence in Europe. His poetry is chiefly devoted to incidents in American history, and to scenes in American life.

This spirited and popular piece was written under the inspiration of a picture representing General Sheridan upon the black horse which he rode, when, after a battle at Cedar Creek, in the valley of the Shenandoah, Virginia, in which the national forces had been defeated and scattered, he met the flying troops and rallied them, securing a complete victory. The original battle was fought October 19th, 1864, while General Sheridan was at Winchester.

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